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THE WIGWAM FALLS OF THE WANNITA

FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S

EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES.

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PERILS OF BUFFALO HUNTING. *See page* 129

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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EXCURSION

THROUGH

THE SLAVE STATES,

FROM

WASHINGTON ON THE POTOMAC TO THE FRONTIER OF MEXICO;
WITH SKETCHES OF POPULAR MANNERS AND
GEOLOGICAL NOTICES.

BY

G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAGE

The "Military Road"—Eleven-Mile Point River—Obliging conduct of Widow Newland—The advantages of "camping out"—Our front and hind Wheels quarrel; the hind Wheels turn back—Mr. and Mrs. Meriwether—Two suspicious Travellers—Murder of Mr. Childers—Extraordinary Spectacle produced by wild Pigeons—Bury the remains of Mr. Childers 1

CHAPTER XXIV.

Description of White River—Judge Tucker's Cabin; his account of the Murder of Childers—Account of the first Judge Lynch, and the state of Legal Practice in his Court—A successful Speculation in Lead—Clock Pedlars insinuating Persons—White River Mountain—A Ruffian of the first order 14

CHAPTER XXV.

Little Red River—A distressed family of Emigrants—A new kind of Grist-mill—Black Wolves—A wild American scene—Reach the Arkansas River—A Tavern at Little Rock 32

CHAPTER XXVI.

State of Society at Little Rock—Don Jonathan—The Reverend Mr. Stevenson—Newspapers versus the Bible—Governor Pope and his Lady—The Laws of Honour at Little Rock—A Duel in the Dark—A Bully killed—A

PAGE

College of Faro and Rouge et Noir—Arkansas Legislators—The Speaker murders a Member in the body of the House—His Trial 42

CHAPTER XXVII.

Apology for the Manners of Arkansas—Manner of living at Little Rock—Aversion to shutting the Doors—Tertiary Deposit—Alluvial Bottoms, and the Species of Plants growing there—Visit to the Mammelles—German Emigrants—Geology of the Mammelle Mountain—Enter an immense Swampy Plain—Danger of travelling without a Guide—Some apprehension of being obliged to treat the Wolves—Reach a House 65

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Concert of Wolves—Ancient bed of the Arkansas—An Arkansas Honeymoon—Method of crossing a Bayou—Depart from Little Rock for the Hot Springs of the Washita—Explanation of a "Turn-out"—Stop at the best Hotel on the Road—"Nisby" and her "Missus"—Stump Handle and Company—A fastidious Judge—Governor Shannon's Hotel—A Jury de circumstantibus 80

CHAPTER XXIX.

Arrive at Magnet Cove—An interesting Mineral Locality—Strange effects of a Hurricane—Reach the Hot Springs—Whittington without his Cat—Rare accommodations—Description of the Springs—Fishes in Hot Water—Temperature and Gaseous Contents of the Hot Springs—The Travertine presents different Constituents below the Surface 100

CHAPTER XXX.

Curious and beautiful Mineral Structure of the adjacent Country—Locality whence the Indians procured the Mineral for their Arrow Heads—An unsophisticated "Bar-hunter"—Panthers fond of Buffalo Tongues—

PAGE

Strange single Combat betwixt a Hunter and a male Buffalo—Reasoning Power of the Animal—State of the Hunter's Nerves after the battle 118

CHAPTER XXXI.

Leave the Hot Springs—Regain the "Military Road," and cross the Washita—How to drink Coffee made of Acorns —The Caddo River—Mrs. Barkman, her extraordinary accomplishments—A Hunter's House and Family—Tertiary Deposits—A Travelling Court-house—A Knot of Gamblers—A Paddy going to Texas 132

CHAPTER XXXII.

Bear-hunting—Approach a subcretaceous Country—Judge Cross—Disputed Territory betwixt Mexico and the United States—A Prairie Country and subcretaceous Fossils—General Houston—Plot to wrest Texas from Mexico—Beauty of the Country 148

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Probable origin of Prairies—Land most attractive when to be obtained without paying for—Mr. Prior—Great abuse of the Government Land Sales—An Oasis in the Wilderness—Contrast between the educated and uneducated Classes—Two patriotic Members of the Sovereign People 164

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mr. Williams; his adventures—Blunder of the Mexican Government—Reach Red River—Cross into the Mexican Province of Texas—Lost Prairie, a beautiful tract of land—Surprising Crop of Cotton in a field of 300 acres —The Abolition of Slavery a hopeless case—The future —Wild Muscadel Grape 181

CHAPTER XXXV.

Course and ancient Channels of Red River—The Great Raft —Method adopted of cutting it out—Danger to which New Orleans is exposed—Fight betwixt a Man and a

PAGE

Panther—Tragical Story of a Hunter—Comical relation of a Solo played by a Negro to a Gang of Wolves—Fossil Oysters in the Saline 194

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Reach Little Rock again—A pleasant Christmas Eve—Embark in a Steamer for New Orleans—A painful Moment—Structure of the Banks of the Arkansas—Snags and Sawyers explained—Frequent Change of the Channel of the River—Cotton Plantations—Cause of the Variegated Structure of the Banks explained . . . 207

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Approximative Method suggested of calculating the Age of Fluviatile Deposits—Brutal Conduct of the Passengers—The Quapaw Indians a Tribe of the Osages—Monsieur Barraqué, his Adventures—A Young Vagabond—Post of Arkansas—Monsieur Notrébe—The River encroaching upon the Country 223

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Steamer boarded by Swindlers—Pandemonium afloat—Day and Night Orgies—A Mysterious Lady—Printed Rules to decoy Passengers—White River—Reach the Mississippi—Arrive at Vicksburg—Mr. Vick and his brother *Gentlemen*—Worse and worse—Compliments to the Captain of a Steamer by the Gentry of Vicksburg—A View of the Grand Gulf—Reach Natchez—A happy Deliverance of the Swindlers—Judge Lynch in the State of Mississippi—Arrive at New Orleans . . . 237

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Delta of the Mississippi—Shiftings of the Channel of the River—Formation of new land at its mouth—Visit the Cemeteries—Mode of contriving dry Graves—Pira-

PAGE

tical-looking Population—Green Peas out of doors, Jan. 1—Literature and the Sciences—New Orleans Americanised—Sunday Evening Meetings—Faro the principal business transacted in New Orleans—The Legislature in Session—Good Theatres 256

CHAPTER XL.

Quadroon young Ladies, their hard fate—Liaisons of a *Bal de Société*—An amiable Father of several Families—Good Prospect for the Anglo-Episcopal Church—Spanish Cathedral—Depart from New Orleans—A Railroad—Embark in a Steamer for Mobile—A Storm—A Bishop on board—Come to an anchor—The Bay and River of Mobile—Tokens of Commercial Activity—Beauty and Cleanliness of the town of Mobile—Spanish Creoles—The Bolero 267

CHAPTER XLI.

Embark in a Steamer, and ascend the Mobile and Alabama—Tertiary deposits at Fort Claiborne—Great fertility of the State of Alabama—Aptitude of the Creek Indians for labour—Reach Montgomery, in Alabama—Filthiness of the "principal" Hotel—Engage a carriage to cross the Indian Territory—Country Inundated—Cross the Oakfuskee and enter the Creek Nation . . 278

CHAPTER XLII.

Description of the Muskogee or Creek People—Their Sachem, M'Gillivray—Their Treaties with the American Government—The Chiefs corrupted by the Georgians—Weatherford, the Sachem of the Lower Creeks, attacks and massacres the Garrison of Fort Mimms—General Jackson takes the Field—Fatal Battle of Tohopeka, or the Horse Shoe—Weatherford's Heroic Conduct—M'Intosh betrays his countrymen, and is Shot—The Creeks compelled to cede all their Country—Apology for the Whites 288

CHAPTER XLIII.

PAGE

The Ruins of a Nation—Kateebee Swamp—A Turkey implumis—Emigrants with their Slaves—Phlebotomy—Diamond Rattle Snakes—Reach Columbus, in Georgia—Falls of the Chatahoochie—Leave Columbus—Observations upon the Family of Naiades—Arrive at Augusta—Railroad to Charleston, in South Carolina—Reach Columbia, in South Carolina 311

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Gentlemen of America—The Tariff and Nullification—Wise conduct of Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun—Warlike Propensities of an Octogenarian Philosopher—A black animal chained on the roof of a Stage-coach—The character of the White Man elevated by the Slavery of the Black one 332

CHAPTER XLV.

Inside and Outside Passengers in chains—Bob Chatwood and the Game of All Fours—A Social Bottle—An Overturn in the dark—Reach Charlotte, in North Carolina—Description of the Gold Region in North Carolina and Virginia—Richmond, in Virginia—The Chesterfield Coal-Field—Speculations respecting it 345

CONCLUDING CHAPTER 373

LIST OF PLATES AND WOODCUTS.—VOL. II.

The Hot Springs of the Washita.
The Perils of Buffalo Hunting . . Title, Vignette.
The Mammelle Mountain . . . . Page 75

ERRATUM. Vol. II. p. 79.

For Tot inter valles mugientium, *read* Aut in reducta valle mugientium.

TRAVELS IN THE SLAVE STATES

OF

NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The "Military Road"—Eleven-Mile Point River—Obliging conduct of Widow Newland—The advantages of "camping out"—Our front and hind Wheels quarrel; the hind Wheels turn back—Mr. and Mrs. Meriwether—Two suspicious Travellers—Murder of Mr. Childers—Extraordinary Spectacle produced by wild Pigeons—Bury the remains of Mr. Childers.

From this place we were happy to learn that a road had been cut out, through the territory of Arkansas, by authority of the government of the United States, called the "Military Road." Entering upon it, we found the trees had been razed close to the ground, and that the road was distinguished by blazes cut into some of the trees standing on the road-side, so that it could not be mistaken; a great comfort to travellers in such a wilderness. For a few miles we pursued it through a fine bottom, then got upon the horizontal limestone we had seen at the Currant—which is probably the equivalent of that at Herculaneum—and at length rose to the level of our old friend the calcareo-siliceous rock,

where many rocky knolls appeared, altogether petro-siliceous. Fourteen miles from the Currant we crossed "Fourche de Thomas," a deep fourche, or creek in the forest, but passing here by the name of "Fourche de Mas," according to the French method of abbreviation. We passed it by an excellent wooden bridge constructed in the best style, and had a good view of the ledges of horizontal limestone cropping out on the bank, which a little farther on we found was overlaid by the siliceous rocks, that soon presented nothing but quartz, hornstone, chert, and opaque and agatized flints. One or more settlers here having quarrelled about the direction of the Military Road, have taken the liberty to cut roads resembling it, and blazed the trees, to their own cabins; in consequence of this we got out of our way, and after driving sixteen miles, reached at a late hour a Mr. Russel's, who moved his family in here about twenty-four years ago, amongst the earliest Americans who came to the territory of Arkansas. As we were approaching the place, we saw two wild-looking urchins of boys trailing a beeve's head through the woods to bait a wolf-trap; that animal abounding about here, and being frequently caught in that way.

Last night we had the pleasure of Mrs. Harris's company in our bed-room, and this night, soon after we had retired, old Mrs. Russel, a discreet matron of at least seventy, accompanied by a sickly, unhappy-looking girl, of, perhaps, eighteen, came

into our room, where there were three beds, upon one of which I was laid down, and my son upon the other. Without uttering a word, these amiable ladies very deliberately went through the ceremony of unrobing and getting into the other bed. This to be sure was an unexpected treat; I thought my son would never have done laughing, and certainly I never saw anything done with more nonchalance.

Pursuing our journey the next morning, we found an undulating country, the horizontal non-fossiliferous limestone always in the valleys, and the siliceous rocks on the high lands. We found no fossils here; it would almost seem as if the waters which deposited all these beds had been too hot to admit of animal life existing in the mineral matter. At Eleven-mile Point River, another beautifully pellucid stream about 130 yards broad, running through a fertile bottom, we stopped to breakfast upon our own provender, in a sorry hovel. There was no man to attend the ferry, and we were obliged to cross the stream in an awkward flat boat conducted by a girl about 16: the landing was an exceedingly bad one, and in making it we barely escaped ruining both horse and carriage. The country from hence was rough and hilly for six miles to Jackson, a wretched place which passes for the county town, and which is situated—why I know not—at the inconvenient distance of a mile from a beautiful transparent stream called Spring River. From hence we drove fourteen miles over a

country somewhat less hilly, and part of it in open woods, to a widow Newland's, where we were most miserably provided for, and shown to a wretched flock-bed, neither long enough nor wide enough for two to lie down upon; which, perhaps, was the reason why the good, considerate old lady did not favour us with her company.

Early in the morning we gladly started again; we had passed a bad night and got nothing to eat, and it was clear we should have fared much better if from the first we had relied entirely upon ourselves, and had "camped out" at nights. We could have purchased meal and chickens at some of the farm-houses, and could have made a hearty repast of them at the end of the day. "Camping out" to be sure is not always as comfortable as sleeping under a roof, having in the winter season many disadvantages; still even then there is much to be said in its favour, and at any rate you don't find old widows every night in the woods: but it was important to consider our horse; he wanted food and a stable at night, and we were obliged to seek one for him.

Jogging along we came to a rather deep and dry bayou, with a very steep descent down into it, and this part of the business we achieved exceedingly well with both of us in the waggon; but Missouri being rather too confident made a dash to get up the opposite bank, and my son who had the reins aiding him lustily with the whip to get out of the

bayou, the horse, just at the edge of the bank, made a desperate effort, and successfully carried my son, the shafts, and the front wheels for some short distance on our route; as to myself, I philosophically took the part of the hind wheels, which, released from all restraint, incontinently retreated back again with me to the bottom of the bayou. It would have amused a third person to have observed us when we met again, looking at each other upon the occasion of so melancholy a dismemberment of the machine that we so much depended upon. But our discomfiture was so palpable that no room was left for doubt or hesitation, and we came instantly to the conclusion that all other business must give place to waggon-mending; so setting resolutely to work, we dragged the hind wheels up the bank, cut some stout stuff to splice our shafts, that were broken clean from the axle-tree, and making use of the ropes that we had happily furnished ourselves with, in about three hours we got under way, though in such a crippled state, that we were now obliged to walk, a punishment too light for having been so inconsiderate as to sit in the waggon whilst the horse was drawing it out of the bayou. Luckily the fore and hind wheels kept upon tolerably good terms during the rest of the day, except occasionally when we were going down hill.

We were now on rather a flattish country with open woods, and flocks of parroqueets screaming around us. Being in advance about a mile, and

very near the bank of *Strawberry* River, I heard the cry of a wild goose, and getting a glimpse of him through the bushes, as he was trumpeting on the other side of the stream, I took it for granted he was calling us to breakfast, and firing at him put a ball into his neck close to his head, a lucky shot that I could not have made perhaps once in twenty times. I immediately rushed through a ripple of the river to secure my prize, and seeing a cabin not far off went there to wait for my son and inquire if they had any meal, but the people were steeped in poverty and broken down by fever and ague. We however made a breakfast of what we had, and were too glad to procure a feed of corn for our horse. Before leaving the place I went down to the river again, and collected a great many unios resembling those of the Cumberland, but with a deeper flesh-coloured nacre inside. After breakfast I drove the horse, my son preferring to walk, and proceeding through a fertile flat country, a very heavy rain set in; the old saying, that it never rains difficulties but it pours, was now verified, for in ascending a hill the coupling pin of the fore part of the carriage came out, and the front and hinder wheels again separated, and brought us to a stand. This was a day of great trouble: we contrived, however, soaked through as we were, to drag our waggon on with various luck, and in the evening took shelter at a settler's called Meriwether, ten miles from the Strawberry.

Mr. Meriwether's log-cabin was at the top of a hill a short distance from the main-road; he seemed to be a hearty good-fellow, for he assisted us with great alacrity to get our things out of the rain, and to take care of our poor horse, who was very much jaded. On going into the house we were made acquainted with a person he called Mrs. Meriwether, but who from her great height, which was six feet two inches, an extraordinary dark, bony, hairy face, and trimmings to match, I should have taken for some South American grenadier in women's clothes. Here, seated before a rousing fire, we soon contrived to dry ourselves, and with the aid of some of their milk, corn meal, and fried pork, and our tea and sugar, managed to make a hearty supper. Our appearance was the greatest godsend imaginable to these worthy people; they were two of the greatest talkers I ever heard, had not seen any travellers for a long time, and now a fine opportunity occurred of delivering everything they had to say. The only great difficulty they laboured under was, that both wanted to talk at the same time. When Mr. Meriwether had fairly entered upon one of his yarns, she would cut in upon him with "Well, but, John, I've heer'n that so often now;" upon which he would say, "Jist give me a chance to git through, and I swar you shall have a chance too; ride and tie, you know, that's fair."

Our host said that he had been once a soldier, and that he was a relative of Captain Meriwether

Lewis, the associate of the venerable Captain Clarke of St. Louis, in the exploration of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and that he was with Captain Lewis when he destroyed himself in Tennessee. He told me that he had led an adventurous and merry life, had not laid up a dollar, and was one of the earliest settlers in Arkansas, where he got along as well as he could by hunting, and trading, and raising a patch of corn. He said that the track by which we had come to his cabin from the main-road, was part of the ancient Indian path or trail from Vincennes on the Wabash to Nachitoches in Mexico, and had been adopted as the general road by white people moving in that direction. This was the reason why so many desperate men from all quarters, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Americans, and other outlaws, had settled near it, and that the greater part of the deserted cabins we had seen had been inhabited by them. There, under the pretence of entertaining travellers, they got them into their cabins, and often murdered them if they had anything to be plundered of.

Whilst he was thus entertaining us his dogs began to bark, and going to the door he found a tall, thin, pale young man, with a dirty blanket coat on, and a rifle in his hand, who asked if he could get any milk and bread. He was very reluctant to enter the house, but at length came in, and certainly his appearance was very forlorn. His

story was, that himself and a companion, with the intention of hunting a few hours, had separated from the waggons, bound from Illinois to Texas, in which their relatives were, and that they had never been able to find them again. This happened three weeks ago after leaving St. Louis. Herculaneum was the only place he could name as one which they had passed through, but of the names of the rivers and creeks he did not remember one. Upon asking where his companion was, he said he had left him at the foot of the hill. Our host gave him a small quantity of sweet potatoes; and upon his saying that they had no money, I gave him half a dollar to pay their ferry over White River, which was not far off. When he was gone, old Meriwether and his wife thought the story a very unsatisfactory one; they could not conceive how they could have crossed the St. Francis, the Currant, and Strawberry rivers, without hearing their names, and therefore pronounced them to be a couple of vagabonds, who had seen us on the road, and were now dogging us with evil intentions. I was not quite convinced of this, but listened willingly to the advice of our host to us to be vigilant. He said that although there were a great many respectable settlers in the country now, yet there was "a heap of villains" in it; and mentioned a place on the Mississippi, called *Helena*, which was in the territory of Arkansas, where all sorts of "negur runners," "counterfeiters," "horse-stealers," "murderers, and sich

like," took shelter "agin the law." Nothing was easier, he said, than for two fellows that were good marksmen to pick off, with their rifles, two travellers like us when we were not thinking of it. These monitions he followed with a relation of the story of a Mr. Childers, which was harrowing enough.

This person, it appears, was an old bachelor, and a man of some property; a few years ago, being on a journey, he slept at a man's on the south side of White River, whose name was *Couch*, and pursuing his journey the next morning, was dogged to within two miles of Meriwether's cabin, and murdered when he was asleep at his bivouac; "and there the old man's bones are to this day," said Meriwether. I expressed here in strong terms my surprise to him, that knowing these things he had not given the remains a decent burial. He replied that he had often thought of it, but had never done it.

The hour of rest being come, we were shown to a part of the cabin which was quite out of repair, and where the weather came in freely enough, for it rained in torrents the whole night. We were, however, alone, and did not neglect our host's advice to be vigilant. The appearance of Mr., and especially of Mrs. Meriwether, would have done credit to any melodrama; that of the pale-faced young fellow was quite in keeping, and these stories of outlaws, murders, and especially the admitted fact that the remains of a murdered man were yet

unburied in the neighbourhood, all made me thoughtful and careful too. I had heard of *Helena* when in Tennessee; it had been described to me as a sink of crime and infamy, and we were now not far from it. Placing, therefore, our trunks against the door, we prepared ourselves as well as we could for any emergency before we laid down to sleep; but daylight broke with a clear sky, and on going into the kitchen we found our two hosts just as talkative and obliging as ever. I therefore soon got over my suspicions; and finding that Meriwether was not only able but willing to mend our waggon, I restored him entirely to my good opinion.

A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad; flocks of them many miles long came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and in their swift motion creating a wind, and producing a rushing and startling sound, that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewed with young birds dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to

carry away with their horses: many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrefied remains. A forest thus loaded and half-destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us.

Whilst Meriwether was assisting my son to repair our waggon, I went, under the guidance of a little boy, the only one of their children who had survived the effects of the malaria, and who was recovering from a broken arm that had been badly set, to look for the remains of Mr. Childers. We found the place where he had been murdered, and after a very long search amidst the dead leaves and rubbish, which a little stream called the Curie had carried there, and near to which we had bivouacked, we at length found a sort of heap of what appeared to be soil, and taking some of the earthy matter in my hands, I perceived a rank smell of putrefaction. Removing the heap with a spade I had brought, I found what remained of the skeleton, two shoulder blades, two thigh bones, two leg bones, and one

arm bone. The rest had probably been carried away either by the wild beasts or by the stream at some time of high flood. Having collected all the remains I could find, I dug a grave on the spot where he had been sleeping when he was slain, and there deposited them in their proper order, thus rescuing them, as far as I could, from further dishonour. I then placed a stone over the grave, and having charged my little assistant to take care of it, and to put the other bones in it if he should find them, I gave him a dollar to encourage him, and returned to the cabin.

Mr. Meriwether informed me that in the hills about this part of the country there is a surprising quantity of micaceous oxide of iron—of which I had shown him specimens; and I found, from his conversation, that the River St. Francis, which empties into the Mississippi, and the Big Black, which empties into White River, are very much choked up with rafts, the which if they were cut out and the country drained, several millions of acres of rich bottom land would be reclaimed. There is galena also in this part of the country; a mine of which has been opened somewhere up the Strawberry River.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Description of White River—Judge Tucker's Cabin; his account of the Murder of Childers—Account of the first Judge Lynch, and the state of Legal Practice in his Court—A successful Speculation in Lead—Clock Pedlars insinuating Persons—White River Mountain—A Ruffian of the first order.

HAVING repaired our waggon, we bade our entertainers good bye, and proceeded through a pretty undulating country to the settlement of a Mr. Tunstall, an enterprising person of this district, who lives in a tolerable house, built on a well-chosen and pleasant situation. Here I saw a fine field of wheat. But Mr. Tunstall being from home, we drove on towards White River, through a tolerable road in sandy barrens, with trees far apart. A great change in the climate was here obvious: the trees, whose leaves were all dead and had fallen when we left St. Louis, were here green, as well as the shrubs; and various species of oak began to appear that we had not seen before. As we proceeded through these barrens, I got a glimpse of the man in the dirty blanket coat who had called at Meriwether's last night; but as he disappeared almost immediately, I thought it was possible that

he and his companion might have dodged behind some trees which appeared very thick some distance before us. Although I did not fully partake of the prejudices of Meriwether against these men, who really might be honestly pursuing their way to Texas, yet I thought it prudent that we should be on our guard; for the place, being a wilderness, without a human being to bear testimony to any thing, or to receive assistance from, was very opportune to do us mischief. We accordingly concerted our plan. My son was to remain in the waggon, coming slowly along, and if he was attacked was to abandon the waggon if necessary, and come to close quarters with the axe; whilst I was to enter the woods quietly in advance of my son, but always sufficiently near to him, and, rifle in hand, was to turn and discover their flank, and act accordingly, if I saw symptoms of treachery.

The strange conduct of the man we had spoken with, the unwillingness of the other to show himself, the fact of their not having slept at a house Meriwether had directed them to (which we had ascertained), Mr. Meriwether's raw-head and bloody-bones stories, and the burying of the bones, had rather disposed me to be wary and uneasy; but after advancing a considerable distance with great caution, and examining all the trees on both sides of the road without seeing any one, I rejoined my son. A couple of miles farther on we saw them together; and hearing our wheels, the unknown

fellow turned to look at us, and spoke to the other, who did not turn round, which we construed unfavourably, perhaps putting a wrong construction upon every thing they did, as I observed at the time. I now determined to get before these fellows, and putting the horse on at his best pace, with our rifles prepared, we came up to them and accosted them. Each had a gun ready cocked. The unknown fellow hung down his head; but putting a close question to him, he raised it to answer me, and I must say that a more hang-gallows-looking phiz I never saw. We now pushed on, my son driving, whilst I kept my face turned to the men, but they made no movement of an extraordinary character; and soon afterwards, the sun being set, we entered the ample alluvial bottom of the valley of *White River*, and having traversed a canebrake, drove to the ferry.

This stream, which is very little known beyond the precincts of the territory of Arkansas, is one of the most important and beautiful rivers of North America. It takes its rise in the western edge of that elevated country which has obtained the name of *Ozark** Mountains, and receives several important tributaries, some of which take their rise north of 37° of N. lat., draining that charming portion of the territory of Arkansas which is comprehended in the county of Washington; and pur-

* A corruption of *aux Arcs*, the French abbreviation of *aux Arkansas*.

suing a general easterly course to its principal tributary, Big Black River, it leaves, near that stream, the petro-siliceous highlands to the north, and then, after a serpentine course of from seven to eight hundred miles, deflects to the south in 34° N. lat., to increase the volume of the Mississippi. The latter portion of its course lies through alluvial lands of the most fertile quality, through which it is navigable from its mouth up to Batesville, a distance of 350 miles from the Mississippi; and with little improvement could—it is said—be made so 200 miles farther to the westward. The valley of White River, where we crossed it, divides the petro-siliceous highlands into two portions; and the river, when full, is about 200 yards wide. At this season the stream was low, but exceedingly pellucid, and there was a great margin of beach on each side.

At the ferry we were told we could obtain "first-rate accommodation" at a Judge Tucker's, a magistrate who lived a mile farther on the road.

Comforting ourselves with this prospect, and forgetting that "first-rate," in a ferryman's mouth, might be a qualification only squaring with his own taste, we hastened on, and, to our great mortification, found the Judge living in one of the most dirty and unprovided holes we had yet got into, in addition to which his children and himself too were just recovering from the malaria. I pitied them, for, bred up in dirt, it was evident they knew not what cleanliness meant; he himself seemed

poor and broken-spirited, but was civil and communicative. It turned out that he was the magistrate who had to inquire into the murder of Childers, the circumstances of which, as we learned them from him, were as follows:—It was known that this unfortunate man had lodged at Couch's, and that Couch was under particular obligations to him. Many weeks after his departure from this man's, a boy going through a cane-brake in the neighbourhood of Couch's house, saw, as he thought, a bear lying down in the brake, and fired at it: believing he had killed it, he walked up, and found upon examination that it was a bundle of clothes tied up, and apparently hid away. Upon opening it he found a great-coat that he remembered Mr. Childers to have worn, together with other things, and taking the bundle to Squire Tucker—our host—he, without loss of time, communicated the fact to some of his friends. After some deliberation they came to the unanimous opinion that Childers had been murdered by Couch whilst sleeping in his house, and that the bundle, which contained nothing but what had belonged to the unfortunate man, had been secreted by him.

Proceeding, therefore, to his residence, they informed him of the bundle having been found, and charged him with the murder of his guest. He stoutly denied the charge, and professed his ignorance of the manner in which the bundle had got to the cane-brake, admitting at the same time that he

remembered seeing the clothes in the possession of Childers. As the man persisted with great energy in this declaration, and they had no collateral evidence of any kind to support their charge, except the important circumstance that Childers had slept in his house the last time he had been seen, they thought it expedient to submit the case to the highest legal authority then existing in that part of Arkansas.

This was a very awful personage named Judge Lynch, whose unrivalled ability in the science of cross-questioning had often thrown light upon the most obscure cases. This talent he had inherited from a famous Virginian ancestor of his, who lived when the back settlements of that colony were also in that happy state of Cocagna which flourishes for a while in every region that is invaded by the advancing population, and where every man, being without restraint, does as he pleases, unless a stronger man interferes. This ancestor, the first Judge Lynch, was a miller and a justice of the peace in the backwoods; he had been there from his youth, before the western counties of Virginia were organised, was a man of experience and sagacity, and was acquainted with everything that was passing around him. When a "spree" of a desperate kind occurred, and the atrocity that had been committed had made it necessary for the many to combine against a suspected individual, the first step was to apprehend and take him before the Judge, where all the cir-

cumstances of the case, and the proofs to support the charge, were entered into.

If his Honour saw that the evidence was not strong enough to send him to the seat of government with any hope of conviction, and that all the trouble and expense would go for nothing, besides giving a triumph to the accused party in treating him to a sight of the great world, and letting him come back whitewashed into the bargain,—he used to say, "Gentlemen, I swar this won't work no haw, fix it haw you will; and I reckon the shortest way is to git it out of him with the kayw hide." The party was now stripped to his skin, and tied securely, with his face and breast close to a tree, so as to exhibit the best possible view of his dorsal proportions. Two stout fellows, armed with knotted thongs made from a tough hide, were then appointed to keep the flies from his upper and lower parts, and the Judge stood by to direct operations. His invariable rule was to order the administration of twenty smart strokes of the thongs before "axing no questions;" this he said "somehaw stirred the man up, and put up him upon thinking they were in arnest." Now, although the Judge was regarded as a consistent person, and always ordered neither more nor less than twenty strokes to be given, yet it somehow always struck the party most interested in counting them that he got forty instead of twenty, a discrimination which perhaps escaped the Judge, who might have imagined—the practice being to

apply twenty to the shoulders, and twenty somewhat lower down—that the suffering component parts would each keep the arithmetical account, and not the entire man. It certainly had the effect of producing a perfect conviction that they were "in arnest," accompanied with a corresponding strain of piteous entreaty to stop. His Honour would then mercifully ask him "haw many more would you like to have before you 've made up your mind, for thar's a heap a-coming, I tell you." But the more the poor devil prayed them to believe he was innocent, and to cease tormenting him, the more they seemed disposed to believe him guilty, and to increase his tortures: if the Judge benevolently ordered him ten strokes, the recipient—such is the discrepancy betwixt theory and practice—knew very well that they would come to twenty, and so in proportion at every renewal of his flagellation.

Now, as it is of the very essence of crime to seek a present apparent advantage at the risk of bringing down a future terrible evil, so a deferred death loses its terrors with individuals drawn from the lowest classes, when compared with present sufferings that appear interminable, and thus the unfortunate devils under Lynch law sooner or later generally said, in answer to the Judge's kind inquiry—which interrogatory he called *cross questioning*—"haw many more do you reckon you can stand now?" "Why, Judge, sartin no man alive can stand this long." "Then, gentlemen," the Judge would tenderly

say, "jist give him three *leetel* wales to help it out of the hopper," alluding to the grain that sometimes stuck fast in the hopper of his mill, which he thus facetiously compared to the confession that seemed to stick in the man's throat. A confession was generally the result, and thus the sagacity and summary process of Judge Lynch raised his name to the pinnacle of fame, and to this day makes Lynch law the terror of those evil doers who, in those countries where there is no other law, would be without the fear of anything to control their actions.

In this manner the tavern-keeper *Couch* was tied to a tree, and submitted to the searching cross-questions of Judge Lynch; but as my informant—who was present—told me, he did not stand it long, confessing that a man of the name of *Allen* had met with Childers at his house, and finding that he had some money with him and two fine young horses, had dogged him the next day. Two days afterwards he said Allen came in the night to his house on the horse Childers had rode, leading the other, and bringing with him the plunder he had got; upon which occasion he communicated to Couch that he came upon Childers when he was asleep, and knocked him on the head with a stake he had cut, when Childers sprung on his legs and had a hard struggle with him; but that having thrown him down he at length despatched him, and stripping the body and dragging it away some distance from the bivouac, had brought the horses and things

away. This man, Allen, he said, left the country before daylight for Texas with the horse Childers had rode, leaving the other horse and the clothes with Couch, who told his neighbours that he had purchased the horse of Childers before he left his house; and as to the clothes, he had hid them in the cane-brake. Notwithstanding this story, and his strong protestations that he had had no hand in the murder, he was disbelieved, and having no prison they put him in a cabin, fastened the door, and agreed to watch him. In the morning the cabin was found empty; he had purchased his liberty no doubt of his guard with poor Childers's money, and had made his way to that asylum of oppressed Republican humanity, Texas; for some time afterwards a person returning from that quarter related that he had seen him there "doing uncommon well." What increases the disgusting brutality of this transaction is the fact that this magistrate, Squire Tucker, or Judge as they call him, told me that he and a coroner's jury went to Curie Creek, where they found and identified the corpse of the murdered man, and came away without burying it.

It was somewhat curious that whilst this story was relating to me, the same tall, pale-faced young fellow who had called at Meriwether's the preceding evening, just when *he* was narrating the same murder, put his head in at the door, and inquired the road. Again he declined coming in when invited, saying he had no time; his companion, as

upon the previous occasion, never appeared; and although Tucker told him that there was no other place or house to get shelter at for the night, he went away. We did not like this proceeding; these fellows would now be ahead of us again, and Tucker, on being told of the circumstances under which we had seen him before, pronounced him a bad fellow.

In the morning of November 12th we started very early, and after some time passed the fire where these fellows had stayed during the night, and saw their lairs where they had laid down upon the leaves. We were now entering a country full of thickets, where an ambush might be laid at every step. I adopted the plan of the preceding day, walking on before, believing it to be most prudent not to expose both our persons at the same point; it was probable that if they had bad intentions they would be somewhat embarrassed at seeing only one person in the carriage when they expected to see two; at any rate I thought that being in advance I should get the first intimation of their intentions, and act more prudently than a younger man would; besides, I wished to give my son the best chance possible. How it occurred I know not, for we saw no bye-road by which they could have turned down, but we never overtook them, though a great part of the morning we came to a more open part of the country, which enabled us to push on our horse ahead of them again. The

movements of these men were certainly rather mysterious, for whilst we were boiling our kettle at a poor cabin on the road, the man who lived there told us that one of these fellows had called to ask if we had passed, whilst the other went into the woods on approaching the cabin, and had taken a circuitous course to avoid it.

For some time we had seen no rocks, but here we came upon compact blue limestone, furrowed at the edges like that we had seen in the neighbourhood of Sparta, in Tennessee, and on our journey through Kentucky, running N.E. and S.W. on the same strike with those more northerly beds. Soon after this we reached a settler's of the name of Morton, who had things rather more inviting about him than we had seen for some time; so finding that we could get good bread and milk, and fried venison—which is tolerably fat at this season—we stopped to feed our horse and boil our kettle again. When we came to pay our bill the charge was a *bit*, or the eighth of a dollar, a little more than sixpence for both of us; but we found a difficulty in paying this, for the smallest coin we had was half a dollar, and Mr. Morton had no coin whatever in the house. He was very fair, however, and said he didn't mind, but that he was out of lead, and if my son had a mind to give him a small bar of lead he had taken out of his pocket and placed on the table, he would be glad to have it, as he thought it was worth a *bit*. My son had purchased four of these small

bars at Mine la Motte to cast balls for his rifle, and not being able to do any better we gave him the bar, with which he was heartily delighted, saying it would be worth "a heap" of deer skins to him. This was our trading *début*, and upon the whole was an affair that was creditable to us in a commercial point of view, for my son had paid only a *bit* for the whole four bars, so that here was a magnificent return of 300 per cent. profit.

Being exceedingly tickled with having Jewed our host so satisfactorily in this business transaction, before we went away we generously made him a present of another bar on the part of Missouri, and thus became entitled to the respectable appellation of *traders*, which had been deemed to belong to us on various occasions; for the rear part of our vehicle being occupied by a large basket containing our cooking utensils and *munitions de bouche*, attracted general attention when we passed the cabins, which were all accustomed to be supplied by travelling "marchants." Wherever we came the inquiry was sure to be, "What goods have you got to sell?" and when we assured them that we had nothing at all to sell, the disappointed women would cry out, "Why what *on*der arth are you, if you ain't pedlars?" Upon one occasion a woman screamed out most lustily to us from her door, and as we would not stop she ran after us, and finding we obstinately persisted in giving an unsatisfactory account of our ourselves, she said, "Well, then, if you ha'ant got

nothin to sell, I reckon you must be tailors, and that you are going about tailoring;" and I fancy we could have got a very good job if either of us had been put in the way of cultivating the sartorial bump.

These worthy people think, if you are not looking for land to settle, that you must be pedlars: there are no markets or shopkeepers in the country for them to go to, and therefore the markets come to them—pedlars to sell goods, and tailors to cut out and make their new clothes. As to the Yankee clock pedlars, they are everywhere, and have contrived, by an assurance and perseverance that have been unrivalled from the Maccabees down, to stick up a clock in every cabin in the western country. Wherever we have been, in Kentucky, in Indiana, in Illinois, in Missouri, and here in every dell of Arkansas, and in cabins where there was not a chair to sit on, there was sure to be a Connecticut clock. The clock pedlar is an irresistible person; he enters a log cabin, gets familiarly acquainted with its inmates in the shortest imaginable time, and then comes on business.

"I *guess* I shall have to sell you a clock before I go."

"I *expect* a clock 's of no use here; besides, I ha'nt got no money to pay for one."

"Oh, a clock 's fine company here in the woods; why you couldn't live without one after you'd had

one awhile, and you can pay for it some other time."

"I *calculate* you 'll find I ain't a going to take one."

The wife must now be acted upon.

"Well, mistress, your husband won't take a clock, it is most a surprising: he'd hadn't ought to let *you* go without one. Why, every one of your neighbours is a going to git one. I suppose, however, you've no objection to my nailing one up here, till I come back in a month or so. I am sure you'll take care of it, and I shall charge you nothing for the use of it at any rate."

No reasonable objection, of course, can be made to this. It is nailed up; he instructs her how to keep it in order, and takes leave. But what can equal their delight, when, with a bright, clear sound, it strikes the hours! "Well," they exclaim, "if that don't beat all! Sartin, it is most delightful, curious company!" The wife now teaches her husband to wind up the clock, and great care is taken of it, as it is a deposit, and must be restored in as good condition as it was received. Too soon, Jonathan, the wily tempter, returns, talks of taking the clock down: "it was the best clock he ever had, they are such nice people he almost wishes it was theirs." Such a friendly and disinterested proceeding throws down all the icy barriers that prudence had raised between them and the shrewd Yankee.

Before morning the wife gets the husband's consent, and the clock becomes theirs for the mere formality of his giving a note, payable in six months, for some eighteen or twenty dollars, and then

"If the clock shouldn't go well he can change it for another, to be sure he can; ha'ant he got to come that way in the spring?"

He comes sure enough to dun the poor creatures, bringing one clock along with him; and as all the clocks have stopped, as a matter of course, either because they were good for nothing, or because they have wound them up too often, he changes the clock at every place he stops, cobbling them up in succession as they come into his hands, and favouring every one of his customers with the bad clock of his neighbour. The dénouement is not a very pleasant one; long after the clocks have ceased to strike, the constables come and wind up the whole concern, and mistress pays too often with her cows for the inconsiderate use of her conjugal influence.

Having made our successful trade with our host, we pursued our journey, and soon began to ascend what is called the White River Mountain, across which a very extraordinary road has been made. The person who laid out the Military Road, instead of winding round this desperate ascent, has, following the example of the ancient Roman roads in England, taken the shortest line to get to the top, and carried it up at about an angle of 60°. Our horse, therefore, came to a dead standstill, and could

scarcely drag the light waggon up, even after we had taken everything out of it; a not very pleasant operation, because we were obliged, with great labour, to carry our luggage up ourselves in all the worst places. For the distance of about 1500 yards, the track, for it does not deserve the name of a road, laid over immense blocks and fragments of siliceous rock, and in the efforts the horse made to drag the vehicle over them, we were in constant expectation of seeing it come to pieces. At the top we found the rocky strata thrown out of their beds in immense masses, but looking around, I observed some portions yet in a horizontal position. We now had got upon a table-land of great elevation, and went on for ten miles in a forest of oak trees, amidst the profoundest solitude, not even a bird being upon the wing. From this we descended to a settler's named Caruthers, who has got into a warm fertile bottom, near some of the head waters of *Little Red River*. The leaves of his peach trees were still green, and he spoke of his situation as being very favourable to fruit. This man strongly advised us to abandon the Military Road, and to take a new cut, where we should find a level road, good lodgings at a Mr. Hornby's, and an excellent ford: he said the Military Road was very hilly, and the ford to which it led rather dangerous. We accordingly followed his advice, and after a tedious drive, passing a deep ravine where the horizontal sandstone was well exhibited, reached this Hornby's

after night. Here we found abundant reason to regret having left the Military Road, and discovered too late that Caruthers, having an understanding with Hornby, had purposely misled us. Hornby was a squalid, half-negro looking, piratical ruffian from Louisiana, living in a wretched, filthy cabin, with a wife to match, and a Caliban-looking negress and her two children, who were his slaves. This fellow never opened his mouth without uttering execrations of the worst kind. In this den, which had only one beastly room, we were obliged to stay, and suffer the low conversation of this horrid fellow. Some bits of filthy fried pork, and a detestable beverage they were pleased to call coffee, were set on a broken dirty table, at which, by the light of a nasty little tin lamp, into which Madame Hornby, after helping herself to the pork, poured some of its grease, we all, *tutti quanti*, sat on two lame benches. We passed a most disgusting night, the whole party lying down on the floor; and, from the appearance of every thing around me, I should certainly, if I had been alone, have expected an attempt on my life. A place better fitted for the nefarious practices of such a set of desperate-looking human beings I never saw.

CHAPTER XXV.

Little Red River—A distressed family of Emigrants—A new kind of Grist-mill—Black Wolves—A wild American scene—Reach the Arkansas River—A Tavern at Little Rock.

GREAT was our satisfaction when day broke and gave us light enough to harness our horse; hurrying away as quick as we could, we drove through a lofty cane-brake—that reminded me of the bundle containing Childers's clothes—to *Little Red River*, over which I had to wade to find out the ford. The bed of the stream is broad, and if the waters had been high we could never have got across; as it was, our horse made many difficulties, but my son finally coaxed him over. This was a lesson to us never to deviate again from the Military Road, for there at least good bridges have been established over the worst streams. I picked up a few fine unios whilst wading across the river, principally the same varieties which inhabit the Cumberland. Soon after we had crossed the river we came to a very bad bayou, with a large dangerous mud-hole on the track, and here we had to stop and collect sufficient timber to fill it before we durst venture to attempt it, which we did success-

fully; and continuing on for eight miles, we came to the cabin of a settler called Morse, where we found his family, eight or ten in number, in a very deplorable situation: they had emigrated from Tennessee in the month of May last, and had been ever since so completely prostrated by the malaria, that at one time there was not, during two whole days, a single individual of them able even to draw water for the family. A more sickly, unhappy set of creatures I never beheld; livid, emaciated, helpless, and all of them suffering extreme pains and nausea from an excessive use of calomel: on the floor were laid the father and five of the children, still confined to their beds; but the mother, a kind, good-hearted woman, finding that we were travellers, and were without any thing to eat, ordered one of the boys, who was still excessively weak, to show us where we could get some Indian corn, and how we could *pound* it so as to make a hoe cake. He accordingly took us to a patch of maize, which was yet standing, and having provided ourselves with a sufficient number of ears, we began the operation of pounding it. They had no mill of any sort to go to, but had scooped out a cavity in the stump of a large tree, over which was a wooden pestle, eight feet long, suspended from a curved pole 16 feet in length, with a heavy weight at the end of it. A cross stick was fixed in the pestle, about two feet from its base; so putting the grains of maize into the cavity, and laying hold of the

cross stick, we pounded away with this primitive contrivance until we thought our grist was fine enough; when, taking it to kind Mrs. Morse, she made it into a hoe cake, and baked it before the fire. This, with the important aid of a pitcher of good milk, and our own tea and sugar—for we had nothing else left—enabled us to make an excellent breakfast.

These good people, who were half broken hearted, and who sighed after their dear native Tennessee, as the Jews are said to have done after Jerusalem, would not receive any compensation until I forced it upon them; but when I further divided my remaining tea and sugar with her, believing that it would refresh their prostrated stomachs, she said, with tears in her eyes, "that if any thing would set her old man up again, it would be that nice tea;" and that she was at one time going to ask me if they might take the leaves that we had left, "but that she did not like to do it." So strange are the vicissitudes of life! We had passed the night with a family in whose favour I could willingly have invoked all the blessings that the stoutest hemp that was growing could confer, and here, when we little dreamt of it, we had become most feelingly interested for the welfare of their nearest neighbours; such an impression does suffering goodness make upon the heart.

From hence, passing a pretty stream, called *Brown's Creek*, we drove through a tolerably level

country, with a lofty sandstone ridge on our right, to a settler's of the name of Stacey, about 14 miles off: there was a fine bear's skin stretched out at the door, and the skin of an extremely large black wolf. He told us, that whilst he was out on horseback the other day, his dog, which had been ranging after some game, suddenly came back, in great haste, chased by seven wolves, four of them black and the rest grey. The moment they saw him they turned round to retreat, but the dog, encouraged by the presence of his master, gave chase to the wolves, who again turned round and came within shot of Stacey's rifle, which brought one of them down. The tail of this beast was extremely long and black.

We slept at Stacey's, and, starting early in the morning, crossed a steep ridge to a bottom, where we found a cabin belonging to one Covey. As we were passing it, I observed a black girl throw a wild duck into the road, so I stopped and asked the mistress of the house, who was standing at the door, why this was done. She answered me that they "never ate sich truck, because she allowed they had a kind of smell." The truth is, that these poor people kill wild fowl merely for their feathers, and that neither wild ducks, nor any thing else, please them as much as bad fried pork, the coarse taste for which perhaps, when acquired, makes every other kind of flesh appear insipid. From hence we ascended a steep hill of ferruginous

sandstone, after a heavy pull of half a mile: the view from hence was extensive, the whole country appearing to be formed into ridges running east and west, as parallel to each other as those of the Alleghanies. Along this table-land we found a tolerable sandy road, through a pleasant open wooded country, but very much burnt. We stopped to breakfast at a Mr. Walker's, a man who was pretty well to do in the world; he seemed to have an industrious family, and we left the house very well satisfied. The improvement in the climate was constant as we advanced to the south; to-day Fahrenheit shewed 77° in the shade. From Walker's, where we got good bread and milk, our horse had a rather distressing road for 14 miles; for the first three miles we had two hills to pass, almost as bad as White River Mountain, and on reaching the top of the second, had a very extensive view of a desert wilderness below us, about 12 miles broad, perfectly flat, and bounded by a lofty ridge running east and west. It was an excessively hot day; in vain we looked for any thing that indicated a settlement—we could see nothing but a dense jungle, which, as we had been told, contained no water, except a few stagnant pools in the dry bayous. This was one of the most striking pictures of wild American scenery I had yet seen; there was nothing to break the comprehensive and uniform character of this woody desert, save an immense conflagration that was

raging in the distance, right in the line of our march, covering an immense area of country, and from which rose a tremendous dense column of smoke. This desert, and the general aspect of the land ridges, seemed to portend some change in the geological character of the country.

Into this plain we descended, bent upon getting through it as quickly as we could, for we knew the danger of being enveloped in a conflagration raging in a thick jungle where every thing was dry, and the smoke of which sometimes destroys even animals before they can save themselves. It was painfully hot; we suffered exceedingly from the want of water, and our horse was in such distress, that, seeing a little pool in a low bayou of difficult access, we took him out of the shafts, and cutting a passage, got him down with some difficulty, where he drank, but not eagerly. Despairing of finding any thing better, we determined to try a little of it with some brandy, but the remains of dead lizards, and other disgusting animals, in the putrid mass, made it impossible, and we therefore for the first time took each of us a mouthful of brandy alone, which refreshed us very much. We passed through a great number of laurel thickets in this desert, the abode no doubt of many a stout panther; but it being in the heat of the day, we saw none. To emerge from this place we had to ascend another of those sharp ridges, but were amply repaid by the delicious pure air we found at

the top. The rocks were now becoming highly inclined, the sandstone was intermixed with narrow seams of quartz, and the quartz was not compact, but consisted of bundles of imperfect crystals, closely wedged in upon each other. After a most fatiguing drive of seven hours, we reached a place at night called *Great Houses*, completely knocked up; here we got something to eat, but the wolves came round the house in such numbers, and howled in such an amusing manner, that we again turned out in the hope we should get a shot at them, in which we did not succeed. The road from Memphis to the Indian Reservations, on the branches of the Arkansas, comes in here.

Early in the morning we started again, having eight miles before us to Finlay's. In this short distance we crossed four severe ridges running east and west; and here I found that the opinion I had formed on seeing the contour of these hills at a distance was correct, that we had got off the limestone, and were upon a quartzose sandstone, superincumbent on slate, which appeared from many circumstances to be the equivalent of old red sandstone. This is a poor country, badly watered, and every body in it sick and miserable. At Finlay's, where we got some breakfast, all were ill; they had expended every thing they had in the world to enable them to reach this barren region, and were now pining to get out of it, without possessing the means or the health to do so. The barrens

that lie betwixt these ridges are settled by the poorest classes of Tennessee emigrants; the trees are stunted oaks, there is very little running water, and consequently game, which is a great help to the settler at first, is scarce. The next eight miles, to Kellog's, differed little from the last; we had to cross three ridges of ferruginous sandstone, with seams of quartz growing into broad veins: the last was a very tough pull for us. During the next eight miles we found the country in a shattered state; the tops of the ridges, as well as their flanks, were covered with blocks and fragments of the sandstone, which indeed were strewed along the whole line of the road. The strata dipped to the south-east, at an inclination of 45°, and quartzose ferruginous veins ran in the beds in a north-east and south-west course.

Evening was drawing nigh, when we came to a rich black alluvial bottom, upon which, the weather having been dry for some time, we found a good road. I was well aware what this bottom indicated, and a little after sunset we came upon the bank of the far-famed Arkansa. The river was a delightful object to us; at length we saw the waters gliding along, that rise amidst the glens and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, and, to our great satisfaction, also beheld the town of Little Rock on the opposite side of the river, in which we hoped to find some repose and amusement for a few days, before advancing to the Mexican fron-

tier. The river was unusually low, and we had to get down a very precipitous track to reach the team-boat* that was to ferry us across. On board of this we led our horse, and soon reached the opposite bank, where the ascent was so very abrupt that it was with the greatest difficulty we got Missouri to the top.

We now drove to a tavern kept by Major Peay, but the Major could not take us in, and from thence we went to another kept by a person called Colonel Leech: the Colonel made up his mind to take us in, but stated that he could "not by no manner of means" give us a bedroom to ourselves. He could give us two beds in a room where two other *gentlemen* slept, and that was all he could do. Here then we determined to stay for at least one night; and having taken a cup of tea with —O prodigia luxuries rerum!—some heavy dough cakes of *wheaten* flour, and looked in person after the supper and lodgings of Missouri, we retired to the room which we could not exactly call ours. It was only half plastered, the door would not shut, and the beds were dirty-looking enough; so we endeavoured to act upon our friend Nidelet's rule, that "tout est bon quand il n'y a pas de choix." Besides, we had every reason to be grateful, and to be more than contented; we had already accomplished a journey of at least 1800 miles in

* The paddles of these ferry-boats are put in motion by horses.

safety, and were in fine health and spirits to carry us through what remained. Independent of this, we had scarcely been housed before a cold steady rain came on, and increased to a storm, a circumstance that would have embarrassed us very much, and would have made it difficult for me to give proper attention to a troublesome sore throat I had taken in picking up unios, wading the streams, and sleeping in wet clothes. About three A.M. the two *gentlemen* who shared our apartment with us came to bed. Supposing us to be asleep, they continued talking in rather an under tone for half an hour, but I had been awoke by their entrance, and soon found that they had been gambling with a party; and indeed it was evident from what they said, that they were professional gamblers on a visit to this place from New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXVI.

State of Society at Little Rock—Don Jonathan—The Reverend Mr. Stevenson—Newspapers versus the Bible—Governor Pope and his Lady—The Laws of Honour at Little Rock—A Duel in the Dark—A Bully killed—A College of Faro and Rouge et Noir—Arkansas Legislators—The Speaker murders a Member in the body of the House—His Trial.

I WAS so fortunate as to obtain my letters from the post-office before breakfast, and as they all contained agreeable information my satisfaction was complete, and I went to the breakfast-table in high spirits. This territory* of Arkansas was on the confines of the United States and of Mexico, and, as I had long known, was the occasional residence of many timid and nervous persons, against whom the laws of these respective countries had a grudge. *Gentlemen*, who had taken the liberty to imitate the signatures of other persons; *bankrupts*, who were not disposed to be plundered by their creditors; *homi-*

* A *territory*, in the United States, is an extensive district of country, the population of which is not numerous enough to justify its admission into the Union by Congress as a Sovereign State. Until its admission, therefore, it remains under the protection and jurisdiction of the Federal Government, in a *quasi* colonial state, the governor and judicial officers being appointed by the President of the United States.

cides, horse-stealers, and *gamblers,* all admired Arkansas on account of the very gentle and tolerant state of public opinion which prevailed there in regard to such fundamental points as religion, morals, and property. Here, flying from a stormy world of chicane and trouble, they found repose from the terrors it inspired, and looked back upon it somewhat as Dante's storm-tossed mariner did upon the devouring ocean:—

> " E come quei, che con lena affannata,
> Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva
> Si volge a l' acqua perigliosa, e guata."*
>
> *Inferno,* Canto Primo.

Such a community I was anxious to see, as well as to observe the form society had taken in it; more especially as a very curious movement was now going on from this very territory in relation to the adjoining province of Texas in Mexico, which, being somewhat in want of an enlightened government, seemed preparing to receive one from those persecuted individuals who had shown so much aversion to become the victims of civilised society.

On entering the breakfast-room I found a very motley set at table, and took my seat opposite to a dignified looking person with a well-grown set of mustachios, a round-about jacket, with other vestments made in the Spanish fashion, and a profusion

* " With short and gasping breath the anxious wretch,
'Scap'd the devouring waves and gain'd the shore,
Turns to regard the turbulent abyss."

of showy rings on his fingers. The gravity of his deportment was quite Spanish, and being informed that he was from New Spain, I promised myself a good deal of pleasure in conversing with him in his native tongue about his own country: but after bolting what was before him with an enviable rapidity—a talent I had never before observed in a Spaniard—he left the room ere I had an opportunity of speaking to him. During the day, however, as I was strolling round the place, how great was my surprise at seeing Don Bigotes seated on a shop-board close to a window, and sewing away cross-legged in the most approved sartorial fashion! This led me to make some inquiries about him, and then I learnt that he had arrived in Little Rock not long before from Santa Fé in Mexico, on a fine barb horse with a showy Spanish saddle and housings; and finding that wages were very high in Little Rock, he had declared himself to be a tailor by trade, and had engaged for a month as a journeyman. This certainly was an odd character to begin with in Arkansas, but my amusement was infinitely increased afterwards when my son informed me that having had occasion to want the assistance of an artist in that line, he had been to the shop where the Don worked, had had some conversation with him, and that notwithstanding his gravity, his mustachios, and his rings, he was neither more nor less than a Connecticut Yankee of the name of Patterson, who *having occasion* to leave the land of steady habits,

had straggled to New Mexico, where he had practised his art successfully, and having made a little speculation in his barb—upon which he set an immense price—had got so far on his way back again to his native country. Such is the plastic nature of Jonathan, his indomitable affection for the almighty dollar, and his enterprise in the pursuit of it, that it is far from being impossible that there are lots of his brethren at this time in the interior of China, with their heads shaved and long pig-tails behind them, peddling cuckoo clocks and selling wooden nutmegs.

Before I left the room one of the *gentlemen* who had slept in our apartment came in, looking rather frouzily; there was a great attempt at finery about his clothes, and a tremendous red beard under his chin: it was impossible not to admire him, and equally so not to see that in his haste to come down before everything was devoured, he had forgotten to wash himself and brush his hair. The voice of this worthy was precisely like that of Colonel Smith of the British army, whose adventures have been narrated; and the exquisite manner in which he drawled out his ungrammatical absurdities left no room for conjecture as to his real character. When I asked the landlord who he was, he told me he was "a sportsman," a designation by which all the bloods who live by faro and rouge et noir are known in Arkansas.

I was obliged to remain two days in this house,

all the others being full of adventurers, who were constantly pouring into the place. Decent people I was told got into private families, but although we applied in several places we could find nobody disposed to receive us: our landlord, Colonel Leech, who perceived that we were only travelling for information, was very kind and obliging, but he could not let us have a private room, and we were therefore very uncomfortable, walking about the town and passing I dare say in the eyes of every body for adventurers. At length we heard of a *clergyman* who lived on the skirts of the town, and sometimes "took in boarders," so we immediately hied to *the Rev. Mr. Stevenson's.* It was a nice-looking cottage enough, separated from the road by a paling, inside of which was standing a somewhat dried-up looking individual, in a seedy-looking, light-coloured jacket, an old hat with a broken rim on his head, only one eye in that, and a rifle in his hand. "Pray, Sir," said I, touching my hat, "can you inform me if this is the Reverend Mr. Stevenson's?" Upon which he immediately said "I *expect* I am the Reverend Mr. Stevenson!" That being his opinion, it would not have forwarded my purpose at all to have commenced a dispute with him about it, so we immediately entered upon business. I told him who I was, what my pursuits were, that we had got mixed up with very bad society, and that I should be very happy to pay any thing for a private room and board in his family. Mr. Steven-

son turned out to be a much better man than his externals indicated: he entered into my situation, presented us to Mrs. Stevenson—who had *two* remarkably good eyes in her head—and who not only assigned us a roomy bed-chamber, which we lost no time in taking possession of, but during the whole time we staid in her house was uniformly obliging to us. Mr. Stevenson had been one of the earliest settlers in Arkansas, had travelled in every part of it, and had occasionally officiated in the remote parts as a missionary: as he cultivated a piece of land somewhere near the town, whenever he visited it he was in the habit of taking his rifle with him, and this accounted for my having seen him armed.

At the supper-table we first met the rest of his family, which consisted of several small children, three other boarders, two of whom were tradesmen of the place, and a very intelligent person from Switzerland of the name of T———. This gentleman's conversation interested me very much, and when I had become sufficiently acquainted with him to learn his history and adventures, I could not help taking great interest in his welfare. He was of a good family in Switzerland, had been well educated, and had been officially employed in one of the bureaux of the national government. In the revolution that overthrew the aristocratic families, he and others determined to abandon their country and found a colony in America. Forming

their plans upon little other evidence than what a map furnished them, they came to the conclusion that the most desirable situations were to be found betwixt the 34th and 35th degrees of North latitude, and Mr. T——— and a colleague were sent to explore and report. They had arrived at New Orleans and proceeded from thence immediately into the interior of Arkansas, where they had resided for several months; here their funds became exhausted, and receiving no remittances nor communications of any sort from their friends at home, they fell into a perfect state of destitution, and led a most miserable life for a long time in the woods. At length they separated, each to provide for himself, and Mr. T——— arriving pennyless at Little Rock, had succeeded in getting some sort of employment in the Land Office, where his talent as a draughtsman made him very useful. When I met him he was half broken-hearted, longing to return to his native country, but with no prospect before him of ever getting out of Little Rock, where the emoluments of his daily labour barely sufficed to keep him alive.

Having thus cast anchor for a few days in a quiet and safe harbour, I began to look about me and collect information. The town of Little Rock receives its name from being built upon the first rock, —a slate which underlies the sandstone and dips S.E. at a great inclination—which juts out into the Arkansa, in coming up the river from its mouth in the Mississippi; it is tolerably well laid out, has a

few brick houses, and a greater number of indifferently built wooden ones, generally in straggling situations, which admit of their having a piece of ground attached to them. The population was at this time betwixt 500 and 600 inhabitants, a great proportion of them mechanics; lawyers and doctors without number, and abundance of tradesmen going by the name of merchants. Americans of a certain class, to whatever distant point they go, carry the passion for newspaper reading with them, as if it were the grand end of education. A town in England with a population of 8000 souls will have a few of the lower classes who do not know how to read at all, but those who are not of the educated classes, and who do read, generally apply that noble art, when proper occasions present themselves, to reading the Bible and religious and moral books.

Newspapers are too expensive for the poorer classes in England, and therefore the minds of by far the greater part of them are not distracted, enfeebled, and corrupted by *cheap* newspapers; and although the exceptions are painfully obvious, still it is true that there is not a passion in England for reading low newspapers as there is in America. Now the only newspapers that deserve to be read in England pay a great tax to the government, and are only within the reach of the opulent classes, those who are at ease in their circumstances, and men of business; but these being conducted by men of approved

talents and fair character, reflect to the public all the intelligence that the inquiring spirit of a great nation requires, and assist to keep down corruption rather than to cherish it.* How could a town of 8000 inhabitants in England support a newspaper printed in the place? Where would its useful or instructive matter come from? Why, from those quarters which have already supplied it to those alone *who want it.* If such a town had a newspaper it could not be supported, and therefore it remains without one. But in Little Rock, with a population of 600 people, there are no less than three *cheap* newspapers, which are not read but devoured by everybody; for what pleasure can be equal to that which, —through the blessings of universal suffrage,—those free and enlightened citizens called the "sovereign people" are made partakers of once a day, or at least three times a week, on finding that the political party which has omitted to purchase their support is composed of scoundrels and liars, and men who want to get into power for no other purpose but to ruin their country? It seems impossible that there should be any time or inclination for Bible reading where this kind of cheap poison gets into the minds of human beings; you might as well expect to find a confirmed Chinese opium smoker engaged in the solution of the problems of Euclid. In this part of

* The "National Intelligencer" of the City of Washington well deserves the high character it has everywhere acquired.

the country it has struck me as the worst of all signs, that I have never seen a Bible in the hands of any individual, even on a Sunday.

I have not, however, been in every body's house, nor would I infer that every individual in Little Rock is to be included in this irreligious category. What I have said I would apply exclusively to what are called the "sovereign people," that mass which it is the business and interest of political demagogues to mislead and debase, for the purpose of directing it—as they have too successfully done in many parts of the United States—against the virtuous and praiseworthy efforts of good men and their families in every part of this extensive government; men who struggle to bring their country back to the honourable principles that illustrated the period of George Washington, but whose long struggle will be made in vain until the evil consequences of universal suffrage present themselves in such an appalling form, that the people, rendered wise by great suffering and experience, will consent to surrender to the guidance of men of character and property that governing power which is now both cause and effect of their blind passions.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with a few respectable and agreeable individuals here. Governor Pope, the governor of the territory, is an unaffected, worthy person: he was once a conspicuous politician in Kentucky, and by some accident has lost one of his arms. This

gentleman has been of great service here in various ways, especially in the judicious use he has made of the funds entrusted to him by the general government for the erection of a legislative hall, which is a very handsome building, placed in an advantageous situation, on the brink of the river, and one of the neatest public buildings I have seen in North America. The Governor showed it to me with great exultation, and I complimented him sincerely on the taste he had shown.

He lives amongst the inhabitants in an unpretending and plain manner, encouraging them to use no ceremony in talking to him, and appearing to me to carry his affability and familiarity with them quite as far as it was expedient to do. Ceremony and circumlocution seem to have found no resting-place amongst the inhabitants of Little Rock; if they have anything to say to you, they come to the point (*pynt* as they pronounce it) at once, and are not very shy of their expletives. Soon after my arrival I went to call upon his Excellency the Governor, and being told that he lived in a small house in a particular quarter of the town, I went in that direction, and seeing a house which I supposed might be the one I was in search of, I knocked at the door, upon which an odd-looking man enough came to me. Not knowing, after my experience of the Reverend Mr. Stevenson, what might be trumps here, I touched my hat and said, "Will you be so obliging as tell me whether the

Governor is in the house?" I fancy this fellow had never lived in Belgrave-square, for his answer was, "No, I'm —— if he is." He told me, however, very obligingly, where the house was, and at last I found it, and knocking with my knuckles against the door, a dame came, who, as I found afterwards, was the Governor's lady. She was a strange-looking person for one of her rank, and I had been so tickled with the last answer I got, that I could not help cherishing the hope that she, too, would say something very extraordinary. With the most winning politeness, therefore, I inquired, "If his Excellency the Governor was at home?" Upon which, without mincing the matter, she very frankly told me that "he was gone to the woods to hunt for a sow and pigs belonging to her that were missing." Now this might very reasonably happen to a territorial governor in such a practical way of life as he was, and still be, as it really was, creditable to him. Sows and pigs will stroll into the woods, and the wolves will pick them up if they meet with them. Mrs. Pope had sent one of her "negurs" to the woods upon a previous occasion, and the fellow had neglected his duty and gone somewhere else; this time, therefore, she sent the Governor, who, being a man of sense, and knowing how little dependence was to be placed upon his "negur," and perhaps wanting a walk, had undertaken the task of driving piggies home.

Besides the Governor there were other agreeable

persons with whom I became acquainted; a Colonel A*****, a clever good-tempered lawyer. Mr. Woodruff, the editor of the principal Gazette of the place, and postmaster, was always obliging, and is one of the most indefatigably industrious men of the territory. At his store we used to call to hear the news of the day, which were various and exciting enough; for, with some honourable exceptions, perhaps there never was such another population assembled—broken tradesmen, refugees from justice, travelling gamblers, and some young bucks and bloods, who, never having had the advantage of good examples for imitation, had set up a standard of manners consisting of everything that was extravagantly and outrageously bad. Quarrelling seemed to be their principal occupation, and these puppies, without family, education, or refinement of any kind, were continually resorting to what they called the "Laws of Honour," a part of the code of which, in Little Rock, is to administer justice with your own hand the first convenient opportunity. A common practice with these fellows was to fire at each other with a rifle across the street, and then dodge behind a door: every day groups were to be seen gathered round these wordy bullies, who were holding knives in their hands, and daring each other to strike, but cherishing the secret hope that the spectators would interfere. At one time they were so numerous and overbearing that they would probably have overpowered the town, but for the catastrophe which

befel one of their leaders, and checked the rest for awhile.

Mr. Woodruff, like most of the postmasters, kept a store, and thither these desperadoes used to resort; but it became so great a nuisance at last as to be intolerable, and being a firm man he determined to put a stop to it. The young fellow in question dared him to interfere, threatened him more than once, and coming to the store one evening provoked the postmaster so much by his insolent violence, that a scuffle ensued, in which the bully got a mortal wound. Mr. Woodruff described the scene to me, and showed me the place where he fell, but said that he had got his death by the awkward use of his own weapon. The public opinion sided with the postmaster, who was very popular at the period of our visit.

One of the most respectable inhabitants told me, that he did not suppose there were *twelve* inhabitants of the place who ever went into the streets without—from some motive or other—being armed with pistols or large hunting-knives about a foot long and an inch and a half broad, originally intended to skin and cut up animals, but which are now made and ornamented with great care, and kept exceedingly sharp, for the purpose of slashing and sticking human beings. These formidable instruments, with their sheaths mounted in silver, are the pride of an Arkansas blood, and got their name

of *Bowie* knives,* from a conspicuous person of this fiery climate.

A large brick building was pointed out to me that had been erected for stores and warehouses, but the

* Some of these bloods are fellows of great animal courage, if we may judge from the following account of an affair of honour which took place on this frontier, and which is taken from a published account.

A specimen of the very first water came on horseback to a tavern, and entered a room where some other persons were assembled. Throwing his cloak on one side, the usual pistols and Bowie knife appeared; and as nobody seemed particularly overjoyed to see him, he soon broke silence by looking at them scornfully and saying, "I don't know whether you are the very beginning of men or not, but I've got 3000 acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, 150 negurs, and I reckon I can chaw up the best man in this room!"

No one venturing to dispute any part of this statement, he proceeded to open his mind a little further.

"I've killed eleven Indians, three white men, and seven painters; and it's my candid opinion you are all a set of cowards!"

Having thus unbosomed himself, he observed that one of the company kept a steady eye upon him, and walking up to him jostled him. This, as he found out afterwards, was carrying it a *leetle* too far, for the person he was evidently seeking a quarrel with was a doctor, who had gone through a variety of adventures, and had been on the "*pynt* of bursting his byler" ever since this worthy "began to carry on." The doctor immediately rolled him off, when out came the Bowie knife, which, but for the timely interference of the rest of the company, would have been lodged in the doctor's heart. Now came mutual defiance, and an instantaneous agreement to "fight it out." The terms proposed by the intruding swaggerer were rather novel, even for courts of honour in that country; but the doctor was not a flinching man, his steam was up, and he told his second to agree

owner thinking he could do better by applying it to the uses of a more steady line of business, rented the large store on the ground floor as a drinking shop, commonly called here "groggery:" here it

to anything that was fair for both. There was a room in the house totally dark, into which not a cranny of light came, and this was fixed upon for the scene of the mortal combat. The parties were now each stripped to the skin, except their trowsers, their arms and shoulders well greased with lard, and a brace of loaded pistols and a Bowie knife given to each. Thus were they put into the dark room, with the understanding that the butchery was not to begin before a signal was made by the seconds outside. For near a quarter of an hour after the signal had been given, the seconds heard no noise whatever, and were disposed to think the affair would end as it began, in words, when suddenly a pistol went off, and then another. The survivor of this strange duel afterwards stated, that scarce a tread or a breath could be heard in the room after they had cocked their pistols: he saw, or thought he saw, for an instant, the cat-eyes of his antagonist glistening, but they changed their place so quickly that he was uncertain, and did not venture to fire. At length, however, he fired, and received a shot instantly in return, the ball of which lodged in his shoulder. Being in great pain, and fearing he should faint, he fired a second pistol, when instantly he received a second ball in the fleshy part of his thigh. He soon became very faint from loss of blood, and after trying in vain to support himself against the wall, fell on the floor. Silently and slowly the other now approached his intended victim, with the knife in his hand ready to dispatch him. The prostrate man, perceiving the wary character of his adversary, and aware of his extreme danger, had summoned all his presence of mind; grasping his knife firmly, and raising himself cautiously up a little, he listened, but could hear nothing approach. Moving his upraised arm around, he endeavoured to pierce with his eyes into the darkness that enveloped him, when suddenly he saw the same grey eyes glistening in front of him, and striking with all his might he plunged his knife through his

was the custom of the bloods to convene and discuss the last quarrel, and to tell how such a one "drew his pistol," and then how such a one "whipped out his knife;" adjourning when they had drunk to the warehouse up stairs, which they called "the college," and which was converted into a gambling-room for faro and rouge et noir. I had a description given me of some of the scenes that took place here by persons who were present, which would appear incredible to even any gamblers who were not familiar with this den of infamy. To this place it was the practice to inveigle all the young men they could, who had any property or any credit, make them mad with drink (the youth of these climes become frantic, not stupid, with the fiery potations they use), and then ruin them with the most atrocious foul play. Out of this class they recruit their infamous gang, and teach them how to decoy and ruin others. When they have nobody to fleece, they play amongst themselves—having no idea of any other mode of occupying the time. Many stories were related to me of a trader at the mouth of *White River*, named Montgomery, a finished *sportsman* in every sense, passionately fond of gambling, excessively addicted to whiskey, and who always used to sit

incautious assailant's heart, who fell to the ground. The successful duellist now called out to the seconds to open the door, and entering they found the doctor weltering in his blood, but still holding his knife up to the hilt in the dead man's body.

down to the faro table with his Bowie knife unsheathed by his side, to insure fair play. This man, with some others, succeeded in effecting the ruin of a promising young officer in the United States service, a Lieutenant ——, who was an acting quarter-master. He had had the weakness to permit himself to become acquainted with some of these wretches, and although he was a married man, and had his wife with him, became at length their familiar companion. Having government drafts in his possession, they contrived to defraud him, when drunk, of them, to the amount of ten thousand dollars. Such was the infatuation of this young man, that finding he was ruined for ever in his profession, he went off with Montgomery and a party of the sharpers to New Orleans, to get the drafts cashed that he had parted with, together with others that he had still left. But it so happened that an active officer, who was acting in the commissariat service, heard of this movement, and pushing across the country, reached the banks of the Mississippi, far to the south of the Arkansa and White River, where the gamblers were to embark. He had scarce been there an hour when a steamer heaving in sight he went on board, and to his great surprise found his brother officer and the whole gang of villains on the deck. They were thus frustrated in their nefarious plans, for, on their arrival at New Orleans, he immediately stopped the payment of the drafts, and the party returned to White River, where the

unhappy victim of these scoundrels afterwards died of delirium tremens.

So general is the propensity to gambling in this territory, that a very respectable person assured me he had seen the judges of their highest court playing publicly at faro, at some races. The senators and members of the territorial legislature do the same thing; in fact, the greater part of these men get elected to the legislature, not to assist in transacting public business, but to get the wages they are entitled to per diem, and to gratify their passion for gambling. A traveller, whom I met with at Little Rock, told me that he was lodging at an indifferent tavern there, and had been put into a room with four beds in it. There he had slept quietly alone two nights, when, on the third, the day before the legislaetur convened, the house became suddenly filled with senators and members, several of whom, having come up into his room with their saddle-bags, got out a table, ordered some whiskey, and produced cards they had brought with them. The most amusing part of the incident was, that they asked him to lend them five dollars until they could get some of their legislative "wages." Not liking this proposition very much, he told them that he was as hard up as themselves. They therefore proceeded to play on tick, sat up almost the whole night smoking, spitting, drinking, swearing and gambling; and at about five in the morning two of them threw off their clothes, and came to bed to him.

Note.—This specimen of the legislative qualifications peculiar to such a state of society may appear strange to some persons. Those philosophers, however, who see no mockery in giving to wild colonial communities the forms of government which are necessary only to old civilized countries, may learn from the following narrative, which is strictly true, how the dignity of representative government is exposed to be outraged and degraded by the animal man before religion and education have made him a rational being.

In the month of December, 1837, during the session of the Legislature of Arkansas at Little Rock, one *John Wilson* being Speaker of the House of Representatives, a bill came to the House from the Senate, called the *Wolf Bill.* The object of this bill was to give a bounty for the destruction of wolves; and it provided that when any citizen went before a justice of the peace in a particular district with the scalp of a wolf, he was to receive a certificate of the fact, which was to entitle him to a pecuniary bounty from the funds of the territory. By many persons this bill was considered to be a job, it being very well known, from the experience of previous occasions, that when wolves became scarce in the district intended to be protected, parties would go out of the territory, even into Texas, to hunt for them; and it was not an unusual thing, when wolves were "uncommon scarce," for patriotic individuals to cut the scalp of a wolf into a great many valuable slips, and, fastening a slip to the scalp of a sheep, a little disguised, and holding the slip between their fingers, to take a solemn oath before the magistrate that this was the scalp of a wolf, and that it was killed in the district designated by law; an oath of convenient latitude, for the slip held on by was part of the scalp of a wolf, and the rest had belonged to a sheep killed in the district. If the justice of the peace was an obliging person, and it was made worth his while to continue so, the operation was a good one, and such a bill as the Wolf Bill was sure therefore to have a great many friends.

Having passed the Senate, the bill was sent to the House, where a party, from various motives, being formed against it, it was assailed by all sorts of ridicule. It had so happened that another job-law had been passed, called the *Real Estate Bank.*

This was a sort of bank the capital of which was to consist of land, and enabled those enterprising persons who had interest enough to become stockholders, to offer land, as a part of the capital of the bank, that could not be sold for a penny an acre, or even sold at all, with as much success as those that held lands of a good quality, and that were convertible in the market, always, however, provided the commissioners appointed to scrutinise into the title and quality of the *real estate* were *good-natured.* The law, for this reason, became obnoxious to the suspicion of being a job, concocted for the purpose of enabling these ingenious individuals to convert their titles for land into evidences of bank stock; the conversion of which into money, even at only twenty-five per cent. of its nominal value, was what is called "a splendid operation." Amongst the amendments offered to embarrass the passage of the bill was one proposed by a Major Anthony, that the "signature of the president of the Real Estate Bank should be attached to the certificate of the wolf scalp." At this, the *Honourable Colonel John Wilson, the Speaker*, took fire; he was the head and life and soul of the Real Estate Bank, and immediately called out to Anthony to ask if he meant to be personal, who answered that he did not, and going on to explain, was ordered to sit down. Anthony refused to take his seat, saying that he had a right to the floor for the purpose of explaining. But *the Speaker*, thrusting his hand into his bosom, drew forth a huge Bowie knife, and brandishing it aloft, called out, with a voice almost inarticulate with rage, "Sit down, or I'll make you." Anthony, continuing to keep the floor, now beheld the extraordinary spectacle of the officer appointed to keep order in the House, deliberately descending from the Speaker's chair, his right hand wielding a glittering blade, and keeping an eye of fire steadily fixed upon him. As the Speaker advanced, with determination inflexibly imprinted on every feature, Anthony put his own chair a little on one side, stepped back a few paces, and drew his Bowie knife also. Catching up the chair to serve as a shield to himself, *the Speaker* rushed upon Anthony, and a fight now began betwixt them over the chair, Wilson being stabbed in each arm by his adversary, who in the scuffle lost his knife. Anthony now hastily snatched up another chair to defend himself, but the Speaker, perceiving

his advantage, pressed upon him, dashed the chair up with his left hand, and, uncovering Anthony's breast, deliberately murdered him, by thrusting his knife up to the hilt in his heart. As he withdrew the knife, the unfortunate man, without uttering a word, fell down dead on the floor, in the presence of his colleagues, not one of whom had interfered to stop this atrocious carnage. The ruffian Wilson, having perpetrated this deed, looked at his knife, *and wiping the blood from it with his thumb and finger*, retired back to the Speaker's desk.

The proceedings subsequent to this murder *in a House of Representatives* were of a piece with the foul transaction. The House adjourned, and three days elapsed before any of the constituted authorities took any notice of it. A relative, however, of the murderer having asked for a warrant for Wilson's apprehension, a legal inquiry was instituted, to which he came, at the end of some days, with four horses harnessed to a sort of carriage, as suitable to the dignity of the Speaker, and accompanied by numerous friends. All the circumstances of the murder were distinctly proved, and although the public prosecutor proposed to adduce a particular law showing that it was not a bailable offence, the Court refused to hear him, and admitted the murderer to bail. Agreeably to his recognizance, he appeared at the session appointed for his trial, when a motion was made to remove the trial to another county, founded upon the affidavit of Wilson himself and two of his friends, one of whom swore that "from the repeated occurrence of similar acts within the last four or five years in this county the people were disposed to act rigidly," and that therefore it would be unsafe for Wilson to be tried there. The Court, upon this, removed the cause to another county, and ordered the murderer to be delivered to the sheriff of that county; a mere formality, for no restraint whatever was laid upon him, and he went wherever he pleased, treating people at the dram-shops to whatever they liked, and entering into all their debaucheries and extravagance.

The time for his trial in Saline County being arrived, he lodged at the same house, and ate three times a day at the same table, with the judge appointed to try him; and, as if the law were to be treated upon this occasion with yet unheard-of indignities, when the prosecuting counsel, after witnesses had been heard,

attempted to address the jury, a mob was collected at the door of the court-house, where a pretended affray was got up, and such a tumult raised that not a word could be heard. During the whole of this proceeding the judge never interposed his authority to preserve order, and, when the jury brought in their verdict, ordered Wilson instantly to be discharged, who, in the open court, told the sheriff "to take the jury to a dram-shop, and that he would pay for all that was drank by them and everybody else." Upon this a loud cry of exultation was raised, all ran up and shook hands with the acquitted murderer, and, to complete their outrageous conduct, many of them, accompanied by *a majority of the jury*, when they had finished their orgies, having collected horns, trumpets, and all sorts of noisy instruments, paraded the streets till daylight, continually assembling at the lodgings of the relatives of the murdered legislator to shout and scream and yell, as in triumph over them and over the law.

This account is taken from a narrative of the affair published at Little Rock.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Apology for the Manners of Arkansas—Manner of living at Little Rock—Aversion to shutting the Doors—Tertiary Deposit—Alluvial Bottoms, and the Species of Plants growing there—Visit to the Mammelles—German Emigrants—Geology of the Mammelle Mountain—Enter an immense Swampy Plain—Danger of travelling without a Guide—Some apprehension of being obliged to treat the Wolves—Reach a House.

DISGRACEFUL as these manners and practices must appear to Europeans, as well as to respectable Americans in the older States, it is also true that although the few individuals in Arkansas, with whom a stranger is happy to associate, sometimes express strongly their abhorrence of them, yet these things at present are so much beyond their control, and pass so constantly before their eyes, that although they do not cease to be offensive, yet you perceive that they lose with them that peculiar character of enormity in which they appear to men trained in well-ordered communities. They tell you, and not without some reason, that the rigorous criticisms which are fitted to older states of society are not strictly applicable here; that this is a frontier territory which, not long ago, was only inhabited by the hunter, the man who had no dependence for his

existence but by killing wild animals; that the class which succeeded to this was composed of outlaws, who sought refuge here from the power of the laws they had offended; that where an absolute majority in a community consisted of criminals, gamblers, speculators, and men of broken fortunes, with no law to restrain them, no obligation to conceal their vices, no motive to induce them to appear devout or to act with sobriety, it was not surprising that such men should indulge openly in their propensities, or that public opinion—which, in fact, was constituted by themselves—should be decidedly on their side, and opposed to every thing that would seek to control them; that their consolation, however, was, that the worst of the black period had passed, that the territory was now under the government of the United States, and that a municipal magistracy was established in the town.

Certainly, it is pleasing to hope that society, even here, is in a favourable state of transition; yet, although the benign influence of the general government is strikingly manifested, Arkansas will have longer to struggle with the disadvantages which attend it than Ohio, Kentucky, and other frontier States of the Union have had, the settlers of which came from a respectable parentage, and with industrious views. These communities were never corrupted by the manners of the Gulf of Mexico, and their territories were never the refuge of outlaws. Amendment, therefore, will develope itself

slowly in Arkansas, and society there will, for a long time, require a strong arm and a vigilant eye, like the wayward and spoiled child, who is compelled to conform to the hard conditions imposed upon him, until the natural love of order and justice is awakened in his heart. As far as public morals are concerned, things will probably go on for a long time in their old course. Demagogues are already as busy here as they are in other parts of the United States: all the offices in the territory, except the few which are in the gift of the President of the United States, *are elective;* and candidates, if they will not wink at the vicious habits of the people, have little chance of success. At present, therefore, a great deal must be tolerated by the magistrates, for the truth is, they are only tolerated themselves upon that condition. In time, it is to be hoped that the settlement of the territory will bring accessions of population from a healthier stock; that examples of religion, probity, and sobriety of life, will increase in number; that new generations will respect and copy them; and that, in the end, public opinion will effect a regeneration of habits.

As to the manner of living here, I must confess, that although my stomach appeared to be broken in to any sort of fare before my arrival, yet I had encouraged the hope that in the *capital* of the territory I should find an agreeable change. What must forcibly strike a stranger here, is the apparent total

indifference of everybody to what we call personal comforts. No one seems to think that there is any thing better in the world than little square bits of pork fried in lard, bad coffee, and very indifferent bread. To this, without almost any variety, they go regularly three times a day to be fed, just as horses are fed at livery. Venison, it is true, is abundant, but it is no better than anything else. A man goes into the woods, kills a deer twenty miles off, skins it, cuts the haunches, or "*hams*" as they are called, off, hangs one on each side of his saddle, leaves the rest behind him for the turkey-buzzard (*Cathartes Aura*, Cuv.), or wolf, and rides into town. Those who buy the hams know but of one mode of using them; they cut slices from them, fry them in lard, and send them to table, hard and tough, and swimming in grease. I once, and only once, saw part of a saddle of venison brought to table; it had been killed that day and was fat, but the room was cold, the plates were cold, and the meat was underdone and scarcely warm. Every body knows that a worse state of things than this for venison cannot be imagined. My hostess took it very ill in me that I would not eat of it. She had "telled the man to bring the saddle in for me, and he had chopped part of it off with an axe, and had left the thin part behind: she had put it in the oven instead of frying it, and I wouldn't eat it so, not no more than I would when it was fried—if I didn't beat all!" As to the *agrémens* of the table,

there seemed to me to be only this difference betwixt the woods and the town, that when you were eating in this last you had bread and vegetables, and a roof over your head. Those at table with me seemed, however, to enjoy their repast as much as if it had been prepared by an artist of the first talent. They ate heartily, and appeared to be cheerful and contented; so true is it that we are the creatures of education and habit, and that the slovenliness and dirt, which are so revolting to those who are not accustomed to them, are not even seen by others. Another confirmed habit of the country is never to shut the doors: during the long summer they have this is unnecessary, and they never do anything that they are not compelled to do; so that when the winter season comes, the family huddles round the fire with the door wide open, and generally five or six panes of glass broken in the window, which no one thinks of mending any more than of shutting the door. In the interior, where you stop for the night, they usually have nothing but shutters to exclude the air, glazed windows being too expensive and inconvenient. In stormy weather, therefore, you are often obliged to eat your meals by the light of a nasty candle of grease, and to get over the day, if you are detained, as well as you can by the light of the fire. But wherever you go, it is in vain you tell the blacks to shut the doors after them: they are eternally coming in and going out, big and little; so that, at length, you give it

up, and try to get out of the draft of cold air as much as you can.

The town of Little Rock is surrounded by extremely poor land, and from a variety of concurring causes can never be very populous. The river upon which it is situated is hardly navigable four months in the year, and the sandbars upon it are annually becoming more obstructive. As a place of deposit for the immediate neighbourhood, and in virtue of its being the seat of government, it may in time become a respectable small town, have good seminaries of education for the youth of the territory, and afford agreeable society; but in a commercial point of view it can only have a limited share of trade. White River will hereafter be made navigable for steamers 200 miles above Big Black River, and will be the avenue for trade to the northern districts, whilst Red River will be the same for the southern. The resources, too, of the territory itself appear to me, from all I learn, to have been very much exaggerated. Mountains and soils of inferior quality form two-thirds of the whole area, and the rich bottoms which communicate with the Arkansas, the Mississippi, Big Black, White River, and other streams, will in most places require a great capital to be laid out in embankments, or levées, as they are called, to secure the cotton crops from inundation. Cotton will always be the staple production of Arkansas, which is therefore destined to the curse of being a slave-holding state.

The town, as has been before stated, is built upon a slate traversed by broad bands of quartz, and no sandstone is superincumbent in the immediate vicinity; but near the ferry I found a partial bed of tertiary limestone, containing ostrea, turritella, calyptrea, cerithium, and other marine shells; and about three miles from Little Rock the same deposite reappears in considerable quantities, and is quarried for the purpose of making lime. About three miles and a half S.E. from Little Rock there is an independent ridge of hard siliceous matter which is ten miles long, and lies on the south side of the bayou called Fourche, where are some exceedingly rich alluvial bottoms filled with trees of great magnitude, and which presented a very curious appearance.

The periodical inundations of the Arkansas are sometimes of a terrible character, rising to the height of thirty and even forty feet. During one of these, in June, 1833, the backwater of the river rushed up the bayou, and very soon filled the extensive alluvial bottom: the river being highly charged with red argillaceous matter collected in its course from the Rocky Mountains, left, on its subsidence, all the trees painted with a chocolate-red colour at a great distance from the ground, so that the height of the inundation could be accurately measured. Many trees attain a surprising elevation and girth in bottoms of this kind in these low latitudes. Amongst them I observed Deciduous Cypress

(*Cupressa disticha*), Cotton-Wood-Poplar (*Populus angulata*), *Populus monilifera*, Hackberry (*Celtis integrifolia*), Over-Cup-White-Oak (*Quercus macrocarpa*), Coffee-Bean Tree (*Gymnocladus Canadensis*), Sweet-Gum Tree (*Liquidambar styraciflua*), One-seeded Locust (*Gleditsia monosperma*), Triple-thorned Acacia (*Acacia triacanthos*), Ogeechee Lime (*Nyssa pubescens*), and many others. These bottoms are so grown up with vegetable matter, and are in some parts so difficult to move through, on account of those vegetable pests the Saw Briar (*Schrankia horridula*), Green Briar (*Smilax*), and Supple Jacks (*Ænoplia volubilis*), all of which, especially the Saw Briar, catch and tear your clothes, that an individual not familiar with these endless and gloomy swamps is not much tempted to wander far into them. Any one who should lose himself and be exposed to remaining there all night, would have to climb a tree, for those places are the favourite resort of numerous troops of wolves at that period. Nothing can exceed the fertility of these bottoms, but they will not be reclaimed soon, for the embankments necessary to keep out the inundations would require to be of the most formidable and expensive character.

During our stay here we made various excursions into the neighbourhood. I had heard of the Mammelles, and was desirous of seeing them and the adjacent country, as they were only about twenty miles off, up the Arkansas River; accordingly, on

the 22nd of November, having procured an additional horse, we took to the woods again. We kept the slate for a few miles, and then rose upon ridges of sandstone of the same mineral character as those we had travelled upon on the north side of the valley, on our way to Little Rock, and which I have supposed to be the equivalent of the old red sandstone of Europe. The veins of quartz were here also of great breadth and still more frequent. We saw numerous beautiful deer on the way, bounding and skipping about with great agility, and then showing us their snow-white tails and haunches; but as we make war only on fossils, except when we are obliged to supply ourselves with provisions, we were content with admiring them. The ridges here run nearly east and west for about twelve miles from Little Rock, when the country becomes more level, with small bottoms of land and narrow streams running through them. Here we found some German emigrants temporarily hutted, who had gone through a variety of adventures since they left their native faderland: they had been sick with the malaria and were now recovering, but all their enthusiasm for liberty and America had evaporated; their resources, too, were nearly exhausted, and, enfeebled and disheartened, they seemed not to look forward with pleasure any more, but rather to revert to what they had left behind. This is too frequently the fate of emigrants who are discontented with their native country; they render themselves

unhappy at home by believing that everything at a distance from it is paradise; and when, after having sacrificed all their means and encountered continual privations and sickness, they have put an impassable barrier betwixt themselves and the soil they still love and the friends of their youth, they find they have accomplished nothing but expatriation, that they are in a foreign land of which they do not know the language, where everything appears barbarous to them, where no one takes the least interest in them, and that the sunshine they once inconsiderately thought belonged to the future, now, when they have paid the uttermost price for it, only beams in their sorrowful imaginations upon the past.

These poor people were delighted to converse with me, and to find that we took an interest in them. I gave them a little money, of which they stood in great need to purchase meal, and advised them not to settle upon the bottom lands where the malaria would constantly persecute them; but rather to seek an undulating country where there was abundance of limestone and deciduous timber, and where the slopes of the hills would yield them grain and pasturage, and good springs. Leaving these worthy people, we now entered upon an extensive bottom with numerous streams running through it, one of which, about fifteen miles from Little Rock, is called Petite Mammelle; and here, in the immediate vicinity of this stream, is that magnificent rocky cone called the *Mammelle Moun-*

tain, an outlier of the red sandstone, so often mentioned, of a very precipitous kind. Its south-west aspect is extremely fine, and resembles a pyramid, the height of which is about 700 feet from its base.

Having ridden our horses through the pine-trees which extend two-thirds of the way up the mountain, and which was as far as we thought it expedient to take them, we dismounted and secured them in order to accomplish the rest of the ascent, which is naked, steep, and rugged, on foot. On the S.W. edge of the pyramid, the sandstone beds were lying at an angle of 70° to 75°, and in some places they were vertical, being completely set on end. Many acres of the western face were covered with huge blocks and fragments of the rock, without a plant or a blade of grass to relieve the rugged and desolate aspect it presented. After a fatiguing

ascent we gained the top, from whence we saw the river Arkansas at a distance of about two miles, and all the surrounding country at our feet. The rich bottoms were plainly indicated by the deciduous trees with which they were covered, and stood in strong contrast to the pine timber growing on the ridges. The horizon was bounded by ridges bearing S.W. and W. from us, and we saw distinctly several high cones to the N.W., which I took to be the elevations called *Magazine* and *Mount Cerne*. To the N. was the interminable wilderness of gray leafless forests we had so lately passed over, on our journey to Little Rock. The waving line of the Arkansas, and the extensive bottoms into which it rushes when its channel is full, were all before us. I had no conception before of the great extent of these bottoms, which can never be made available for human purposes until they are protected by levées from the intrusion of the river. The view from this mountain is extremely characteristic of the wilds of America, and would make a fine panorama. But we had scarcely made a sketch of it before it was time to descend, for evening was approaching, and we had yet to find our way to a person to whom we had an introduction, and who had built a saw-mill somewhere in the vicinity of the river for the purpose of sawing the logs of the cypress trees.

Regaining our horses we pursued our journey, and soon entered one of those vast dark bottoms, filled with thick and lofty trees, all of which, to the height of about fifteen feet, were painted a choco-

late colour, as accurately as if it had been done by hand, with the red mud of the Arkansas. In this immense bed of silt, produced by the ancient overflowings of the river—which rose thirty feet in June, 1833—we came to a serious obstacle in a broad and deep bayou, called the Grande Mammelle. Its banks were exceedingly difficult both of access and egress, and the mud appeared so deep that we were not a little embarrassed what to do. Happily a tree had fallen across, so getting upon it, and sounding the bayou, we determined to try it. My son entered the water first, mounted on our friend Missouri, for we knew he was to be relied upon at a pinch, and to be sure he swam over gallantly to the other side; but there the bog was so deep and plastic, that he stuck fast, and could not extricate himself. My son was therefore obliged to jump off into the bayou to relieve him of his weight, and by the aid of some twigs got on the bank. After a great many violent plunges the horse at length got out covered from top to bottom with mud. I now unsaddled my horse, and my son crossing over to my side on the tree led him by the bridle; but my horse in his turn got completely bogged, and wanting the spirit of the other, he seemed to give it up, and turned his eyes up to us in such a comical and reproachful way, that we simultaneously burst out a laughing. After awhile collecting his energies he made a fortunate plunge, and got to the bank also.

Having scraped our nags a little, we re-saddled

and proceeded on amidst those never-ending painted trees, that were continually reminding us of the wild power of the Arkansas, to which, as when men are walking upon the crater of an abated volcano, we felt as if we were too near. We had no path to guide us, no marked trees to assure us that we were in the right track, and we were not much encouraged at discovering, as we advanced, an endless succession of stagnant pools on our left, showing that we were in the lowest part of the swamp. Guided alone by the compass, we pursued our way, hoping that this being the lowest part of the bottom it might be connected with the stream upon which the saw-mill was built. We had been told that this mill was about three or four miles from the mouth of the Grande Mammelle, but whereabouts this mouth was it was impossible for us to surmise; a very cold night was coming on, my son was wet through, if we did not extricate ourselves from this horrid place before it became dark, it would be impossible to proceed. I became very anxious, and regretted a thousand times that I had not engaged a guide. What made my reflections still more unpleasant was, that I had seen the extent of this frightful swamp from the top of the mountain, and knew that it extended several miles (I afterwards learnt that it contained from 30,000 to 40,000 acres); it was evident, therefore, that if we were benighted, we might find it very difficult to provide for our safety against the countless gangs of savage wolves that range about by night. Leav-

ing the pools, we now inclined more to the right, and the forest being somewhat more dry and open, put on in the direction of the Arkansas, thinking we should be more safe there than in the swamp. Steadily following this course for some time, we came at length upon a cowpath, and felt amazingly cheered by it. I knew that it was the custom in these wilds to turn the cows out during the day to provide for themselves, and to shut the calves up to entice their mothers back. Now the cow that made that path must have some place to go to, and something in the shape of man would probably be there. On we went, losing and finding the path twenty times, and at length came to where the ground was more beaten, and several other paths appeared. A little embarrassed at this, we, in the end, preferred the most beaten of them, and put our willing horses —who seemed as much comforted as ourselves by these signs—upon it.

Night had fallen, when suddenly we heard the comforting sound of the lowing of cattle. Never did that sweet line—

Tot inter valles mugientium—

please me so much as those rural and friendly sounds; guided by them we came to a small house on the river, and were there directed to proceed half a mile to a settlement where the mill was, and to the proprietor of which we had an introduction.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Concert of Wolves—Ancient bed of the Arkansas—An Arkansas Honeymoon—Method of crossing a Bayou—Depart from Little Rock for the Hot Springs of the Washita—Explanation of a "Turn-out"—Stop at the best Hotel on the Road—"Nisby" and her "Missus"—Stump Handle and Company—A fastidious Judge—Governor Shannon's Hotel—A Jury de circumstantibus.

THE owner of the mill, Mr. Starbuck, was from home with his wife, but his father-in-law, a Mr. Elliot from Virginia, and his lady, were there, and received us in a very friendly manner. Here we supped and slept, if being awake almost the whole night can be called sleeping, for which there were various causes; Fahrenheit's thermometer fell before midnight to 24°, a point which is sensibly felt in this latitude, and our room, although not out of doors, felt very much like it. Then came the yelling and howling of the wolves, who made an incredible noise, especially towards morning, some barking in one tone, some screaming and howling in another, as if each one had his tail in a pair of pincers; an uproar which appears intended as a signal for stragglers to come into the swamp, where they crouch during the day. A

third cause of our wakefulness was some strong green tea that good Mrs. Elliot treated us to; an excellent beverage, if it is wanted to dragoon nature into sitting up all night, but which upon this occasion did not fail to give me abundant opportunities of thinking about a great many things, and especially of the very pretty night we should have had of it, what with the weather and the wolves, if we had been obliged to stay in the swamp.

In the morning I was glad to get out of doors at break of day, in order to gratify myself by looking round, and to restore the circulation by a good long walk before breakfast. Mr. Starbuck is a man of great resolution and enterprise, and has built a grist and saw mill at the edge of this great swamp; the pools we had seen formed a chain of small lakes, which extended several miles, and the timber on each side of them, and on their edges, being almost all killed by the water, formed as perfect a picture of desolation as a forest of innumerable dead ragged bare poles can do. The cypress (*C. disticha*), which is the timber they principally saw, flourishes greatly in such situations, and attains a prodigious size. As to the lakes, such immense quantities of wild fowl resort there that some of them were almost covered with wild geese and ducks, and at certain seasons swans come there also.

During the day I had an opportunity of more

minutely examining this curious locality, and saw very clearly that the long chain of pools and lakes was upon the line of an ancient channel of the Arkansas, having traced it through the swamp to the river again. A small circumstance will lead to the deflection of one of these mighty streams, when flowing through an alluvial country. The lodgement of a tree in a low state of the water will, when the stream becomes still lower, turn it from its course, and produce also what is called a sandbar. The current having a new direction given to it, wears its way in time through some low and weak part of the opposite bank, makes a new and circuitous channel, and forms an island, which in this part of the country is usually called a "cut off;" the old bed now becomes converted into a chain of pools and lakes, and is gradually filled up again by the silt deposited by the annual inundations. I have heard of the channel of the Mississippi at the south being changed in this way, a sandbar having first turned the current through a new and weak part of the bank, and the whole flood, in a period of inundation, coming through in such force as to effect, in 24 hours, a new channel fitted for a steamer to pass through.

In the course of the day a small skiff coming to the mill from below for some grist, I prevailed upon the boys who paddled it to put us over to the other side of the river, where I had heard there were some settlements. Having landed upon an immense

sandbar,* we pursued it (occasionally diverging into the interior) for several miles, observing the workings of this powerful flood, and I became so interested with what I saw, and received so much information from this practical lesson, that I determined to follow the river, on my return from the Mexican frontier, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of about 300 miles.

From the river we went a short distance into the interior to see a Mr. Piat, an old settler here, who has *raised* a large family in Arkansas, most of whom have established themselves elsewhere. He seemed to have collected some comforts about him; but a Mr. Graham, who lives in the neighbourhood, has built himself a commodious house, and has a few small fields adjoining to it, with a patch of very promising looking wheat. Many persons in the territory, who have never been accustomed to plant any thing but Indian corn, imagine that wheat will not succeed, and upon no better evidence than that they have never sown any; but the appearance of Mr. Starbuck's grist mill, the want of which had perhaps kept the cultivation of wheat back, is producing a salutary change.

* These sandbars, when the river is low, may be travelled over for great distances, and are thus used where there are no roads. Some conception may be formed of the difficulties which first settlers have to contend with, by stating that a very respectable person, who resides about 50 miles west of Little Rock, took *his bride* on horseback, to visit some friends up the Arkansas, for the distance of 200 miles, fording the river from bar to bar, and sleeping every night upon one of them.

We also visited a place we had heard a good deal of wondrous matter about, called *Crystal Hill.* It is distant from Little Rock about 14 miles, and abuts upon the river. It consisted of red sandstone lying upon slaty shale, dipping to the south-east. The shale runs about three-fourths of the distance up the hill, and the sandstone caps it there at an inclination of about 60°. At the water's edge the shale contains bands and nodules of ironstone, and occasionally pyrites or sulphuret of iron, which many persons, ignorant of minerals, who have landed here, have supposed connected with the precious metals, and so have caused the locality to be talked about. Indeed there is another place a few miles lower down, called *Mine Hill,* where some individuals, upon the strength of similar appearances, have actually dug for silver.

Night coming on, we engaged two men to row us back in a skiff to a Mr. Henderson's, where we had sent our horses in the morning, and here we were very hospitably entertained. Our host had formerly been a trader with the Indians, and knew this part of America well. On the chimney-piece of the room where we slept, I saw a singular ornament, a compound mirror, composed of near a hundred small ones, all with separate lackered frames, and fancifully arranged into one general frame. He said it was the only remnant of his old stock in trade, and that he used to exchange these trifles with the Indians for their peltry.

After breakfast he was kind enough to accompany us for a few miles from his house, in order to see us safe across the Grande Mammelle by another ford, where there was less mud. On reaching the ford, I was amused at the nonchalance with which he commenced his operations; merely crossing his own stirrups over the saddle, he led his horse to the stream, and drove him in with a few strokes of the whip, when the animal, partly swimming, and partly walking, soon got over. Then taking the saddles from our horses, and tying the bridles round their necks, he drove our horses across in the same manner, which immediately joined his nag that was cropping the leaves of a cane-brake on the opposite side. With our saddles on our shoulders, we now crossed the bayou, over a tree which had been felled for the purpose, and remounting, soon came on the eastern and south fronts of the Mammelle Mountain, which we found was connected with a low peaked chain that extended to the river, and abutted upon it opposite to the long sandbar. Having taken a friendly leave of our guide, and received his directions for our course, we without difficulty got into the old road and reached Little Rock again in the afternoon.

On the 27th of November we again put our little waggon in motion, and directed our course towards the hot springs of Washitá (pronounced Washitāw). For the first eight miles the road was very bad, full of rocks, stumps, and deep mud

holes, and wound up one of those sandstone ridges that are so common in this country. We frequently came upon trees that had fallen across the road, and had lain there many years, exhibiting an indifference on the part of the settlers unknown in the more industrious northern states. When a tree falls on the narrow forest road, the first traveller that passes is obliged to make a circuitous track around it, and the rest follow him for the same reason. I have observed this peculiarity both in Missouri and Arkansas. If a tree is blown down quite near to a settler's house, and obstructs the road, he never cuts a log out of it to open a passage; it is not in *his* way, and travellers can do as they please, because nobody would prevent their cutting it. But travellers feeling no inclination to do what they think is not their business, never do it. The settler in these wild countries plants to live, and not to take to market; if he is on horseback he cares little about it, if he is in a light waggon he can get round the tree in less time than it would take to stop and " work for others." Thus the old adage is verified, that " what is every body's business is nobody's business;" but what makes this unjustifiable indolence on the part of the settler—when the obstruction is near his house —sometimes very absurd, is, that often when a track is established round the first fallen tree another obstruction shuts up this track, and so in a long period of time the established track gets

removed into the woods, far out of sight of the settler's house. If you ask him why he does not cut a log out of the first fallen tree, he will probably say that "it is not his business to wait upon travellers," and indeed the distances from house to house are sometimes so very great, that it would be unreasonable to require of any particular settler to remove all such obstructions. These circuitous tracks are known by the name of *turn-outs*, and if you are inquiring towards evening how many miles it is to the next settlement, you perhaps will be told, "16 miles and a heap of *turn-outs*." We once made a calculation that these turn-outs had added at least five miles to our journey in Missouri and Arkansas. Apropos of the pronunciation of this word—which undoubtedly is a Gallo-American corruption of an Indian name—the universally adopted one now is Ārkŭnsāw, pronouncing the first syllable as we do in the word *arm*, and the last as we do *saw*—a carpenter's tool; the middle syllable is short.

Having reached the top of the sandstone ridge, we found a tolerably good table-land, watered by numerous small transparent streams, some of which run into the Arkansas, others into the Bayou Bartholomew, a tributary of the Saline River, before it joins the Washitâ. As we advanced, the vegetation began to assume more and more a semi-tropical character; several species of oaks which we had not seen now appeared, especially the narrow-leaved

varieties; the willow oak (*Quercus phellos*) was very abundant; and we found the first plant we had seen of the bow wood (*Maclura aurantiaca*), but without any fruit on it. In the evening we came to a sort of tavern, 27 miles from Little Rock, built on a rich bottom of land, at the north fork of the Saline, a violent stream in the season of *freshets* or floods, which then overflows its banks 20 feet. This place was kept by a sort of she Caliban, and the tenement consisted of one room with a mud floor, in the various corners of which were four cranky bedsteads, upon which were huddled what she chose to call bed clothes. But what bed clothes! Then there was a door that would not shut, a window frame with every pane broken, and some benches to sit on before a broken table, to form the sum total of the furniture and appliances of this hotel. She told us we might choose our own bed, and after we had put our horse up, she would give us some supper. As it had already begun to rain, we were glad to be housed for the night, and having put Missouri into a hovel, consisting of open logs, with some boards to cover him, and left him with plenty of Indian corn leaves and some grain, we adjourned to the fire-side. The rain now began to pour down in torrents, and before our supper was ready four more travellers joined us, ostensibly on their way to a government sale of land at a distant county. I was glad of this, because one of them was Colonel

A*****, of Little Rock, a very intelligent and agreeable person, with whom I was acquainted.

This accession to her company put our hostess into a great bustle; she had to prepare supper for six persons, several of whom were lawyers, and of course the great men of Little Rock, and she set about it accordingly. We now discovered that she possessed resources we had not suspected the existence of; a kitchen—that corresponded with every thing else—was attached to the hotel, and communicated with it by a small door, and in that kitchen was her aide de cuisine and factotum, a stunted, big-headed negro girl, that from her size did not appear to be more than twelve, yet was not destined to see her twentieth year again. The grotesque rags this creature was dressed in, and the broken-brimmed man's hat that was cocked on one side of her head, gave such an effect to the general attractions of *Nisby*—for that was her name—that she put us all into the very best possible humour, and we could not but break out into a chuckle of delight whenever she came into the room. When we became better acquainted, we found that Nisby was an abbreviation of Sophynisby, as our hostess pronounced it, which put me in mind of Thomson's line—

"Oh Sophonisba, Sophonisba, Oh!"

I know not when I have uttered so many laughing Ohs! as during the early part of this evening. The appearance of the girl indicated ex-

treme stolidity, yet she did not want for spirit and activity. Her "Missus," who seemed to have a lurking idea that things might possibly be carried on a "leetel" better than they were at her hotel, always endeavoured to supply deficiencies by a voluble and magniloquent description of the things she "hadn't jist got at that time;" and whenever she was at a pinch, would draw upon Nisby to confirm her assertions: this the girl was pretty well broken into, but when the "Missus," in the warmth of her generous intentions in our favour, would sometimes call upon Nisby to execute instanter manifest impossibilities, then poor Nisby would be "nonplushed," and, if hard pressed, would betray something that looked like impatience. We had an amusing instance of this whilst the supper was preparing. Upon the broken table around which we were to sit, Nisby had placed certain plates and coffee cups and saucers, most of which had gone through a great many hardships; and having used her talent for display to the best advantage, went to the kitchen, where her Missus was occupied baking some heavy dough cakes, and frying a quantity of little bits of fat pork. By and by in came Missus to take a survey before the first entrée came in, and affecting a most distressing surprise, commenced the following dialogue with her aide de cuisine at the top of their voices:

"Why, how this gal has laid the table! Nisby?"

"What 's awanting, Missus?"

"You ha-ant laid the table no hayw, you kreetur, you!"

"I reckon I couldn't do it no better."

"Why, whar on arth is all the forks?"

"Why, the forks is on the table thar."

"If you don't beat all—I mean the new forks."

"I niver seen no new forks, you know that, Missus."

"Whar has the kreetur put the forks, I say?"

No answer.

"Wahl! if you don't find the forks, I allow I 'll give it to you!"

Enter Nisby, agitata.

(*Sotto voce è staccato.*) "I ha-ant put no forks nowhar. I niver seen no forks but them ar what's on the table; thar 's five on 'em, and thar 's not no more; thar 's *Stump Handle*, *Crooky Prongs*, *Horny*, *Big Pewter*, and *Little Pickey*, and that 's jist what thar is, and I expec they are all thar to speak for themselves."

And Nisby was right. *Stump Handle* was there, and was by far the most forkable-looking concern, for it consisted of one prong of an old fork stuck into a stumpy piece of wood. *Crooky Prongs* was curled over on each side, adapting itself in an admirable manner to catch cod-fish, but rather foreign to the purpose of sticking into anything. *Horny* had apparently never been at Sheffield or Birmingham, as it was a sort of imitation of a fork made out of a cow's horn. *Big Pewter* was made of

the handle of a spoon with the bowl broken off; and *Little Pickey* was a dear interesting looking little thing, something like a cobbler's awl fastened in a thick piece of wood.

As my son and myself had our own knives and forks, we did not dispute the choice of the remarkable ones on the table; and the guests, excessively diverted with this dialogue, good naturedly adapted themselves to the necessity of the case. We contrived to swallow some of the wretched coffee, by putting a great deal of sugar into it; and we tasted the heavy cakes, one-third of which seemed to be mere dirt. Indeed every thing was so dirty, that my stomach revolted at what was before us. The old hag sat at the table to pour out the coffee, and saw well enough that we were disgusted; but as we said nothing, she made no remarks. One of the guests, however, told a capital story, which was a fair hit, and which she did not relish at all. It was of one Judge Dooly, who was obliged to make certain circuits in an unsettled part of the country, and, being rather fastidious, and did not always submit in silence to the inconvenience he was exposed to by the dirt and slovenliness of others. It happened that the landlord of a tavern he was occasionally obliged to stop at, had a dispute with another tavern-keeper about the direction of a new road that was going to be laid out, each of them being very anxious to have it brought near to his house: he took the liberty, therefore, of canvassing

the Judge—who was one of the persons that was to determine the course of the road—and endeavoured to convince him that the road ought to come to his house, frequently apologizing, however, and saying that "the Judge knew best what suited him, but he hoped there was no harm in giving a friendly opinion." "Not at all," replied the Judge, "and I will in return offer you some friendly advice, that may perhaps be useful to you in regard to your table, if the road should happen to come this way. You know best, but I should think it would be better for you, when travellers come to your house, to have the dirt put on one dish, and the bar's (bear's) meat on another, for I swear I like to mix such things for myself, and not to let others do it for me."

When we had left the table and drew near to the fire, a great many pleasant stories were told. Colonel A*****, who had for several years attended the circuits to remote and barbarous parts of the territory, said, that although professional men had still many curious scenes to go through, yet that they now fared much better, and found some sort of accommodation more frequently than formerly. He stated that some years ago, after a hard day's ride, there was only one cabin at which they could stop, and that it was very important to reach it in the winter season. This cabin belonged to an old hunter, a pioneer in that part of the country, to whom the lawyers—in virtue of the extensive

jurisdiction he had in the wilderness—had given the title of *Governor Shannon;* it consisted of one solitary room with a mud floor, and not a single article of furniture except an old log that he had hollowed out, and that he slept in at night, and sat upon at other times. Upon this mud floor travellers used to stretch themselves in their blanket-coats, and there they pigged with the Governor, an old negress, and *a team* of dogs he kept to hunt *the bars*, which were numerous around him. As there had never been a door—or any contrivance approaching it—to the cabin, the dogs used to come in and go out whenever they pleased: if they were all asleep, the barking of a wolf would rouse them, and out they would rush over the recumbent travellers, without being at all particular where they trod upon them. On their return, wet and covered with dirt, they made no ceremony of who they laid near, nor whom they laid upon, for dogs like to lie warm, and this was the reason why the Governor had made his bed in a log. It happened upon one occasion that a judge, who had never made this circuit before, favoured the Governor with his company, and becoming at length outrageously annoyed at the stench and filth of the dogs, one of which had acted very irreverently to his Honour, called out to the Governor, that if he did not take a dog away that was upon him, he would kill him on the spot. Upon which his Excellency replied, that he "would be

—— —— if the bl—d judges and lawyers of Arkansas hadn't slept with his dogs for seven years, and that if any man touched one of 'em, he would send him to sleep with the painters, in less than no time." The Governor was well known to be a resolute fellow, and as there was no other settler nearer than 30 miles, and " a pretty considerable sprinkling of bars and painters about," the Judge thought it best to put up with this slight upon his authority.

We had also another very characteristic story. When the Americans first crossed over into Texas, they, as usual, scattered themselves about the country, each selecting a suitable situation in a well-watered fertile part, not more distant than ten or twenty miles from each other. This was very convenient for the thieves and homicides, whose practices sometimes made it necessary for them to escape even from Little Rock, and to these settlers they upon such occasions resorted. Ere long, however, their evil doings made them as obnoxious to these pioneers in Texas as they had been to others, and the settlers combined to drive them off. It happened that three fellows of the very worst stamp, two of whom had committed murder, and the other was a notorious horse thief, had broken jail at Little Rock, and were pursued and traced into Texas, where they had eluded their pursuers. At this time the Mexican laws nominally prevailed in that part of the country, for the Ame-

ricans professed to be Mexican citizens, and there being no Mexican authorities to administer justice, one of the American settlers, a man of some resolution, was appointed by his fellow countrymen to act as a magistrate, and was called "Alcalde." There being some reason to believe that the three vagabonds were hid away in an extensive corn-brake, a party was formed to hunt them up, and having found and secured them, they were taken to the Alcalde's house. A court was immediately held, and a narrative entered into of the circumstances under which they had been traced, and finally captured in the corn-brake. But as no evidence was adduced to prove that these men had been guilty of the crimes imputed to them, the Alcalde declared, "I swar I 'm nonplushed; these is the right fellows —no doubt of that—but who 's to prove it, and who onder arth is to take 'em back to Little Rock I want to know." The Alcalde's wife, coming into the council just at this time, looked at the culprits, and in one of them discovered a fellow who had stolen some linen from her cabin when she lived in Arkansas, and who was known to have killed a cow belonging to her brother, for the sake of the skin. "I tell you, old Caldy," said she, "if you don't hang these fellows up right off, you 'll never have such another chance, and mind what I tell you, I calculate, if you don't, you ai'nt agoing to have a skin left on a kayw's back, nor a shift to mine, to all etarnity." This alarming prospect decided the fate

of the jail-breakers, and they were all hung up within half an hour.

But the best story of the evening was related by a lawyer who had been personally concerned in it. Four other culprits had also broken jail at Little Rock, where they had been put, preparatory to being sent to a distant part of the country to be tried in the district where they had committed their offences. Three of them were charged with murder, and the fourth with several cases of horse stealing, a crime at the head of all offences there, since there is nothing manly in it, and nothing more inconvenient. Their counsel, for it was he who related the story to us, said that they had good friends, and that he was well paid for defending them. As soon as he ascertained from his clients that they were all guilty, he arranged his plan for their defence. The place where they were to be tried consisted of a single house in the wilderness, which represented the future county town; the witnesses were on the spot, and all the appliances to constitute a Court. Twelve men had been with some difficulty got to leave home, and come to this place to perform the part of a jury. At the critical moment, however, one of these men was not to be found; and as a panel could not be formed, the judge stated the fact, and asked what step the prosecuting attorney intended to take. The counsel of the accused, after many protestations of their innocence, and their strong desire to prove it with-

out loss of time, now proposed to fill the panel de circumstantibus. It so happened that the only circumstantes were the three murderers and the horse-stealer, so they put one of the murderers into the jury, and first tried the horse-stealer and acquitted him, and then put the horse-stealer into the panel and acquitted the murderer; and by this sort of admirable contrivance the whole four were honourably acquitted, and returned perfectly whitewashed into the bosom of society; the jury and the rest of the court also, having got rid of a tedious and unpleasant business, returned without delay to their respective homes.

The hour at length came for us to retire to our dingy-looking beds. On examining the extraordinary bundle of rags of which mine seemed composed, I found one coarse sheet beneath—they never put more than one sheet to a bed—that had perhaps been slept upon by a score of persons, and a coarse blanket at the top of that: the pillow was a good match to the rest; so getting into a large flannel bag I had had made for the purpose, which left my arms free, and tied close round my neck, I covered the pillow with a silk handkerchief, tumbled all the rags on the floor, wrapped myself in a blanket-coat, and laid down, bidding defiance to the myriads of bugs that were confidently expecting their prey.

The rain was still pouring down when I awoke in the morning, but jumping instantly up, I un-

packed myself, and finding a pail of water and a gourd to dip it out with, on a shelf near the door —an excellent custom which obtains here—I hastened to make my ablutions, and having dried my towel at the fire, prepared to depart. But the rain continuing to fall in torrents, we were all compelled to sit down at the table once more with Little Pickey and Company. The breakfast was more disgusting than the supper, because the friendly darkness had concealed much of the filth, and of the sordid appearance of every thing around us. At length, however, it cleared up, and we got away from this den of rags and nastiness, just in season to ford the Saline, which was beginning to rise.

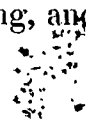
CHAPTER XXIX.

Arrive at Magnet Cove—An interesting Mineral Locality—Strange effects of a Hurricane—Reach the Hot Springs—Whittington without his Cat—Rare accommodations—Description of the Springs—Fishes in Hot Water—Temperature and Gaseous Contents of the Hot Springs—The Travertine presents different Constituents below the Surface.

COLONEL CONWAY, the surveyor-general of the territory of Arkansas, was at this time building a cottage for his family to escape to, during the season of malaria at his plantation on Red River; and had been kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to his lady, desiring her to receive us hospitably for the night, if we found it convenient to stay there. This cottage, which was in a secluded place called *Magnet Cove*, we determined to reach if we could. Passing over the same kind of country we had seen the day before, pine timber prevailing, and the holly (*Ilex opaca*) beginning to be abundant, we at length, after crossing some streams that were extremely swelled, reached *Trammels*, another miserable looking cabin, and here we left the road to Texas and turned into an obscure track that led to Magnet Cove and the Hot Springs. For the first three miles the country rose, and the road became

exceedingly rocky and difficult; added to which the mountain streams were beginning to assume a fierce character that rendered them dangerous, frequently covering the track, so that we could not see it, and concealing rocks which often were on the point of overturning us.

At length the country became more open, and as night was approaching we looked about with some anxiety for Magnet Cove. What it was like no one had told me; I had intended to have got more particular dirctions from Colonel Conway, but an engagement prevented our meeting at my departure from Little Rock, and he had sent the letter to my lodgings. The nature of the country did not promise anything like a cove, but always hoping that we should discover it, we pushed on, and at length descended from the table-land into a gloomy looking lowland very densely timbered. Here we found two or three tracks, and were doubtful which to take. One of them probably led to the Hot Springs and the other to the cottage: seeing some twigs lately broken on the left-hand track we turned into it, and soon after saw a still fresher track on our left in the woods. Driving on as quick as we could we came at length to where we perceived that the lowland was encircled by lofty hills, and now it occurred to me that this was one of those romantic places such as we had seen in Virginia and Tennessee, and which are there also called *coves*, and perceiving a clearing, and looking back through it



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we saw a cottage to which the track we had last passed evidently led; so turning back we followed this track, and at last came to the cottage. Mrs. Conway received us very politely, and unprepared for visitors as she was, with carpenters and labourers to provide for, had some supper got for us. Seeing that we were very much in the way, we retired to rest in a room which was not yet enclosed, and was still open to the weather on the side where the chimney was hereafter to be built, an inconvenience which was remedied as well as circumstances admitted of, by hanging up some counterpanes; but everything was very clean and we rested well.

In the morning, at dawn of day, I sallied out to view the place, and having walked through the bottom, made my way up the lofty elevation with which it was surrounded, and looked down into the interior, which was in fact a deep basin containing about 1200 acres of the richest land, and thickly wooded. What struck me very much was, that the whole area—which rather affects a spheroidal than a circular form—comprehending this cove both outside and in, was covered with deciduous trees, whilst without its limits the trees were all evergreens and pines. Upon examining the rocks upon which these deciduous trees grew, I found they were constituted of a decomposing and very ancient greenstone, that had intruded itself into the general strata of sandstone of the surrounding country, whilst the evergreens grew only upon the sandstone

outside. Having returned to the house, and made a very comfortable breakfast, I sallied out again to look at some localities where Colonel Conway had told me I should find some curious minerals.

He had informed me that on surveying the country the needle would not traverse on approaching this locality, and the cause was here apparent from a mound in the Cove, covered with pebbles of magnetic micaceous oxide of iron from one ounce to four pounds weight. These pebbles, like those of the vein in Missouri which goes by the name of Iron Mountain, overlie masses of the metal of prodigious extent, which, from their great magnetic force, probably influence the country around for a great distance. Some of the specimens which I brought away—especially one which contained a portion of a large crystal of iron—possess an intensity of magnetic power which is truly surprising. In other parts of the bottom I found large masses of decomposing felspar, studded with black tourmalines, some of which were in long prisms, whilst others were in stellated groups, with beautifully delicate acicular rays. In some of these felspathic rocks were amorphous pieces of white sulphuret of iron, believed here to be silver. Occasionally the rock in the bottom was a coarse-grained kind of syenite, composed of red felspar, hornblende, mica, and some quartz. In a small field, not far from the house, which had been recently ploughed —and where there was no timber growing when

Colonel Conway first took possession of this place—I found a great many Indian arrow heads made of a beautiful semi-transparent kind of novaculite; and in one place an immense number of chips and broken arrow heads, all of this stone, were lying together. This had been evidently a favourite retreat of the Indians, but I looked in vain for the rock from which the novaculite had been taken.

Upon considering all the circumstances connected with this cove, the intrusive character of its rocks, their distinct origin and separation from the sandstone, its minerals, the quasi-crateri form of the cove, and the immense deposit of magnetic iron, I could not but be impressed with the opinion that Magnet Cove owes its origin to an ancient volcanic action, and that it is one of those extinct craters that may have preceded that class where basalt and lava are the principal products.

I left this rare place full of admiration; if it were in social respects a desirable situation for a residence, the proprietor would certainly possess one of the most enviable estates in America.

We had proceeded over the sandstone about six miles—always going parallel with the Washita, which flowed about a mile from us—when we came to a part of the country where all the forest trees—without exception—were standing for at least a thousand acres around, dead and bare, with the bark peeled off them, but without any marks whatever of fire having been in the country. This was a phe-

nomenon we were at a loss to account for, but at the next settler's it was explained to us. About six years ago a hurricane passed over the country in the month of May, and desolated everything it came near. The sky, when passing over this place, was frightfully black, and dipping down, discharged such fierce streams of hail against the northern side of the forest trees, that all the bark was destroyed down to the wood, and the circulation of the sap being destroyed, every one of the trees died. The house where we received this information—and which had several sick persons in it at the time, for the sake of being near the Hot Springs—was unroofed in an instant; all the poultry that were out of doors were killed on the spot, the rooms were filled with rain and hail as if a river had been pouring into it, and when the hurricane passed away there, the hail was two feet deep on the ground. These hurricanes, like those in the West Indies, sometimes assume a fearful character. I have never been caught in one of the worst of them, but their track in the forest, which I have sometimes fallen in with, presents a singular picture of destruction. I have come upon an avenue of trees 200 yards wide, torn up by the roots, and going in a straight line through the country for a short distance, with the tops of the trees laid uniformly in one direction; then a larger area would be seen with the trees twisted in a strange manner, broken, and laid in every direction, as if a whirlwind of immeasurable

force had been expending itself upon them, and had clashed the trees against each other.

From this place we had nine miles to go to the Hot Springs over the sandstone; the road was bad, and we had to cross some violent streams, especially one called the Gulfer, which we achieved with some difficulty; at length, coming near a ridge, we turned into a narrow passage or vale between two lofty hills, and saw from the appearance of things that we had reached the Hot Springs of the Washita, so much the object of curiosity to men of science, and so little known to the world.*

Four wretched-looking log cabins, in one of which was a small store, contained all the accommodations that these springs offered to travellers. We had never seen anything worse or more unpromising than they were, but driving up to the store, a Mr. Whittington, who purchases bear skins and other skins of wild animals of the hunters, paying for them in the commodities he gets from Little Rock, and who did not seem in a very promising way to the Lord Mayoralty of London, was obliging enough to say we might take possession of one of the log cabins. Having taken care of our horse we accordingly moved into the first that we had passed on our arrival. It had a roof to it as well as a little portico, as a defence against the rays of the sun, but this was literally all that it had, for not an article of furniture was there either in the shape

* *Vide* Frontispiece.

of table or chair. The floor was formed of boards roughly and unevenly hewn, and, unfortunately, some of them were wanting. Being *reckoned*, however, the best lodgings in the place, we made the best of it, and through our new friend got skins, blankets, and other appliances to serve as bedding. We next laid in some firewood and constructed a kind of table, so that when we had succeeded in borrowing two old chairs, we looked with some satisfaction upon our new attempt at housekeeping. We were sure at any rate of being alone, and of being out of the reach of filth of every kind; in fact it was *almost* as desirable as being in the woods, and had the advantage of shelter. How invalids contrive to be comfortable, who come to this ragged place, I cannot imagine, yet I understand that ten or a dozen people are often crammed into this room, which my son and myself found much too small for two. Persons who resort to these springs in the autumn might do very well if they brought with them their own tents and a sack or two of flour, for meat in the latter part of the year is abundant and of good quality, which it is not at other times when animals are breeding and suckling their young.

Being impatient to see the springs we sallied out, and continued making our observations until night fell. The narrow vale in which these huts are built, and which does not exceed 50 yards in breadth, extends about 800 yards nearly north and south, and then turns to the west. On each side of

it is a lofty ridge of sandstone, and other ridges close in the view to the north. At the base of the ridge to the east is a bed of clay-slate, upon which flows a pretty little murmuring stream, that takes its rise in the hills to the N.E., and into which immense sheets of travertine descend, indicating sufficiently the near neighbourhood of the springs. The ridge from its base to the top is very ferruginous, is about 450 feet high, with a steep inclination, and in the upper part has a good growth of pine and oak timber. The greater number of the springs—which are very numerous—rise in the side of the ridge, at about one-third of the distance from its base, and are found at various points below, and even in the bed of the stream, but there are some near 300 feet above it. There is this peculiarity in the situation of these Hot Springs, that if ever a town should be built in the narrow vale—which is only 100 feet below the most copious of them—the hot water, which perhaps has a mean temperature of 145° Fahr., could be conveyed in spouts supported by frames into all the houses below, to be used either as baths or for domestic purposes. As these hot waters flow down the side of the hill, they deposit their calcareous matter, which can be traced down to the edge of the rivulet. The vale has perhaps been wider at some remote period, for the travertine extends back east from the stream about 150 yards before it leans upon the acclivity of the hill, and is occasionally 100 feet high, continuing

along the east bank of the stream—with some interruption at intervals—a distance of 400 yards; sometimes presenting abrupt vertical faces of from 15 to 25 feet high, and at other times showing itself in curtains with stalactitic rods, and presenting points and coves advancing into and receding from the stream.

Having gratified myself with these preliminary observations, we returned to Mr. Whittington's to make the very important inquiry of how and where we were to get something to eat, and here we learnt that a Mr. Percival, who lived in another of the log cabins, was the general entertainer of all visitors to this place. He had been a hunter, and having seen the place as early as 1807, had in some year subsequent to that built a cabin in the vale: this fact, as he conceived, gave him a preemption claim of right as proprietor of the waters, and finding some advantage in supplying the invalids who had now for some years resorted to them, he had set up a monopoly as general provider to all strangers who had any money in their pockets. To Mr. Percival's cabin therefore we hied, and presenting ourselves at his supper-table, found a quantity of little pieces of pork swimming in hog's grease, some very badly made bread, and much worse coffee, waiting for us. They knew very well that we had no other place to go to, and had prepared accordingly.

Nothing could be less tempting and more rude than the fare we got; and if it had not been for the

supply of tea and sugar we had laid in at Little Rock, our stomachs would have gone to bed very discontentedly. Percival, however, was a good-natured man, could talk about things that interested us, and promised to look up some venison for another time, so we adjourned to our cabin, got up a good fire, and laid down. In the night we were awoke by the weather, which had set in excessively stormy, and we found that our portico, whatever its use might be in the summer, was not upon duty at this season of the year, for the wind came in with such force that we could scarce keep any of the covering upon us, and I discovered that the rain had been pouring upon me for some time before I awoke. We were also mistaken in our calculation of being alone, for it seems our cabin being placed upon a loose wall raised about a foot and a half from the ground, offered a good shelter to the various hogs belonging to the place, all of which had congregated immediately beneath us, and there they were to be sure, grunting, and appearing excessively distressed, as hogs always are in stormy weather, and having every opportunity—if they were so disposed—of seeing what we were doing through the *hiatus valde deflendus*, which separated every plank upon which we trod. This was our first night at the Hot Springs of the Washita, but happily we were not invalids.

In the morning the weather had cleared up, and the sun broke out in great force, so having lighted

our fire, and dried our effects, my son went to the stream for a pail of water to make our ablutions. We now found out that we were really at the Hot Springs, for there was a very great difficulty in procuring cold water, the springs occupying a breadth equal to 400 yards of the base of the ridge, and all of them—at least thirty-five in number—falling into the brook, raised its temperature to that of a warm-bath, especially in places where springs of hot water came through the clay slate. Finding this to be the case, I thought I might as well go to the water as have the water brought to me; so taking my brushes and towels I sallied out, and was exceedingly pleased with the picturesque effect produced upon the slope of the ridge by the volumes of vapour proceeding from so many fumeroles. A gentle smoke seemed to emerge from an immense thicket of arbusta and young plants, all of which, in full leaf of a brilliant green, made a fine contrast to the naked oaks already stripped of their leaves. The water in the brook was pleasantly tepid, and having no one to intrude upon my privacy, I made a profuse use of it, and wading about found that the hot water came through the slate in an immense number of places; yet mingling with the water of the brook it did not burn my feet, although on the shore I found that if I insinuated my fingers a few inches below the gravel, I was obliged to withdraw them instantly. Fishes are never found in this stream when the waters are low, but when it is

much raised by floods from the mountains, then trout, perch, and other fish are taken in all parts of it. One of the inhabitants told me that towards the northern end of the travertine, where there was a considerable pool, he had often seen the fish gliding below, and that upon such occasions when he would throw a few crumbs in, they would dart upwards, and getting their noses into the stratum of hot water at the top, would instantly wheel about and disappear. Frogs and snakes, too, when they fall into it inadvertently, stretch themselves out and die.

We were so charmed with the novelty of every thing around us, that we got some corn bread and a little milk from Mrs. Percival, and sitting down by one of the springs—the temperature of which was 148° Fahr.—we made our breakfast there, the water being sufficiently hot for the purpose, and enjoyed ourselves very much. In fact this day, December 30th, 1834, was a memorable one in our journey, for attractive as were the terrestrial rarities we were surrounded with, they were literally eclipsed by a celestial phenomenon of the highest degree of grandeur, an almost total solar eclipse diverting for a while our attention from every thing else. The eclipse here was not total, for at the period of the greatest obscuration there was still the appearance of a slight luminous streak of the sun's body, which gave a pale light equal perhaps in amount to that of two full moons; the shadow of the clouds waved on the ground in a singular manner, and the ther-

mometer fell 4° during the ten minutes preceding the greatest obscuration: the planet Venus, too, was visible for near an hour, although the occultation took place in the middle of the day. Take it altogether, it was a very solemn scene.

As soon as this had passed away, we continued our observations upon every thing around us, and were not a little amused with the uses the settlers made of these waters: the facility of obtaining hot water was fully appreciated by them, for they never seemed to boil any water for any purpose, nor to drink any cold water: a tree, smoothed off on the upper side, was laid across the stream at a narrow part, so that they could easily cross and supply themselves for the purpose of washing their clothes, and on a shelf, near the door of each cabin, was always a pail of mineral water with a gourd to drink it from. Some of the springs are quite tasteless, others have a slight chalybeate flavour, but certainly the first neither communicated a foreign taste to tea or coffee. The highest temperature of these springs at the time I was there, did not exceed 148°, but there had been a good deal of rain which had no doubt lowered it. If there was no admixture of atmospheric waters, it is probable they would mark a few degrees more; indeed an individual here with whom I became acquainted, showed me a memorandum which a visitor had given him during a period of long drought, where a particular spring was noted at 156° Fahr.

Around the sources of these hot waters the confervæ flourish remarkably, but my attention was particularly drawn to an enamelled lichen-looking substance of a brilliant green colour which was exceedingly mucilaginous; it was not, however, a lichen, for I observed that it began at first by a filament, and that it went on spreading and thickening until it became half an inch thick. In some places it was six inches broad. The settlers finding that this substance keeps warm a long time, and that it feels soft and comfortable like a new poultice, apply it successfully to suppurate wounds. Where the travertine forms so rapidly as to impede the passage of the water, and compels it to take another channel down the hill, which it frequently does, this glairy-looking substance, abandoned by the hot water, entirely loses its colour, and dries up into a crisp, thin film, always, however, preserving the appearance of lichen. I examined it in this state with a strong glass, and found the centre of it to be calcareous matter of a whitish grey colour, deposited around a slight filament of grass, or any other accidental substance; the side next the atmosphere being of a dark colour and in a state of decomposition, whilst the under side still preserved a deadish green appearance.

I made some observations upon the gaseous contents of these waters, and put some bottles of them up, to have their solid contents ascertained by some competent person in the Atlantic States, but the

bottles got broke before they reached their destination.* I observed very little gas escape from these waters and their solid contents were carbonate of lime, sulphate of lime, and a very little iron in some of the springs. There are, however, reasons for supposing that in ancient times the mineral constituents of these springs have not been exactly what they are now. Being desirous of satisfying myself whether the travertine was of an uniform quality, I commenced digging into it about 25 feet from the level of the brook, and having got into it somewhat more than a foot, I found a great increase of sulphate of lime, and much lower down I came to a dark red oxide of iron in nodular reniform masses, taking a botryoidal form. The sulphate of lime was deposited in layers from a line to two inches thick. Beneath these were masses of ferruginous sandstone belonging to the ridge, which seemed to have been at some time loose, and were now re-cemented by the mineral deposits from the water, which had filled up all the interstices. I took out one of the largest of these nodules, the circumferential crust of which in some parts was two and a half inches thick, of

* Dr. Daubeny having in 1837 visited this place and examined the gaseous contents of these waters on the spot, I quote from him, as better authority than myself for an analysis:—

Carbonic acid	4·0
Nitrogen	92·4
Oxygen	7·6
	104

rich hematite ore, whilst its interior was almost filled with gypsum. From all the circumstances connected with these nodules, I was inclined to think that they had been deposited in ancient times by strong chalybeate waters, and that they had become aggregated by molecular attraction. It was very evident that where the greatest quantities of red oxide were, a stream of water had passed for a long period of time, holding iron and sulphate of lime in solution, and anterior to the period of the present waters, whose deposits of travertine now cover the ferruginous deposits below. Nor is it improbable that springs of a similar kind may yet exist, for in a low cavity close to the brook I perceived a stream of hot water with red oxide near it, and upon examining it minutely I found the same process going on, iron depositing on the sides, and soft seams of sulphate of lime already establishing themselves. Whether this chalybeate* character in the hot water of the cavity last spoken of be not acquired—as thermal waters may acquire some of their properties, *in transitu*—is a fact I would not pretend to speak positively upon; many springs that rise through beds of decomposed shale and coal loaded with sulphuret of iron, undoubtedly are often affected as they pass through them, and become

* In the last moments of my stay at the Hot Springs I found nodules of iron, similar to that spoken of, on the west side of the hill where the springs are, and some conglomerate firmly held together by ferruginous cement.

sulphuretted; but the carbonate of lime, and the prodigious quantity of caloric which has for such immense periods of time raised the temperature of these springs, must have their origin in those depths whence the intrusive rocks, the veins of micaceous iron, and various other mineral phenomena in this region, are derived.

CHAPTER XXX.

Curious and beautiful Mineral Structure of the adjacent Country —Locality whence the Indians procured the Mineral for their Arrow Heads—An unsophisticated "Bar-hunter"—Panthers fond of Buffalo Tongues—Strange single Combat betwixt a Hunter and a male Buffalo—Reasoning Power of the Animal —State of the Hunter's Nerves after the battle.

SOME person having shown me specimens of a kind of novaculite which they used as hones for their razors, I took a guide to the locality whence they were procured, and after clambering over a very rugged country for three miles, we came to one of the wildest regions imaginable and singularly curious. It was altogether broken up into short ridges and isolated cones, from 300 to 500 feet above the level of the streams that meandered amongst their bases in contracted gorges from 15 to 40 yards wide. I had constantly observed in all the rocks west of the Mississippi a strong tendency to a siliceous character associated with iron. In Missouri the substitution of siliceous for calcareous matter was very striking, and it was not less so in the northern parts of Arkansas. Ever since we left Little Red River we had been upon a quartzose sandstone reposing on a clayey slate, and from a pentramite

which Mr. Henderson assured me he had taken out of this sandstone near the Mammelles (the only fossil I saw), and from other considerations, I was disposed to consider this sandstone as the equivalent of the old red sandstone of Europe. The curious gradations of this siliceous matter, in the forms of old red sandstone, flint, hornstone, and quartzose rock, had interested me much; but my admiration was unbounded when I discovered that all the ridges and coves of the broken country I was now wandering in, were composed of a beautiful novaculite of a pearly semi-transparent nature, indeed quite opalescent in places, lying in vertical lamina so brittle and so closely packed together, that it was very difficult to detach a piece even six inches long without the aid of proper tools; but when detached, the rock presented singularly pure glossy natural faces, and was occasionally tinged, in a very pleasing manner, with metallic solutions. As far as my own experience and information goes, the mineral structure of this part of the country is as curious and rare as anything that has yet been seen.

Ascending a very lofty hill composed entirely of this mineral, we found several large pits, resembling inverted cones, some of which were from 20 to 30 feet deep and as many in diameter, the insides and bottoms of which were covered with chips of this beautiful mineral, some white, some carmine, some blue, and many quite opalescent. In and near these pits round and long pieces of hard greenstone—

which I had seen in place about 18 miles distant—were scattered about, but none of them too large for the hand. These were undoubtedly the quarries from whence the Indians, when they possessed the country, obtained the materials for making their arrow heads and spears, for those which I had found in the ploughed field in Magnet Cove were made of this mineral. The pieces of hard greenstone were the tools the Indians worked with, and the rough mineral when procured was taken to their villages to be manufactured: I had many opportunities subsequently of feeling assured of this, upon finding amidst the circular holes and mounds where their now fallen lodges once stood, prodigious quantities of these chips and arrow-heads that had been broken in the act of making them.

From this place we scrambled to the top of the loftiest cone we could see, and had a very fine view of the country. From the summit of the elevation where we stood, looking south, an extensive pine plain appeared, perhaps eight miles wide, whilst on our right to the S.S.W. about fifteen miles distant, was a ridge where one of the branches of the Washita rises, and which circled round to the E.S.E. having the Washita on its north flank. Most of the ridges seemed to curve, and after running a distance of from two to fifteen miles would terminate. To the east we thought we recognised the highlands about the Mammelle, which were near forty miles in a straight line from us.

Having made our observations in this part of the country, I endeavoured to procure a guide to cross the country with us to cantonment Towson, a military post of the United States on the Mexican frontier, distant in a straight line about 120 miles. All roads of every kind terminate at the Hot Springs; beyond them there is nothing but the unbroken wilderness, the trails and fords of which are only known to a few hunters. We accordingly entered into a negotiation with a backwoodsman, who was highly recommended for his resolution and knowledge of the country; but he was far from being eager to engage in our service, objecting that this was the season when bear-hunting commences; and although he admitted that I offered him more money than he could earn, yet, he said, if he was to go, "he couldn't stand it, 'case the bars was so fat this year." As I could not hope to compensate this Nimrod of the woods for the enjoyment he would have at his annual sport—a feeling I could appreciate—I was obliged, though with great reluctance, to change my plan, for I was exceedingly anxious to continue the examination of these siliceous ridges to the south-west. This man was a very singular fellow, who shunned society, was dressed altogether in the skins of animals he had killed, and seemed never to have been washed, and to have no beard. He lived in the woods many miles from the Springs, and only visited them when he had bear and deer skins to sell. He appeared,

however, to take an interest in us, and advised us strongly not to attempt the excursion alone, for he said that the ordinary fords could not be passed at this season without swimming the now swollen rivers, and that to get through the country we should be obliged to go round the heads of the streams, which would make the distance equal to at least 200 miles. Adding to these circumstances the coldness of the weather and the extreme difficulty we should most probably find in subsisting ourselves, we thought the attempt would not be justifiable, and turned our attention to a more frequented and practicable route. The account this man gave me of the manner in which the bear is pursued by some of the professed and more opulent hunters was curious. He said that some of them, who had great numbers of cattle roaming at large in the forests around them, were so passionately fond of the sport, that they maintained stout *teams* of dogs until the hunting season commenced, by slaying beeves for them.

In summer, when there is no mast, Bruin is thin and hungry, and boldly intrudes upon the settlements, where there are any, to devour the hogs. If the settler catches him on his grounds he kills him, but he is too meagre and his skin is too light to tempt him far from home; he chooses another season for that, when the bears are fat, can surrender a good skin and from twenty to twenty-five gallons of oil, and have retired to the rich bottoms

where the cane-brakes are. Then out he sallies, prepared for an absence of several weeks, dressed in a jacket and leggings of buckskin, for garments of any other material would soon be torn from his back by the briars. When he gets to the scene of operations he kills two or three buffaloes, if he can, for their skins, which he hangs up on poles in the form of a tent, leaving one side open in front of his fire, towards which his feet are placed when he sleeps. This is also his storehouse: his skins, his meat, his oil, are all deposited here, until their accumulation induces him either to take them home or send them by an assistant. As to what is called bear's meat, it is literally nothing but the fat of the omentum. The fleshy part is all given to the dogs. Of this fat, which the hunters call *the fleece*, they are ravenously fond, preferring it to everything else on account of its sweet taste, and because they can eat a great deal without incommoding themselves. Occasionally the hunter regales himself with venison when he is in a country where the deer abound, but pleasure with him is made subordinate to business, and it will take him as much time to kill and flay a deer of the value of one dollar, as it will to secure a bear worth twenty. But bears, deer, and buffalo do not comprehend all the animals he has to deal with; he has to protect his stores during his absence from his skin-lodge in the daytime from wolves and panthers, and is not always able to do it even when he is there, as the

following anecdote, so illustrative of the hunter's life, and which I had directly from the person it relates to, will show :—

This man had amassed a great many spoils in his tent, and had put about twenty buffalo tongues in a trough which stood inside, but near to the entrance. One night returning exceedingly fatigued, he slept very soundly, and on awakening discovered that all his buffalo tongues were gone. He was vexed at his negligence, and imputed the theft to some wolves that he knew were prowling about. Having taken something to eat, he went to a canebrake in the vicinity, and had not gone far when he heard a low whining cry, and, looking in that direction, he saw something through the thick canes playing about like a cat's tail, and immediately knew it was a panther. Stealing forward and carefully looking he distinguished a head and ears, and concluded the animal was stretched upon a log, a posture they are very fond of when they are not hunting. Raising his gun, he fired, and the beast, mortally wounded, made a prodigious jump and attempted to run, but fell and died in a few minutes. He immediately skinned it, and curious to learn whether this panther had been the midnight depredator, he slit his paunch open, and there found his buffalo tongues, but by no means in a state to be sent to the London market. This man told me that the panther when not hungry flies from man, and takes to a tree if the smallest dog

pursues him, but when he is gaunt and voracious he is dangerous, springing upon his prey from a log or branch, and even darting through the fire of the bivouac upon the hunter himself, who then takes to his knife. He said it was a good plan to put the entrails of a bear near the lodge at night to "compliment" any panther that might be prowling nigh, a piece of politeness that no doubt would appear very refined to poor Bruin, if he could be made to understand it.

But the most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr. Percival, who has followed the forest chase from his youth. In 1807 he was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake, which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side, but it roused him, and having crossed the river he soon laid down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open,

and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land, a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast, seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching

it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him *more than four hours*, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps: he therefore frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him

to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralyzed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life, his limbs trembled under him, he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested awhile, recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and although he continued to walk round the tree made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and immitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after rest-

ing himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

Of the intense anxiety of mind produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact that when he joined his companions after a separation of forty days, they asked why he looked so pale and emaciated, and inquired "if he had been down with the fever." He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding that from that very evening when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways, and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping up from the ground to defend himself; such was his state, that he who had been formerly proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled with apprehension, even when a covey of quails unexpectedly flushed before him. Mr. Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure before his sleep became tranquil, and that, although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock. Ten years ago he had the curiosity to visit the

place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Leave the Hot Springs—Regain the "Military Road," and cross the Washita—How to drink Coffee made of Acorns—The Caddo River—Mrs. Barkman, her extraordinary accomplishments—A Hunter's House and Family—Tertiary Deposits—A Travelling Court-house—A Knot of Gamblers—A Paddy going to Texas.

THE preparations for our departure having been made, we took leave of Mr. Percival and our acquaintances here on the 6th of December. Humble as the lodgings assigned to ourselves and the hogs had been, and rude as was our fare, yet nothing could be more obliging than the conduct of every body to us. None of the cavalieros of Little Rock were here, we led very quiet lives, and we left the place with our sincere good wishes for the welfare of its inhabitants. On reaching the Gulfer* we

* In June, 1833, when the great rise of the Arkansas took place, the backwater of the Mississippi pressed upon Red River and its tributaries so much, that the waters of the Washita covered all the low country through which the Gulfer flows. I was informed by some settlers in the neighbourhood that for near three weeks they were completely isolated; the cows had to swim backwards and forwards from the uplands where they grazed to suckle their calves, the lower floors of the cabins were in the water, and the settlers went to the woods in canoes.

found it very much swelled and too difficult to cross at the usual ford. We therefore went a little lower down and sounded with a long pole. The bank was two feet from the water, and it was evident that we must either both of us sit in the waggon and make Missouri drop into the flood, which was roaring furiously, at the risk of all tumbling over together, or one of us must first get into the river to encourage the horse. My son, therefore, went into the stream, and I drove up to the edge of the bank. Our nag, though very docile, had not nerve enough for the noise the water made, and all we could prevail upon him to do was to slide down with his fore-feet and lie down in the shafts, leaving me in the waggon on the bank at the mercy of any of his side-jerks, the least of which would have overturned the waggon. As this would most probably have been attended with the loss of everything we had, I felt very anxious; but my son coaxing him in front and the whip coaxing him in the rear, he suddenly sprang up, dragged the waggon into the river, and, taking care to keep him on the stretch in the shallowest part of the rapid, we happily succeeded in getting to the opposite bank without breaking anything. Here we stopped to change our clothes, and then pursued our journey.

When we had proceeded eight miles from the Hot Springs, I left the vehicle, and walked about a mile to take a look at the Washita, which is here a

broad muddy stream flowing over the slate through a very picturesque country. Four miles farther on, in attempting to cross another stream near one Turner's, we fairly upset our concern amongst the hidden rocks, but happily broke nothing, though it took us some time to make a fire and put our persons into a comfortable state again. The traveller upon an excursion of this kind finds it the greatest of all evils to be put *hors de combat* as to proceeding on. As long as everything is new he is delighted; but he has to endure so much privation when unexpectedly detained—perhaps in a wilderness which presents no novelty—that he is ready to bear any inconvenience rather than remain stationary.

In the evening we took up our old quarters at Mrs. Conway's, in Magnet Cove, who received us in a very friendly manner. When we rose in the morning we had the pleasure of meeting her husband, who had arrived during the night, and of breakfasting with him; after which, having received his direction for a short cut to the Washita, we made our bows, and, going about two miles through the open pine-woods at the foot of the exterior part of the cove, which was entirely covered with deciduous trees, got into a track which led us for eight miles through a wild romantic flinty country, abounding in knobs and little vales admirably watered. Out of this track we emerged upon the Military Road, a mile and a half from the ferry at the Washita. This fine river, at the point where

we reached it, is about 200 yards broad, and the view to the west is very beautiful, a graceful little island presenting itself in the centre of the stream, which terminates in a lofty hill of sandstone covered with pines and oaks. Having crossed the river in a ferry-boat, we found that the road for a considerable distance ran parallel with it, and was exceedingly wet and springy. At the end of four miles we left this wet ground, and got again upon a sandstone country with high knolls, and continued on it for five miles, until we descended into a bottom through which a stream called *Prairie Bayou* runs, and here we stopped at a settler's called Mitchell.

This was one of the most wretched places we had yet met with in our journey. The supper consisted of some pieces of dirty-looking fried pork, corn-bread eight days old, mixed up with lumps of dirt, and coffee made of burnt acorns and maize; they had neither milk, sugar, nor butter. Just as we were sitting down to it two hours after dark, Colonel Conway rode up: he laughed at our fastidiousness, and advised us to drink some of the *corn*-coffee, which he had often done with success when he could get nothing else; and he showed us how to get through the operation, by nipping his nose with his fingers and swallowing it exactly as if it had been castor-oil. He left us soon afterwards, saying that he was obliged to ride the greatest part of the night to the place where the sale of government lands was taking place. We passed a wretched

night on the hard boards of a sort of barrack, into which the wind freely entered, and were glad when morning dawned to creep to the fire.

We now discovered that our waggon was in want of serious repairs, and that if we advanced any farther with it we should probably break down where we could obtain no assistance. This was, indeed, a dilemma, as we had only one horse and no saddle; upon consultation, however, with our host, he engaged to let us have a horse and an old saddle, and sent to his next neighbour to borrow another, upon securing which we determined to leave the waggon with our trunks as a deposit until we returned the horse. Our breakfast was in keeping with everything we had found here; so after putting a few things up in a bag, we started for the Caddo River, about seventeen miles off. For fourteen miles of this distance our route lay amongst sandstone hills and isolated knolls of petro-siliceous matter, many of which approached in their structure to the novaculite of the Hot Springs. The streams were numerous, and some of them very much swelled. The Candleberry Myrtle (*Myrica cerifera*) was exceedingly abundant on these knolls, amongst which we had constantly some deer in sight, besides numerous flocks of well-grown wild turkeys; these often came strutting across the road showing their beautiful glossy plumage to the greatest advantage, and on perceiving us would take flight with as strong a wing as the wild-goose, wheeling around

and then alighting upon the tallest pine trees. It was altogether a fine wild romantic ride, changing from broken hills to numerous streams—some of which were very much swollen—that flowed through limited bottoms of great fertility.

Three miles before we reached the Caddo, the country began to descend, and a change soon took place in the aspect of nature, and of everything around us. Having crossed the ferry where the river is about 100 yards wide, we entered upon an extensive rich bottom of cane-brake, and not long after came to a no less extraordinary thing than a brick house, belonging to a person of the name of Barkman. This man, whose father was a German, came into the country many years ago in the character of a pedlar, and having married the daughter of one Davis, a famous hunter, settled here, became a trader, and was now very well to do in the world. In the mean time old Davis and his sons—all of whom were brought up without any other schoolmaster than the rifle—continued their favourite wandering vocation, looking up to the opulent Barkman as the great man of the family. Mr. Barkman we did not see, but I shall certainly not forget his lady soon, as I have never seen any one, as far as manners and exterior went, with less pretensions to be classed with the feminine gender. All her accomplishments seemed to me to have a decided leaning the other way. She chewed tobacco, she smoked a pipe, she drank whiskey, and cursed

and swore as heartily as any backwoodsman; all at the same time; doing quite as much vulgarity as four male blackguards could do, and with as much ease as if she had been an automaton set to do it with clockwork machinery. She must have been a person of surprising powers in her youth, for I was informed that she was now comparatively refined to what she had been before her marriage; at that period, so full of interest to a lover, she was commonly known by the name of old Davis's "She Bar."

We had an opportunity of seeing one of her extraordinary brothers, a genuine hunter, dressed in leather prepared by himself from the skins of animals he had killed, as he was going with his rifle on his shoulder, and his dogs, some twenty miles off to hunt bears. This man, although between thirty and forty years old, had never been out of this neighbourhood, and had no idea of the world beyond his own pursuits, and that which he saw going on around him. His brother-in-law Barkman he considered to be the first man in the whole country; people that came from Little Rock he had not a strong predilection for, not because they were unworthy, but because so many lawyers lived there; the government of the United States he looked upon with horror, because they sold the lands and broke up the cane-brakes: but Texas he approved of highly, saying that he had "heern there was no sich thing as a government there, and not one var-

mint of a lawyer in the *hull* place." As his house was not very far from Barkman's, I accompanied this worthy there to see it, and on our way had a good deal of curious conversation with him, learning from him amongst other things that he had "been raised on fat bar's meat," as all his family had been, and that he loved it better than anything. The cabin of this fellow corresponded with his manners, and was a sort of permanent camping out of doors; the logs of which it was built were at least six inches apart, the interstices, without any filling in, staring wide open; one of the gable ends was entirely wanting, the roof was only closed at one end, and at the other some bed clothes were heaped together in a corner upon a rough floor, and his family, consisting of a wife and several young children, were warming themselves at a fire—*not in the house,* but out of doors. How they managed during long periods of cold wet weather may be imagined, but they all seemed contented, and even cheerful. As to himself, he seemed quite indifferent about this *al-fresco* style of living: his happiness was found only in the cane-brake, "driving the bars about," as he said, and sleeping near a good fire. Mrs. Barkman, notwithstanding her habits, was not deficient in good nature to us: they had killed a young steer the day before our arrival, and a dish of fat boiled ribs was set before us, with good bread, of which we made an excellent meal, having been without food

ever since we left Mrs. Conway's the morning before.

This place is the site of an ancient village of the Caddo Indians; a large mound with trees growing on it, and other indications of their residence, still exist there; and a sweet sequestered situation it must have been to them, for the river contains good fish, the country abounds in game, and the sandstone, with its pines, is here exchanged for a loose soil of the greatest fertility, and deciduous trees peculiar to these latitudes. On sallying out, after our good cheer, we were exceedingly pleased with the scene around us; the sun was shining brilliantly, flocks of parroquets were wheeling and screaming around, and the trumpet tone of the ivory-billed woodpecker was frequently heard.

On examining the bed of the Caddo, I found it consisted of tertiary limestone, exactly the same as that I had seen at Little Rock, and procured some good specimens of turritella and other fossils. The Caddo empties into the Washita, two miles below Barkman's, and about four miles farther down I was informed there were some salt wells from which he annually makes a good deal of salt. The wells are dug through a black soil, but whether the brine comes through a lower rock, or they have had to bore into one, no one could explain to me: the process of making it, however, seems to be a very rough one, and the salt produced is dirty and

imperfect. From the account they gave me, the brine in the wells is so diluted with the water from the Washita, that it takes 150 gallons of water to make one bushel of bad salt. There is also said to be gypsum about six miles off, near one Williams's, in the "rotten limestone" which they said overlaid the whole country.

From Barkman's we proceeded to the Tournois Creek, said to be 15 miles off, always upon flat good land, occasionally sandy, with heavy beds of a bluish green calcareous clay in all the ravines; and from the description I obtained of the country farther to the south, I thought it probable we should keep upon the tertiary beds all the way to the Mexican frontier. We found no fossils nor casts of shells in the blue clay, which strongly resembles some of the beds extending from Richmond, in Virginia, down to Shirley, on James River, where the clay contains lumps of calcareous matter with traces of sulphate of lime. We crossed several large creeks during the afternoon, and at night put up at a famous hunter's called *Hignite*, who lived in a solitary log cabin that had once been the court-house for the county of Clark. From the conspicuous manner in which the word "Crittenden" appeared upon our maps as the principal county town, I had formed some slight expectations of seeing something a little out of the way, and of getting some sort of lodgings for a day or two to look at the

country: all this afternoon we had been expecting to arrive at Crittenden in vain, and indeed thought of inquiring at an old cabin we passed, how far it was ahead of us, but not wishing to lose time, we drove on until we came to Hignite's. Our first question was, "How far is it to Crittenden?" The answer we received was, that the old cabin we had passed five miles back was Crittenden, that it had been once at his house, but that he believed it was going to be at Greenville. Finding that Crittenden, like the house of Loretto, was a non-resident, we determined to stop where we were, especially when we found we were at a hunter's whose name had already reached us.

This bandying about of court-houses is inseparable from such a state of the settlements in this new country as requires some administration of law. The counties are ten times as large as they are eventually destined to be, and everything is a matter of expediency until population fills up the space a little. Before there are any county towns or court-houses, the cabin of some settler is made temporarily the court-house, which is changed from place to place to accommodate those at a distance; and as the population increases, new counties are *set off* from the old one, into territories sufficiently compact to constitute a county where every man can live contentedly, bearing his share of the taxes and the public duties.

On entering Hignite's we found several *sportsmen* there—not powder-and-shot sportsmen, but knights of the *faro* and *rouge et noir* tables. The principal person was the Mr. Tunstall whose house we had passed a little south of White River. My host, old Meriwether, had let us a little into his character, which had been confirmed to me by others. He was said to be a very enterprising man, to possess some property, but to indulge excessively in horse-racing and cards. We had heard also that he generally travelled with some persons who passed for travellers like himself, but who, in fact, were in his pay, for the purpose of inciting others to play and to procure him bets. The moment, therefore, our host told me that "Tunstall was in his house," I was fully prepared for the scene that followed.

Whilst supper was preparing, Mr. Tunstall entered into conversation with me, stating that he had been at some races where the sale for government lands on Red River was in progress, but that it "was dull times," for people seemed to be thinking of nothing but going to Texas. His conversation was sensible and entertaining, and he evidently wanted to inspire me with a favourable opinion of himself: the other men in the house kept themselves silent, and appeared to know as little about him as they did about us. This was rather over-acting their part, and I began to suspect their intentions. As soon as we had supped, and drew near to the fire, one of the company, who had all the marks of

a broken-down swell about him, went to a box, and taking out some cards, laid them very artistically down on the table. Upon which, after awhile, two others went to the table, one of them saying in a drawling tone, "I reckon I'll take a hand." But Mr. Tunstall seeing that we did not even look at the party, remained with us at the fire, and it was some time before he turned to me, and in a very winning manner said, "Well, I don't care if I take a hand, if you do." I told Mr. Tunstall that we were both very much fatigued, and should go to bed as soon as we knew where we were to sleep. One of the fellows at the table now said, "Mister, if you prefar roulette, I 'll take one out of the box what I 've got here." Tunstall, perceiving that this was letting the cat out of the bag too early, said no more to me about playing, but sat down to faro with the rest, and they all pretended to be playing very earnestly. They had not played off, however, their last coup upon me, and in about a quarter of an hour Mr. Tunstall went to a box belonging to himself, and took out a runlet containing brandy: pouring some of it out, he very courteously offered it to myself and my son. I made him my acknowledgments, but said that we were not in the habit of drinking brandy or any kind of spirituous liquors; that we were always happy when we could get milk, and never wanted anything else. After this milksop declaration, Mr. Tunstall seemed to think us worth no further attention; he poured the brandy

back into the runlet, without offering any to the other *gentlemen* travellers, and they put their cards back again into the box, for it seemed somehow as if the game could not proceed unless we joined in it.

Such a coarse trap, and set in such a coarse manner, was fitted for such low gamblers as these, who have an idea—perhaps justified by their success—that no man can resist cards and brandy. We passed the night miserably, stretched on some wretched boards in the same room with these fellows, but taking especial care of our purses and bag. The voice and language of one of these men who was called Smith—perhaps an assumed name—were those of a northern man; I was, therefore, disposed to believe him when he said he was a New Yorker: he had a haggard and very unhappy appearance, with a sinister expression, and seemed altogether devoted to Mr. Tunstall, in whose base service perhaps he had consciously reached the lowest stage of human degradation.

In the morning, these contemptible wretches sat down at the same table with us to breakfast; their conversation was infamous, and accorded well with their degraded condition. They had evidently been engaged in all sorts of frauds and villanies, and seemed to glory in their infamy. A kind of waggon, belonging to Tunstall, now came to the door, with two negro boys belonging to him, who had acted as jockeys at the races. Into this they all got,

and Mr. Tunstall—who had pretended the preceding evening that he was a stranger to the other men—could not avoid seeing that I was aware he was the head of a travelling gang of sharpers. A short time before they drove from the door, a foolish Irishman, who was going to Texas, rode up on a neat sprightly pony that had a great many good points. Tunstall offered to swap a huge raw-boned animal, which one of his negro boys rode, for this pony, telling the Irishman "it was worth three times as much, but he somehow liked the appearance of the pony." Taking Paddy into the house, they plied him with brandy until his discretion became endangered by the dimensions of the horse: it was evident when he came out, that to be at the top of such "a baste" was running in his head. Hignite endeavoured to make him prudent, and told him if his pony was a good one, he had better stick to him. The poor silly fellow hesitated for a moment, and just when we were hoping he would be wise, brandy and ambition got the better of him, and he said "Well, I 'll just take ye at your word." No time was lost; saddles were exchanged, and the gamblers drove off with a horse laugh. Within twenty minutes after their departure, the brandy having evaporated a little, Hignite had perfectly persuaded Paddy that the "big baste" was foundered all to nothing, and was not worth more than six dollars. I should certainly have interfered, and perhaps could have prevented this

piece of knavery, if I had not found out, by the conversation of Paddy, that he was a "no-government" man, and was sure to do something more absurd if any body would take the trouble to make him drunk again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Bear-hunting—Approach a subcretaceous Country—Judge Cross —Disputed Territory betwixt Mexico and the United States— A Prairie Country and subcretaceous Fossils—General Houston —Plot to wrest Texas from Mexico—Beauty of the Country.

THIS morning had been appointed by Hignite, our host, to go on his great annual bear-hunt; he was a well-known hunter, and we had found him an honest, soberly-disposed person. We had witnessed his preparations, and saw with admiration how perfectly he was prepared to supply all his wants during his absence, without assistance from any one. His dress consisted of a hunting jacket and leggings, made of skins tanned by himself, and secured by strings formed either of the same materials or the integuments of animals. He had a close cap on made of skin, a girdle round his waist, in which were stuck his hatchet and his butcher's knife, and a heavy rifle weighing sixteen pounds on his shoulder. He had two pack-horses to carry Indian corn for their subsistence, some necessary articles for himself, and to bring back the returns of his hunting. The most important part of his retinue consisted of eight dogs, which he valued very highly, especially the

old ones, on account of their great sagacity and prudence. This kind of sport is so captivating that we would willingly have accompanied him, if it would not have occasioned such a deviation from our plans, and have taken up so much time. As Hignite was going part of our road, I was, therefore, obliged to content myself with drawing from him a detailed account of the nature of one of these expeditions.

The Washita, in its course to the south-east to join Red River, has in many places an immense margin of cane-brakes, six or more miles broad on each side, and which, before it reaches the point of junction, are of much greater magnitude. These rich bottoms, which are covered with stout-jointed canes twenty feet high, as thick as they can stand, can never be reclaimed until a system of levées or embankments is established to keep them from being inundated. Into these brakes the bears (*Ursus Americanus*), being now excessively fat with the mast they have been living upon the whole autumn, retire in the month of December, making huge beds for themselves of the cane, and lying there four or five months. The hunters, however, assert that in this climate that animal does not doze away the whole of this long period, but that he walks out in fine weather, although he does not eat. Some of them had ceased to eat even when I was on the Caddo, for Mrs. Barkman's brother told me that he had killed a barren she-bear with *clean intestines*,

and that he knew thereby that the season had arrived for their going into the cane-brakes.

When the hunter arrives near the scene of his operations, and has fixed his camp, he generally first tries the higher woodlands in the neighbourhood of the brakes, not far from some place where a hurricane has uprooted the trees, and where brambles, shrubs, and other plants are growing amongst them, these being situations which the bears love to resort to. Having collected wood for fuel, he makes a lodge with poles and bushes sufficient to keep the weather out, hopples his horses to prevent their straying far, and puts a bell round the neck of one of them. Being perfectly prepared he enters upon his ground, the breeze comes tainted with the scent, the dogs holding up their heads snuff it in, and the old ones warily take the lead. They find Master Bruin, ponderous with acorns, more disposed to lie still than to run; but the hunter, soon hearing by the voices of his dogs that they are closely engaged, hurries on. He finds the angry brute hastening away from his assailants, after perhaps putting more than one of the young ones *hors de combat;* but the old dogs seize him by the haunch behind, and leave and head him the moment he turns round to avenge himself. His enemies now encircle him; wherever his rear is, it is sure to be bit: he can no longer fly, and furious with rage he dashes at the most forward, seizes him, grasps him with his muscular fore-paw, gives him the fraternal hug, and

finishes him sometimes by applying his powerful tusks. The rest of the dogs now throw him down, jump upon him, and the hunter, to save his dogs from being killed, watches his moment, goes rapidly behind the bear, grasps a handful of his fur with his left hand to prevent his turning to bite him, and "sarves him home" with his sharp butcher's knife. After a short struggle, the beast dies.

At other times the hunter waits until the dogs have got him into a good position, and lodges a rifle-ball under his fore-arm. The bears are immediately skinned, and the fleece, consisting of the lard from which the oil is extracted, is secured. The lean parts are kept for the dogs, and the hunter himself if he likes them, every thing being secured from the wolves by hoisting the meat into some tree, if the animal has been killed too far from camp to get it there by daylight. Such is the account I received from one of the most experienced bear-hunters, who frequents the brakes of the Washita.

From Hignite's we pursued our journey in a south-west direction, over good bottom land, with a great abundance of holly and laurel growing in every direction, occasionally coming upon hills of moderate elevation of sandstone, with pine trees, all the streams being transparent, and having gravelly bottoms. At the end of a ride of eighteen miles the country descended again, and we perceived that we were approaching the *Little Missouri*, a consi-

derable stream which rises to the N.W., empties into the Washita, and has received its name from its waters being of a dusky red muddy colour, like those of the great Missouri.

We crossed the river in a ferry boat, the waters being high, and then entered upon a close low bottom, densely covered with cane, laurel, holly, and swamp timber of every kind, which lasted for three miles. It was intersected by numerous bayous, over which, it being the military road, nine bridges had been erected, five of which were impassable owing to the greater part of the thick planks, which formed their floors, not having been secured by pegs or tree-nails, so that they had floated away the very first inundation. It was evident that this had been purposely neglected by the contractors who built the bridges, that they might make a second job out of it. In this, however, they appear to have been disappointed, and the consequence has been, that the persons who have emigrated to Texas by this route have taken that part of the flooring off which remained, and put it in the shallowest part of the bayous, to enable them to cross the bayous in safety with their heavy waggons. Thus have the provident cares of the United States government been frustrated, travellers placed in great danger, and a state of things produced which in a short time will render this route impracticable; for although this military road, opened at so great an expense by the government, has been made the

county road in the counties it passes through, the overseers of the road pay no attention to it, and far from repairing the floors of the bridges, will not even cut a tree out when one falls across the road. This low bottom lasted three miles, and on emerging from it, the country began to rise a little again. As we advanced, a new kind of soil appeared of a singularly waxy nature, and a dark black carbonaceous colour, such as I had not seen before, except on the surface of the travertin, at the hot springs, where it abounds; and here the soil was like that, accompanied with a profusion of dead land shells.

Late in the afternoon we made the unpleasant discovery that the horse we had obtained of our host, Mitchell, was foundered, and that it would be impossible to proceed on with him. This was rather a distressing affair, for he was a dead weight upon our hands, and the farther we went with him, the greater would be our difficulty in returning him to his owner. His lameness, too, was evidently chronic; so that, in fact, we had no security whatever for our waggon and luggage, which was not a pleasant reflection. After some deliberation, my son proposed returning with him, and letting me proceed on, trusting to be able to make some other arrangement to join me again. Mitchell, too, having told him that he was going out on a panther hunt to a place frequented by several of these animals, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of accompanying him, as he had a strong

desire to see a little of that kind of sport before we left this part of the country; so after sharing each other's privations and being most faithful and inseparable companions to each other for four months, we shook hands. My son, with his rifle on his shoulder, and leading the lame horse, took one way, and I the other.

After riding about seven miles through a pretty good country, I turned off to the left to a gentleman's of the name of Judge Cross, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was a judge under the United States government, and had federal jurisdiction as far as the Mexican frontier. The house was on a knoll about half a mile from the road, and I reached it a little after dark.

Fastening my horse to a paling which surrounded a neat-looking wooden house, built upon the double cabin plan, I entered the courtyard, and then the open space that separates the two cabins. There was a cheerful light in the room to the right, and, knocking at the door with a pilgrim's feeling, I modestly entered a neat parlour, and saw a lady and two gentlemen sitting near a blazing fire. Pleasing as the aspect of all this was, that which really astonished me was a piece of furniture my wondering eyes could scarce give credit to—a real carpet. I now felt doubly full of respect for everybody and everything, and, without venturing to intrude upon the carpet, I inquired if the Judge was at home. Upon this a gentlemanly-looking

person, about thirty-five years old, rose and said he was Judge Cross. I now presented my letter, which being read, the most unaffected kind reception was given to me, and in five minutes I had the satisfaction of knowing my good horse Missouri was taken care of, and of forming one of the family circle. Mrs. Cross was a lady-like and agreeable woman, full of the most amiable attentions to me. The supper was excellent, and the evening was concluded by a very instructive conversation I had with the Judge on the geography of the country, its mineral resources, and the movements which for some time I had not been able to shut my eyes upon, in relation to the Mexican province of Texas.

The Judge informed me that his jurisdiction extended far to the west, near 200 miles, and even across Red River; for although by a treaty between Mexico and the United States the boundary betwixt the two countries was settled to be by a north line to Red River, from where the 32nd degree of N. lat. intersects the Sabine River, yet, to the astonishment of the Mexicans, a pretension was set up by the American speculators that the river—which from time immemorial had been known as the Sabine, there never having been any other stream which bore that name—was not the Sabine, but that in fact another stream lying farther to the west, and which was known by the name of *Neches*, was the true Sabine. Unfortunately for this pretension, the 32nd degree did not intersect this Neches; but as the claim had

been asserted, this was deemed of no consequence by the speculators, so the territory involved in the dispute fell under the jurisdiction of Judge Cross until the dispute was adjusted; for the land being valuable, American settlers had flocked into it, and there he was obliged to go to administer justice, traversing the wilderness alone, swimming the rivers upon his horse, and picking up his jurymen here and there, as he went along, to try his causes. I was glad of an opportunity of asking so intelligent a person, and who was so well acquainted with everything that was going on around him, how so preposterous a claim as that of carrying American jurisdiction into an acknowledged part of a neighbouring republic could be supported; but I soon found that he was too prudent to say anything to a stranger about the merits of the case, and that he rather seemed to consider the dispute decided by the fact of American citizens having taken possession of the territory. I could perceive that this gentleman, who appeared in everything else to be a man of candour, entertained, in common with his countrymen, the opinion that the United States were always in the right, and that all countries that differed with them were necessarily in the wrong.

When the hour for retiring arrived, I was conducted to a bed-room, where I found a good fire, nicely plastered walls, and not a space in any part of them through which you could put your head to see what it was the hogs were making such a noise

about. The bed looked nice and clean, but there was one thing I did not like about it, and that was a pillow too much, for there were two on the bolster. And there was something else in the room I liked still less, in the form of a not very agreeable-looking person, exceedingly out of health, who took his seat near the fire after the Judge had retired, and whose attitude created a strong suspicion and misgiving in me that he had a deliberate intention of laying his long thin head upon one of the pillows, a privilege he was at least as much entitled as myself to exercise, being the Judge's brother. I was contriving various plans how to avoid this unwelcome association, when he suddenly relieved my anxiety by bidding me good night and leaving the room.

Of all the distressing situations in which I could be placed, the keenest of all would be to be compelled to pass the night on the same bed with another man, and that man a stranger, a tobacco eater, and perpetual expectorator. Much as I dreaded my worthy friend whilst these fears were operating upon me, I felt quite amiably disposed towards him as soon as he had left the room, and approached the bed and examined it. Certainly never did man feel more delighted at drawing the highest prize in the lottery than I did at beholding two fine white linen sheets, it being the first time I had seen such a phenomenon for several months. Having satisfied myself that I was to have the un-

disputed possession of this luxury and performed my rapid ablutions, I hastened to the perfect enjoyment of all this comfort that the kind Mrs. Cross had provided for me.

As soon as the dawn appeared—and the first ray of light always awakens me as if some foreign body impinged upon my eyes—I rose and dressed myself, and, being perfectly refreshed with a sweet night's rest, walked out to look at one of the most lovely countries I had ever seen. Everything had become changed since the preceding day, the sandstone and its constant concomitants the pine-trees had been left behind, and I had now got to a fine gentle undulating country, usually called *rolling* here, which appeared to consist of a chain of prairies running westward and parallel with Red River for a great distance, until the whole country becomes one vast prairie, devoid of trees, except those which grow immediately upon the water-courses. Some of these prairies were mere bald spots of half an acre and more, whilst others contained several hundred acres, in every instance surrounded with a belt of timber and plants peculiar to the country.

It seemed doubtful from the first superficial examination whether the trees were gradually gaining upon the prairies or those upon the forest. The woods and the copses where Judge Cross had erected his neat cabin were very lovely, and there were from thirty to fifty acres of land attached to the house without being disfigured by the coarse

stumps of American clearings. I was gratified to find also that the whole soil consisted of the same dark waxy substance I had passed the preceding day; it was as black as charred wood, and had a much more inky colour than the rich vegetable mould usually found in low grounds, although it was mild to the taste, and did not appear to owe its colour to sulphate of iron, which is always more or less astringent, especially in the black clayey earths of New Jersey and other portions of the Atlantic coast. On stooping down to examine the soil in a small corn-field, I perceived it abounded with fine specimens of helices, and whilst I was gathering these I saw fragments of the large thick shells of Gryphæa convexa; in the course of half an hour I had collected besides these some perfect shells of Exogyra costata, both valves adhering, and which had never been disturbed. Returning to the house, I procured a spade and a negro to assist me, and digging in a low part where a stream had worn a channel in the soil, I found reasons to believe that this portion of the country which had the *quasi* prairie character, was bottomed upon immense beds of rotten limestone, probably derived from the testaceous remains of the mollusca I have named, since entire shells in a soft state are found embedded in the limestone. These mollusca are the characteristic fossils of the subcretaceous* deposits of Mon-

* The term "subcretaceous" is here used in reference to the order of the geological strata in England, chalk, in place,

mouth in New Jersey, which are most probably contemporaneous with these in the southern parts of Arkansas.

At breakfast, having turned the conversation upon the fossils which were in such abundance here, the Judge informed me that his corn-field whence I had taken the shells was part of a natural prairie, one of an immense number that extended to the west; and that he believed, from the personal observations he had made, that the black land of which all these prairies consisted, and which in a rainy time was so waxy that it was difficult to walk or stir in it, was about five miles in breadth, and extended an immense distance. This exceedingly increased my desire to see more of this southern country in company with the Judge; so after breakfast he very obligingly mounted his horse, and we made an agreeable excursion in the neighbourhood, calling for a short time at the little insignificant wooden village of Washington, where the government land-sales were holding.

not having yet been seen in America. But as the Gryphæa convexa and Exogyra costata are identically the same in Arkansas as those found in the New Jersey deposits, and as these conform as to succession to the order of deposit of the English beds, and contain numerous molluscous and vertebrated fossils bearing undoubted generic relations to the fossils of the subcretaceous beds in England, I conceive myself justified in applying this term as an equivalent, especially as I am of opinion that there is not a stratum of any kind in North America which does not more or less add to the proofs of a co-existent order of succession.

I was not desirous of remaining long at this place. General Houston was here, leading a mysterious sort of life, shut up in a small tavern, seeing nobody by day and sitting up all night. The world gave him credit for passing these his waking hours in the study of *trente et quarante* and *sept à lever;* but I had been in communication with too many persons of late, and had seen too much passing before my eyes, to be ignorant that this little place was the rendezvous where a much deeper game than faro or rouge-et-noir was playing. There were many persons at this time in the village from the States lying adjacent to the Mississippi, under the pretence of purchasing government lands, but whose real object was to encourage the settlers in Texas to throw off their allegiance to the Mexican government. Many of these individuals were personally acquainted with me; they knew I was not with them, and would naturally conclude I was against them. Having nothing whatever in common with their plans, and no inclination to forward or oppose them, I perceived that the longer I staid the more they would find reason to suppose I was a spy upon their actions, and as soon as the Judge had spoken to a few of his friends we came away.

On our way back, in crossing the zone of black land, we invariably found grypheous valves, sometimes profusely scattered around with their opercula separated from them, and at other times with their valves closed and a small quantity of calcareous

matter lying upon the place of the muscular attachment, which the Judge said his negroes called "petrified oysters." Sometimes, in low situations, the black earth gave place to a deep red marle of great fertility, but in this marle I never perceived any shells, and upon considering the situations in which it lay, I saw that it must have been deposited there by fresh water that had passed over these low places posterior to the abandonment by the sea of the subcretaceous beds. The shells invariably seemed to be most perfect and abundant on the highest part of the knolls on the prairie land, probably from the land draining sooner there and the shells being consequently kept drier. The fertility of the soils in this part of the country renders them eminently fitted for cotton, which, as I had many opportunities of observing, succeeds extremely well: the staple is fine, and the produce in good seasons reaches from 1500 to 2000 lbs. of cotton in the seed to the acre. Wheat has not yet been fairly tried, but the few experimental essays which have been made are encouraging. Indian corn yields from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre. I was told, however, that if these plants were cultivated where the black earth had been very much washed from the subjacent limestone, they *pined* in dry seasons, the leaves drying up and the stalks gradually dying. In moderately wet seasons this is not the case, the maize then does very well, and cotton does not require so much moisture.

Take it altogether, this is a very lovely and desirable country; picturesque prairies, charming woods, and lively streams abound everywhere. Amongst other plants I remarked the Crab-Apple (*Malus coronaria*) and the Bois d'Arc (*Maclura aurantiaca*): the former is in prodigious abundance, and attains an orchard-like growth, some of the trees being twenty feet high and ten inches in diameter, and in the season of blossoms are said to scent the whole country around. The Bois d'Arc, or bow-wood, with its orange-like fruit and leaf, also flourishes here, but is more rare; its wood is of a beautiful yellow colour, something resembling the sumac, and of it the Indians make their best bows, from which it has its trivial name.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Probable origin of Prairies—Land most attractive when to be obtained without paying for—Mr. Prior—Great abuse of the Government Land Sales—An Oasis in the Wilderness—Contrast between the educated and uneducated Classes—Two patriotic Members of the Sovereign People.

In regard to the origin of prairies, an opinion has been expressed by Mr. Jefferson and others, that all prairies have been produced by the Indian practice of firing the herbage annually, and thus eventually destroying the grown timber as well as inferior plants. This cause would certainly seem to be a sufficient one in those districts upon which no other could apparently operate; but the geological phenomena of this part of the country suggest, perhaps, a more probable reason why such extensive areas of country should be without trees. The surface presents broken-down marine shelly matter, accumulated into local beds and extensive hill deposits, after the manner in which we know the oyster and some other testaceous families accumulate their shells in recent times; and the general irregularity of the surface is not dissimilar to that which is presented by soundings made upon many marine coasts. These

accumulations are more or less covered with a vegeto-animal deposit, probably derived from fuci, algæ, molluscæ, and other vegetable and animal products of the ocean, that by the constantly acting power of the elements has been partially removed, and carried by rains towards the lowlands and streams. Hence this covering, which originally had been equally deposited, is now diminished in some places and thickened in others.

These characteristics of the prairie country, as far as this particular zone of prairies is concerned, are common to a vast extent of country. Eastwards from hence, the zone extends from 33° 40′ to 32° 30′ N. lat., in the State of Alabama, where wells have been dug 500 feet deep through this rotten limestone into slate with quartzose veins; and throughout this extended line,—all of which I have personally examined,—the characteristic shells of this subcretaceous formation have been found. In my cabinet I possess gryphæa, exogyra, and other fossils from localities far up the *False Washita*,—one of the most important forks of Red River,—from the Kiamesha, 200 miles farther east; from the state of Mississippi, from the Prairie Bluffs in the state of Alabama, and from the state of New Jersey; all of them identical with those found in this part of Arkansas. We are warranted, therefore, in considering this zone of prairies as part of an ancient floor of the ocean, and may reasonably expect, when further investigations shall have been made, to trace the

littoral bounds of the North American sea during the subcretaceous and tertiary periods, parts of which are now clearly marked by all the unequivocal circumstances which I have described.

When the ocean abandoned these areas, they were of course without plants. Now, by whatever method plants begin first to take possession of the soil, whether by spontaneous growth or by the agency of seeds transported thither, they are, where the vegetable matter is thin and the season unfavourable, liable to perish; and even where they are not thus exposed it is to be remembered that these prairies were over-run, as the more distant western prairies still are, with countless herds of roaming buffaloes, which, by their periodical occupation of the country, would assist in exterminating all young plants and plants of a vigorless constitution. These may be enumerated amongst the efficient causes of a prairie or meadow state of extensive tracts of country, a view of the subject which is somewhat strengthened by the admitted fact of plants in modern times encroaching on the prairies; for it is observed, that they now begin to flourish where vegetable matter has accumulated, being secured from the devastating teeth and hoofs of the buffalo, all of which have left this part of the country, for where man *settles* that animal never remains long.

The singular contrast too betwixt so many prairie tracts without plants, and those dense and interminable forests which cover so large a portion of the

continent of North America, is to be accounted for by geological causes. With the exception of the tertiary and subcretaceous areas referred to, the other mineral formations in North America appear not to rise higher in the geological column than the beds of the carboniferous series, the entire oolitic series being deficient; and when we consider the immense period of time that must have intervened betwixt the deposit of the coal series and the subcretaceous beds, we find no difficulty in supposing that when the ocean retired from these last and they became terra firma, the dry land which had preceded them was in the forest state. Unless, therefore, we call to our aid spontaneous growth, we have only to choose betwixt prairies destined to remain for ever without plants, or prairies slowly filling up with plants derived from the seeds of those forests which clothed the more ancient formations. The borders of the prairies would be planted first, and thus we can conceive of every new generation of plants giving some of its seeds—their structure being eminently fitted for so great a purpose—to the winds and the waters, and gradually extending the forests; as the present members of the human family who now possess the land send forth their generations to advance upon and settle the country for the uses of posterity.

This seems a more natural and just method of accounting for the immense prairies of the west, and the pampas of the southern portion of the American

continent, than conjectural opinions founded on a convenient method adopted by the Indians to secure their game; a method which they have successfully practised at all times, to burn the cane and high grass in the upland forests, and which has somewhat thinned but has not destroyed them, as we see from the state of the more open woods in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri, and Arkansas; where, now that the Indians have abandoned the country, the undergrowth is rapidly occupying the ground again. It therefore appears to me that those prairies, instead of having been denuded by fire, have never, since the ocean abandoned them, been covered by any vegetables of greater importance than the gramina.

Fertile and beautiful as the country is where Judge Cross resides, it is singular, that although it is one of the most salubrious parts of Arkansas, and enjoys such a temperate climate, yet American citizens from great distances are constantly traversing it, amidst all sorts of privations and difficulties, to seek a precarious existence in the unknown lands of Texas. Hundreds of thousands of acres of the very first quality, and which they could obtain at the insignificant price established by law of a dollar and a quarter an acre, are passed by as if they did not deserve their attention. Put in motion by the insidious arts of the unprincipled adventurers who have for a long period contemplated this great robbery of the Mexican government, and their cupidity

awakened by the vision of magnificent farms *to be obtained for nothing*, they hasten on to a country possessing fewer advantages, little suspecting that they are but tools employed by their tempters to defend the plunder these have in contemplation. I never meet with waggons filled with these Texas emigrants, without looking upon the men as victims and the women and children as widows and orphans.

Having taken leave of the respectable family by whom I had been so agreeably entertained, I pursued my road to Red River, and after proceeding three miles came upon a barren sand which lasted all the way to the village of Washington, a miserable affair, built on a dry scorching sand-hill, and which has no resource or attraction whatever. On my previous visit here I had been made acquainted with a Mr. Prior, a Virginian, who had moved into the neighbourhood of Red River about three years before, and had established a cotton plantation in Texas; but as it was very unhealthy in the autumn on account of malaria, he had built a cabin on the uplands in Arkansas, as a place of refuge for his family. I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Prior again whilst my horse was feeding, and finding that I was going in the direction of his cabin, he said that, as he was returning home, he should be happy to accompany me, and give me lodgings for the night. Gladly accepting this offer, we left the village together, and I soon discovered that my companion was a gentlemanly and intelligent per-

son, and *wide awake* to everything that was passing around him. During our ride, that absorbing topic in this part of the world, the proceedings of the land speculators, was of course adverted to.

The passion for speculation in almost every part of this country is singularly absorbing, but is intelligible enough. As there is no rank in the United States except official rank, all those who are excluded from it are theoretically upon an equality; but this is a very different thing from *practical* equality, which seems to be beyond the powers of demonstration. The constitution of a country may require all men to be equally stupid, may forbid any man to be of a more lofty nature than the rest, and may declare that the top and the bottom are one and the same thing: all these dogmas may be proclaimed on the 4th of July from Dan to Beersheba, but will not deter men an instant from endeavouring to surpass each other in the possession of worldly advantages of every kind. Whilst these theories are brought forward to flatter the people, substantial *inequality* is what every man in America is engaged in establishing, and this by the agency of the almighty dollar, a superabundance of which being a substitute for other virtues, stands in the place of all distinction. Wealth, therefore, since it implies virtue of every imaginable kind, must be had at any cost; and good faith and fair dealing, both public and private, are not to be permitted to stand too inconveniently in the way of its acquisition.

In America, where so many have no objection to obtain it at this price, there certainly can be no avenue to its possession so tempting as speculating in the public lands; for without denying that the scheme under which they are sold in detail to the public is simple, and ostensibly fair for *bonâ fide* purchasers, yet nothing can be more admirably contrived to facilitate the proceedings of unprincipled speculators.

The country which is to be sold is surveyed into sections, land-offices are established, and a period is appointed by the highest authority in the country when a public sale is to be held, and the sections or their sub-divisions * to be struck off to the highest bidder: any of the sections, however, which remain unsold after the sale for want of bidders, being free to be entered at the minimum price established by law, of one dollar and a quarter. Nothing can appear more fair, more moderate, and more encouraging to the increasing population of the country than the scheme of this law, which was enacted by the Congress, with the sanction of many honourable and unsuspecting individuals. But what is often the practice under it? The future settler leaves his family, proceeds perhaps one thousand miles, gets a description of the sections at the land-office of the district, finds a section that suits him, builds a cabin upon it, clears a field, plants corn for the coming winter, and returns to conduct

* A section is one square mile, or 640 acres.

his family to his future home; there to await—with the hard dollars prescribed by law for payment of the land—the time to be appointed for the public sale, when he hopes to obtain a Government title for his land, at a price not exceeding one dollar and a quarter per acre. In the mean time active speculators—who find it convenient to be political partisans—combine with larger views, and form plans which often materially interfere with the industrious and unsuspecting settler.

First contriving by a little political management to place one of their number as principal person in the land-office of the district to be operated in, they next make themselves well acquainted with the nature of the soil, and other natural advantages appertaining to each of the most valuable sections of land. If one of them lies near a public road, if it has a navigable stream near it, if it is the probable site of a future court-house, and is of the first class for fertility, they send an agent to the settler who is upon it, to tell him that they mean to bid against him at the sale and to get a government title to the land at any price whatever. The dismayed settler consults his family, he knows what they are capable of doing, and that if even the section were knocked down to him at a speculating price, he could not obtain the money to pay for it. He has only to choose then between abandoning the land where he has expended so much labour, and to which he and his family have become at-

tached, or to make a ruinous compromise. This is sometimes effected by his consenting to let the speculators purchase the land at the sale, and to take a title from them instead of the government. In many cases the poor settlers have agreed to pay ten dollars an acre to these rapacious and unfeeling wretches, delivering to them the ready money they had prepared to pay to the government, and executing a mortgage to them for the remainder. Thus is the once cheerful settler weighed down to the earth with a heavy debt that presses upon him for the remainder of his life, and converted into the slave of a set of unprincipled harpies who make enormous profits by their nefarious transactions, without advancing any capital whatever.

But this is not the most atrocious thing that takes place. If the settler refuses to compromise, the parties attend the sale; the speculators constantly overbid the settler, even if they have to bid four times more than the value of the land, and of course it is struck down to them, and the settler has lost his home. Now comes the operation of a regulation of these land-offices, which is of this nature: if the price at which a section, or a half or a quarter section of land has been knocked down to any one, is not all paid within a certain number of hours, the fact is to be stated at the opening of the sale the next morning, *and the sale declared void.* The next morning, the clerk of the land-office commences by reading the numbers of the sections the price for which has

not been paid, and declares the sales of each of them void. The settler, overjoyed to find that his own section is amongst the number, goes to the clerk as soon as he is told the register is open, and directs his name to be put down as the purchaser at the minimum price of one dollar and a quarter an acre. The clerk opens the register and with affected surprise informs the applicant that another person has *just before* entered his name for that section. The deluded and unfortunate man now sees that there is no remedy; that the clerk is a confederate of these speculators, and that the whole has been arranged in concert with them to defraud him and give them—after the pretended competition at the public sale—a government title at the minimum price. These vile transactions have been repeated too often, and in some instances the names of individuals have been coupled with them that ought to have been free from every taint of suspicion: so true it is that where money is the principal avenue to distinction in a country, every honest principle is too often trampled upon to obtain it.

Mr. Prior and myself continued on this sandy pine land for some miles, and then entered upon a dead level of fine black land, underlaid by rotten testaceous matter. It continued for a great distance entirely on the same level, so that the water laid upon it as if it were a moss, and made it very unpleasant travelling, being black and exceedingly muddy and plastic: this is so much the case, that

in consequence of the pigs coming home with loads of black matter behind them, it is now the custom to cut off their tails. The land at length began to rise, and we got upon a siliceo-calcareous ridge that was a sort of water-shed, sending off streams to the north and south. Here, from the great profusion of those plants which only grow on the most fertile soils, and which are an indication of good cotton land, I perceived that we were entering into a productive district. Notwithstanding the abundance of trees we, however, as usual, saw very few birds except the crow, a cosmopolite that is found everywhere, even in the deepest solitudes of Arkansas; but his presence always gives me pleasure, for the sound of his voice diminishes time and distance, strikes upon the chords of early youth, and carries me back to those careless days when the crow was amongst the most familiar of my acquaintances.

As we advanced, lofty pines mixed with oaks covered the ridge, which presented an excellent surface for agricultural purposes. Taking a short cut, Mr. Prior led the way, and we threaded the mazes of the pines that now assumed an astonishing height and diameter, such as I had never before seen out of Canada. We seemed to be buried in an interminable forest; night had fallen, and I began to think we must necessarily have a still fatiguing ride to perform ere we got out of the woods to this cabin we were in search of; when

turning to the left we suddenly came upon it, and I confess I have seldom been more pleasingly surprised. In the midst of a forest of pine trees, few of them less than three feet in diameter, a clearing of a few acres had been effected, an admirable fence put round it, and the whole divided into regular compartments. In one of these, consisting perhaps of a couple of acres, were several detached buildings made of hewn logs, but finished in a very neat manner, except those which had been hastily thrown up for the use of the negroes. On entering this precinct, at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards from the buildings, I hardly knew how to repress my admiration. I had been forming to myself an idea of a humble cabin hastily got together in the woods, when a villa of very neat proportions appeared before me, with a quadrangle bordered with plants here and there, regularly laid out into broad walks; whilst the squares between the walks, so far from having been ploughed or dug up, were still filled with the huge stumps of the pines that had grown there only eighteen months before, when Mr. Prior first commenced to cut the pine trees down. Another compartment had been turned into an excellent vegetable garden, where all sorts of good things were growing, and here the stumps had been eradicated. This was truly an oasis in the desert, and I saw at once that Mr. and Mrs Prior had been accustomed to the refined comforts of life, and had the sense to create them wherever they went. That

nothing might be wanting to complete the evidence my eyes were collecting of this, just as we reached the house I distinctly heard the tones of a piano—a piano in the wilderness, within ten miles of a Mexican province!

When so many pleasing things come unexpectedly upon us, the imagination easily enters upon the task of investing them with attractions yet unseen; and as I had found order, neatness, and music, in a forest, where a short time before I had, at the best, anticipated a rude cabin to shelter me during the night, I came at once to the comfortable conclusion that such things as a good supper and a bed might also be found here, nor was I disappointed. Mrs. Prior received me very politely, and there was no want of the most hospitable attentions during my stay. Mr. Prior had resided a short time on his cotton plantation, south of Red River, but finding it insalubrious, and having an only daughter, a nice little girl of ten years old, he sought a healthy situation in the hills at a convenient distance, and selecting a spot where there was an ample spring of fine pellucid water, he commenced his *improvements*, carrying them on with great spirit and taste. Without the fence which enclosed his buildings, were huge piles of logs from the pine trees which had been cut down, and which had been rolled into large heaps to dry before they could be burnt up. It would have broken the heart of a regular timber-merchant

to see hundreds upon hundreds of the finest logs—without a single knot in them—deliberately put on one side to be converted into smoke and ashes; a proceeding that justifies the application of the old saw, that "What is one man's food is another man's poison," for there being no saw-mills at present in the country to work up these beautiful trees, they are glad to resort to the least incommodious way of getting rid of them.

The example of this gentleman, in providing for the health and comfort of his family, is about to be followed, I understand, by other planters: they talk already of building a church, and from what I hear, they have a cheerful prospect before them of establishing a social and moral colony of educated people in this part of Arkansas.

How great a contrast is shown in the results produced by settlers of the educated and uneducated classes! The individuals of this last, notwithstanding the "sovereign" privileges with which they are dignified, seem, wherever I have had an opportunity of observing them, to have but one object in view, which is the immediate gratification of animal wants. Order, cleanliness, propriety, seem never to be thought of; they build a rude cabin, they remain in it till it rots, they patch it up as long as they can, and only when it has begun to tumble down, build another as rude as the first. They live twenty or thirty years in the same place without discovering that they have a single moral

want. Religion is never spoken of, and the Sabbath day to them is nothing but a day when it is a custom for the husband to shave himself, and the wife to go out a visiting. If an individual comes amongst them with higher views, they do not aspire to his standard, but seek to drag him down to their level, as being exactly the situation they would choose if they were in his place, for nothing seems to appear more natural to democracy than dirt. An anecdote was once related to me which illustrates this well.

One of the sovereign people, who was returning home from a political meeting in New York, where he had been amazingly sublimated with magnificent speeches about the exceeding virtuous infallibility of the class he belonged to, and with just as much whiskey as had materially deranged his centre of gravity, went along, with uncertain steps, and thinking aloud, when suddenly the street seemed to be so unaccountably steep as to render it necessary to lift his legs as much as if he was getting up stairs. A little giddiness next seized him as if he had been on the deck of a vessel in the Bay of Biscay, and opening his eyes wide, he saw a large brick house coming *full split* at him round the corner; out of the way of this he had but just happily got, when the ground flew up, struck him in the forehead, and knocked him into the gutter. Finding it a natural and easy position, he remained contentedly there until the inclination to get to a

drier place took him, when perceiving the approach of another member of the republican royal family, pretty much in the same happy state as he had been in, he said, "Won't—you—be—so—'bliging —as—lend—me a—hand—out—of—the gutter?" "That 's—jist—*on*possible," courteously replied the new comer, "but—if you—like—I 'll come—and —lie—down—by you."

The degraded state of things which prevails amongst the lower classes cannot improve of itself, but must grow worse from generation to generation, without the aid of living moral examples; the efforts, therefore, which Mr. Prior and his friends are making to establish a rational mode of existence in this part of the country, deserve every encouragement and commendation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mr. Williams; his adventures—Blunder of the Mexican Government—Reach Red River—Cross into the Mexican Province of Texas—Lost Prairie, a beautiful tract of land—Surprising Crop of Cotton in a field of 300 acres—The Abolition of Slavery a hopeless case—The future—Wild Muscadel Grape.

AFTER breakfast, having made my acknowledgments for so much kindness, I took leave, and accompanied by a Mr. Williams, who was a visitor there, pursued my way to Red River, distant only ten miles, following the southern slope of the pine hills, which show a great many beds of ferruginous sandstone. At the foot of these hills the rich and broad bottom land of Red River commences, which is considered to be of the very first class of cotton lands in this part of North America. A portion of it had just been sold at the public land-sale at Washington, and some of the sections had brought as high a price as ten, and even thirteen dollars an acre. The bottom is about a mile in width on the north side of the river, and is densely covered with lowland timber, such as cotton wood (*Populus monilifera*), the huge branches of which are as white as snow, other trees of the syca-

more kind, deciduous cypress, and immense canes 20 to 30 feet high.

I found my companion, Mr. Williams, an interesting person. He had passed a very adventurous life, was a short thin man, looking much older than he was, from the effects of exposure and various hardships, and as he told me, from the great quantity of calomel he had been obliged to take when attacked by fever and ague. He was a native of Connecticut, and had entered into the Mexican service previous to the elevation of Iturbide. Attaching himself to an American named Long, a partisan in that service, with the rank of Colonel or General, and who was assassinated in the streets of Mexico by daylight, on account, as it was thought, of his too zealous Republicanism—he had been imprisoned with other Americans, obnoxious to Iturbide, and condemned to be shot. His life, however, was spared, and having survived many turbulent adventures, he had attached himself to another of his countrymen, a Colonel Milam, who, for services to the Mexican Government, had received a grant of eleven leagues of land on Red River, and on this grant Mr. Williams had resided many years *alone*, in a small cabin, providing everything for himself, and very seldom even seeing his friend Colonel Milam, whose public duties and private affairs seldom permitted him to visit his grant on Red River. It is probable, too, that the Mexican Government kept a jealous eye upon his movements,

this grant being comprehended in the territorial dispute which has been before mentioned, for it is well known to them that persons occupying land on the frontier consider themselves in the United States or in Texas, just as it suits their interests. They are Mexicans until they get a title from the Mexican Government, but as the Americans are the only settlers who give an intrinsic value to the land by their labour, it becomes the interest of every proprietor to encourage the annexation of the country to the United States, a measure, any serious attempt to consummate which, will be a severe trial to the Federal Union. Nor can the Mexicans be blind to the movement that is now going on in relation to the province of Texas, or fail to have their doubts about the fidelity of individuals situated as Colonel Milam is. Indeed all the persons who have possessions on the disputed line, being native-born citizens of the United States, may be considered as pioneers of the advancing Anglo-American population, and to be only waiting for favourable opportunities to indulge in their irresistible propensity to spread themselves over conterminous territories, with or without any title to them.

In this quarter no obstacle whatever appears to present itself to their advance. The indiscreet legislation of Mexico, by which American citizens have been permitted to settle in Texas, upon condition of conforming to its laws, of adopting the Roman

Catholic religion, and abolishing slavery, has already put the country into their possession; the conditions will none of them be observed, and when it is too late, Mexico will find that it would have been easier to have kept them out, than it will be to turn them out. But as Mexico is essentially a revolutionary government, and as no party at the capital will probably for a long time be strong enough to do more than attend to its own interests, it is almost self-evident that if ever she has the inclination, she will never have the power to govern —at a distance of 1800 miles—a race of active and intrepid men, who are hostile to her laws, religion, and manners. It would seem, therefore, that Mexico, in relation to the settlement of Texas, has made an irretrievable false step.

On reaching the banks of Red River, although I was very much delighted at having successfully penetrated to this extreme frontier of the broad territory of the United States, yet I could not but perceive that nothing could be less beautiful or picturesque than the river and its shores. The stream was here about 200 yards wide, sluggish, muddy, and chocolate coloured; deriving its colour from the deep red earth it has in ancient times deposited, and through which it now flows; and exhibiting on its banks an impenetrable wilderness of briars, plants of various kinds, and lofty canes of from 20 to 30 feet high. The next thing was to cross the river at what is called Dooley's Ferry, to the Texas

side, where, on account of the present low stage of the water, there was an extensive beach of 200 yards or more. As soon as the ferryboat touched the Mexican shore, I hastened to lead my horse over the beach as rapidly as I could, for the ferryman told me that it was very dangerous, would scarcely bear the weight of a horse, and might *suck* him in, if I loitered. I soon saw this was good advice, for the bog shook in a treacherous manner, and Missouri, who did not appear to like this unusual surface, aiding with great agility, we soon reached the hard land, and found ourselves in what the ferryman called "Spain."

We now were upon an exceedingly fertile bottom between three and four miles wide, densely full of plants and trees, amongst which I recognised for the first time the Palmetto, with its graceful fanlike shape. Having got through it, we came upon drier and blacker land, and then to a locality called *Lost Prairie,* which is a tract of about 2000 acres of incredible beauty and fertility, bearing extraordinary crops of cotton, and gracefully surrounded by picturesque woods. I had never seen the cotton plant growing in perfection before, for in the cotton districts I had already passed through, the plant was a low dwarfed bush not exceeding two feet high; but here the whole country was filled with stately and umbrageous bushes five feet high, covered with innumerable pods resembling large white roses. Having found out where the plantation of a Dr. Jones was,

to whom I had a letter of introduction, I rode there, and learned that he was from home, but his family offering to receive me, I determined to remain at their house for the night, that I might have an opportunity of looking at the immediate neighbourhood. It was a charming sunny day, the thermometer (Dec. 11) stood at 74° out of doors, and not a cloud in the sky.

It had occurred to me, before I crossed Red River, that it would be prudent not to prolong my stay in Texas at this time. All the persons whom I had had any intercourse with, appeared to be of one opinion as to the expediency and propriety of occupying and detaching this province from the Mexican Government, and it was easy to see that they thought the moment for action was drawing nigh. Upon several occasions, when this important subject was earnestly discussed in my presence, I had remained silent; and as this was unusual in a quarter where all men had some plan or other to offer to accelerate their design, I was by many regarded as a spy upon them. If I had waited here until my son joined me, and then advanced farther into the country, some outbreak might take place, and we might become involved in its consequences, or have found it difficult to return. I determined, therefore, as the most prudent course, to defer my examination of the interior of the province until I could do it with the permission of the Mexican authorities, or until the country had become quiet enough to

admit of my moving about without observation. In the mean time there was something to see here, and I set about making the best use I could of the time I intended to stay.

It is impossible to exaggerate the extraordinary fertility of the soil of Lost Prairie. I had an opportunity of examining the nature of the deposit in a well just dug to the depth of thirty feet from the surface; the first three feet went through a rich black vegetable mould, and the remaining twenty-seven through a reddish-coloured argillaceo-calcareous earth, so that it would seem impossible to exhaust a soil of this kind. In favourable seasons they gather from 1500 to 2500 lbs. of cotton in the seed to the acre, which, when the seed is taken out by the cotton gin, leaves from twenty-five to thirty per cent. in weight of marketable raw cotton. It is considered a fair crop if it produces one bale of 450 lbs. of such cotton to the acre, and where for every working negro on the plantation six or eight bales can be turned out. I observed that it was not the same species of plant I had seen growing in Tennessee, and was told it was the Mexican white-seeded cotton, which was preferred in this part of the country, because it yields more to the acre and is much easier gathered. Some of the plants were near six feet high, and sent forth branches in great profusion, covered with large white bolls resembling the Guelder Rose when in full perfection. I counted 300 bolls on one stem, but Dr. Jones's overseer told

me that he had counted as many as 360 on one stem this season. The field these plants were in contained 300 acres, and it was so dazzling white to look upon as to create rather a painful sensation in the eyes.

Although the climate in this latitude, 33° 40′, is well fitted for the cotton plant, yet I am informed that farther to the south, in 31° 30′, it flourishes still more; for when the first set of blossoms of the cotton plant is going to seed, the plant, in congenial climes, puts out "new buds," which also come to maturity; and where the climate is so propitious as to give the plant all the advantages of a free growth, unchecked by early or late frosts, it can be gathered three times.

Notwithstanding it was so late in the year, only one half of this field was gathered, and the proprietor was now on a journey to purchase an additional gang of slaves, intending to plant 400 acres the next season.

However lightly these people may hold the Mexicans, whose superiors they undoubtedly are in industry and enterprise, yet the Mexicans stand at a proud moral distance from them in regard to slavery, which is abolished in their republic. What can be more abominable than the hypocritical cant with which these people intrude into a country which does not belong to them? To believe them, they have no motive but to establish "free institutions, civil and religious." Yet in defiance of

human freedom, just laws, and true religion, they proceed to consummate their real purpose, which is to people the country with slaves in order to cover it with cotton crops. The poor slaves I saw here did not appear to me to stand any higher in the scale of animal existence than the horse: the horse does his daily task, eats his changeless provender, and at night is driven to his stable to be shut in, until he is again drawn forth at the earliest dawn to go through the same unpitied routine until he dies. This is the history of the slave in Texas, differing in nothing from that of the horse, except that instead of maize and straw he is supplied with a little salt pork to his maize, day after day, without any change, until death relieves him from his wearisome existence. The occupation of Texas by the Americans, where there are so many millions of acres of the most fertile cotton lands, will convert the old slave-holding part of the United States into a disgusting nursery for young slaves, because the *black crop* will produce more money to the proprietors than any other crop they can cultivate.

For this reason the insufficiency of the Mexican Government for the protection of their own territory appears to me to be one of the greatest misfortunes that could have happened to the human family in our times, when the minds of men, especially in North America, were gradually inclining to the universal abolition of slavery. In the States of Maryland and Virginia slavery was no longer a

profitable state of things: tobacco had exhausted the best soils, and the plantations, with very few exceptions, no longer maintained even the slaves. As the slaves became gradually a burden to their masters, these last would have got into a calmer state of mind in regard to slavery, and been more disposed to concur in some humane legislation for its abolition, by declaring all black children to be free who were born after a prospective period; so that the change from slavery to freedom being gradual would scarcely have been felt, and, as had before occurred in the State of New York by the enactment of a statute which conferred immortal honour upon the people of that State, the day of universal emancipation would have arrived undreaded and almost unperceived.

The examples of two such States as Virginia and Maryland, both of which, and especially the first, have produced such eminent men, would have had great weight with the other slave-holding States, and perhaps have led the way to an universal abolition. But a boundless field is now opened for the extension of slavery to a country that had been happily freed from it; and it is much to be feared that the evil, which almost seemed as if it were about to cease from self-exhaustion, will at some not very distant day present itself with such a fearful aspect as to menace the suppression of all rational civil government where slavery prevails. In the recent history of the civil wars of the South

American States we have seen what desperate uses have been made of the negro race and the mixed breeds called Sambos and by other names proceeding from it; and as similar causes will produce like effects at opportune seasons, we may well look with apprehension to a future time, when the negro race and its congeners, who already count by millions, may strive, though it is to be hoped in vain, for the mastery over our own descendants. These are opinions that give mortal offence to the existing generation of slave-dealing Americans, but transactions of this kind are pregnant with immense consequences that must influence the future fate of their country; nor can observers who believe in the responsibility of man for his actions be deterred from thinking that their descendants will not be able to escape that retribution which nations as well as individuals owe to the violated laws of humanity and justice. This is exactly a case to which the awful words, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations," most manifestly apply.

On the edge of this prairie, and in various situations not far distant from the river, is a chain of lakes like that near the Mammelle in Arkansas, and which evidently are upon the line of an ancient bed of the river. Five miles south of Lost Prairie is Little Prairie, a small patch of fertile land of about 150 acres; and five miles farther south of it is Fisher's Prairie, consisting of 1500 acres of good

land. To the north-west of Lost Prairie are two others of considerable extent, which go by the name of Elam's Prairie and Hickman's Prairie. The woodland around these would in any other country be deemed to be land of the first quality; but the people here are spoiled by the possession of land that merely wants fencing and ploughing; any land that requires to be cleared and drained, whatever its quality may be, they consider a "hard bargain." I am not surprised at this: the land of Lost Prairie would spoil any farmer; it not only is surprisingly fertile, but lies so high and dry that the black mould resembles heaps of ashes, and consequently requires no draining. Last year the summer was intensely hot, and one of the lakes, which covered a great area of country, but was not deep, suffered so much by evaporation, that it could not preserve its fish, which all died, and were to be seen floating on the water. The inhabitants, too, sometimes pay dearly for the possession of this beautiful place, and were exceedingly sickly last year.

On the sand-hills, about fourteen miles south-west of this place, there is a kind of muscadel grape growing, which is very rich and sweet; the plant runs on the ground and bears an amber-coloured fruit. The other wild grape-vines in the woodland bottoms climb the loftiest trees, their stems hanging from great heights like huge boas, and are frequently nine inches in diameter. I made a collection of such vines as I thought might be cultivated with

success, and put them up with some other things in wet moss, and the last thing I did, after finishing my examination of the neighbourhood, was to cut a fine stick of the Bois d'Arc; then seating myself upon my faithful Missouri, amidst all sorts of bundles and sticks, I turned my back upon the fair and sunny fields of Texas, now doomed to the curse of slave-labour, and on as serene, beautiful, and soft a December morning as ever was graced by a cloudless sky in Italy, I once more reached the banks of Red River.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Course and ancient Channels of Red River—The Great Raft—Method adopted of cutting it out—Danger to which New Orleans is exposed—Fight betwixt a Man and a Panther—Tragical Story of a Hunter—Comical relation of a Solo played by a Negro to a Gang of Wolves—Fossil Oysters in the Saline.

THIS important river, the Rio Roxo of the Spanish discoverers, takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and after flowing to the east through immense plains is compelled, when it reaches the mountainous country of Arkansas, to deflect a little to the south. On reaching the point where I was now about to cross it, it takes a course a little west of south, as far as the 33rd degree of N. lat., when it changes again, and takes up a channel to the E. of S., until it nearly strikes the 31st degree of N. lat.; here it inclines to the north, receives the waters of Black River, and with its increased volume forces its way almost due south, and joins the Mississippi. In its entire line it is remarkable for a tortuous and serpentine course, and has frequently abandoned its channel in particular localities, the ancient lines of which can always be traced. From the point where it

turns to the east and north, a little north of the 31st degree of N. lat., it appears to have once flowed south down the line of the Atchafalaya River into the bay bearing that name in the Gulf of Mexico, and not to have joined the Mississippi. There is a chain of lagoons on that line still choked up with rafts of dead timber, which, when it had accumulated in sufficient quantities, no doubt caused the current to deflect to the east, and gave the river its present direction into the Mississippi. These chains of lagoons, which are invariably upon the line of an ancient channel, abound both on the north and south sides of Red River, and are amongst the immédiate causes of the insalubrity of the climate during certain months of the year. It was one of those extensive lagoons on the Mexican side of Red River, upon the beautiful tract of land over which I passed, which had lost its fish in consequence of excessive evaporation, the water having become glairy and incapable of sustaining them.

In those remote periods when the False Washita and other tributaries of Red River were working out their channels, the deposits of dead timber must have been immense, not only filling the channel of Red River in the first instance down the line of the Atchafalaya, but subsequently blocking up extensive portions of its existing course to the Mississippi; and it has frequently happened that after those rafts have compelled the river to change its course, the same causes operating upon the new line, have

turned the river back again into its old channel, where it has forced its way through the raft it had formerly deposited. We have evidence of this not far from the junction of Red River with the Mississippi, in the fragments of those rafts which are still to be seen sticking out of the banks of the stream, the main body having rotted away from the point which terminates what is called the *Great Raft*, and passed down with the current into the Mississippi. Similar instances of this kind of operation, but of still greater antiquity, are to be seen in the banks of the upper part of the Missouri, where the river has cut through beds of lignite.

Of the extent of these deposits of dead timber something like an adequate idea can be formed by giving some details of the nature and extent of that particular one called the *Great Raft*, and of those means adopted to remove it, which do so much honour to the Congress that authorised them, and to Captain Shreve, the officer to whom the execution of the work was entrusted. When this intelligent and energetic man came upon the ground in the spring of 1833, he found that the raft extended up the bed of the river for *one hundred and fifty miles*. Not that the whole channel of the river was blocked up by it, but the dead timber occupying one-third of the breadth of the river, the whole stream had consequently become unnavigable, numerous mud islands having been formed everywhere, especially on the surface of the raft, and

trees and bushes growing on them all. Not far from the line of the river were numerous lagoons and swamps—once its ancient bed—into which the river passed by bayous and low places; these he stopped up with timber taken from the raft, and confining the stream to its bed, produced a current of three miles an hour; whereas, before he began his operations, he found the river quite dead, and without current for forty miles below the southern termination of the raft. As soon as a current was established, he, by means of huge floating saw-mills, worked by steam, cut portions of the raft out, and let them float down the stream. At length the current became sufficiently lively to wear away the mud-banks and islands, and give an average depth of twenty-five feet to the river. During the first season of his operations he succeeded in removing about *seventy* miles of the whole mass of the Great Raft, and it is now confidently believed that a good steamboat navigation will soon be opened to its farthest extent; so that not only the salubrity of the country will be much improved, but an immense quantity of fertile lands will be drained and brought to their value, to indemnify the government for the expense.

The deflection from their courses of those noble rivers that flow in the southern portions of the United States, is a matter of the deepest importance to the inhabitants of those countries; both as respects their navigation, their health, the drainage

of their lands, and the value of their landed property. Any one who looks at the course of the river Mississippi on the map, will see that when it reaches the 31st degree of N. lat., it deflects east of south, and pursues a S.E. course to the Gulf of Mexico, passing the city of New Orleans on its way. But as nothing is more certain than that the Mississippi once continued its course to the Gulf, from the 31st degree by the line of the Atchafalaya, it is evident that if ever the river, at the point of confluence with the mouth of Red River, should be permitted to regain its ancient channel, the city of New Orleans will be in danger of being left high and dry, and the present bed from the Balize upwards of becoming a line of lagoons and swamps.

Having crossed the river, I again—after a long ride of 36 miles—reached the hospitable mansion of Judge Cross. In the morning I pursued my journey, and coming to the Little Missouri found the waters very much abated, and no ferryman within sight. I remembered that the house was at some distance from the river, and could not be seen from it, so taking a horn which I found suspended from a tree for the purpose, I blew in vain for at least half an hour. Nobody coming to ferry me across, I was reduced to the necessity of attempting to ford the river, which was accomplished with great inconvenience; for Missouri having a great aversion to passing deep streams, and not knowing the direction of the ford, which was in an

oblique line, I got completely wet. On reaching the house I found two vulgar and very stupid white women, and a negress; being a little out of humour I immediately began to reproach them with not sending somebody down to point out the ford, when the old negress said she had told *Miss* Brindley (her mistress, about 54 years old) that it would be best to let her go down and see who was blowing the horn, but that she said, "She reckoned it was no matter, she allowed they would find the way across somehow or other." Upon this I said some very severe things to the young lady, and begged she would never be so inconsiderate again, as it might be a child on horseback, or an invalid incapable of assisting himself. She seemed sensible of her fault, for she said if I would eat something I should have nothing to pay for it.

That night I slept at Hignite's again, and starting early on a fine cold moonlight morning, rode on to Mrs. Barkman's, where I fed my horse. The old lady, who was standing at the door with her pipe in her left hand, and a comfortable chew of tobacco in her cheek, shook hands heartily with me, and asked me how I liked Texas, adding before I could give her an answer, "that she could not see what folks was sich —— fools as to go there for." Having forded the Caddo without difficulty, I hastened on to Mitchell's, where I arrived at 4 P.M., and found my son, who had been endeavouring to amuse himself with hunting, but was thoroughly

tired of the wretched fare they had given him. Not feeling disposed to see any more of it myself, and my horse appearing fresh, we put him into the waggon again after half an hour's rest, and shouldering the rifle, I started again on foot for a settler's named Dean, about seven miles off, leaving my son to come on with the vehicle. It became very dark when I got to the marshy springy ground, within four miles of the Washita, and the track becoming at length nothing but mud and water, I was compelled to get into the woods, where the thickets and fallen timber not only embarrassed me very much, but now and then, on account of the darkness, obliged me to regain the track, that I might be sure I was in the right direction. Some stories that Hignite had related to me about the panthers in this swamp, intruded themselves also a little into my imagination. He said—what I had before heard —that this animal, when he has had poor hunting during the day, watches at night on a log or on the branch of a tree, and when he has an opportunity, will spring upon a man from behind, fasten his horrid claws into his neck and back, and worry him to death. One unfortunate man, who was traversing the swamp during the last autumn at night, had been attacked in this way; the panther succeeded in fastening himself upon the man's neck, who, being rendered desperate, at length, after a hard struggle, got the beast's head under his left arm, so that he could act upon the offensive,

and thrust his right hand into its throat. During the conflict, the panther, with his fangs, tore all the veins in the man's face and neck open, and severely lacerated his shoulders and back. He succeeded, however, in choking the beast, and retained strength enough to reach his home, where he died soon after.

Now I was constantly running against branches of trees and logs, and had discovered, when about to enter the swamp, that my rifle was not loaded, and that I had no ammunition with me: besides, there was my son behind, slowly advancing with a tired horse, and I had also to think of him, so that this branch of zoology occupied a great deal of my thoughts during this nocturnal walk. I regretted now that I had not provided myself with a Bowie knife. Much as the practice of carrying such a murderous instrument is to be detested, still it is the most effective weapon in a close contest with one of these ferocious animals; for if, upon such an occasion, a man has his presence of mind about him, he finds an opportunity of mortally wounding an adversary that exposes so large a frame to his knife. After a most tedious tramp in the dark, through this disagreeable place, I at length saw a light, and walking up found it was Dean's. An hour afterwards my son joined me, a circumstance that rejoiced me exceedingly, and we proceeded to partake of an indifferent supper. The people of the house said the swamp was much infested with

wolves, and related a singular story of a hunter who, some time before, had perished through his own cupidity. The wolves had killed so many calves and pigs belonging to the settlers, that they at length resolved to raise a sum of money by subscription, and to give two dollars a head for every wolf scalp. This man, who lived alone in the woods, and was an experienced hunter, built a pen in the swamp of open logs, ten feet high, without a roof; and having killed a two-year old heifer, took the carcase there as a bait. The neighbours knew what he was doing, but as nobody had seen him for several days some of them went one morning to see what success he had had; having reached the place they found the bones of the heifer outside, and thirty dead wolves which he had shot lying near them. On looking into the pen they saw one live wolf in it and the man dead, with most of his flesh torn from him. It appeared from the marks around, from the scratchings upon the bark of the logs, and from the fact of one of the top ones being thrown down, that he had shot thirty from the pen whilst they were devouring the meat, but that the troop had been so numerous and ravenous that, smelling the man, they had stormed the pen and devoured him. The one in the pen was wounded and had not been able to escape.

Whilst upon wolf stories I must record a less tragical one, that was related to me in a different part of the country. There had been a merry-making at new year amongst some of the settlers,

and a black man, who had a wife and children about three miles off, and who played on the fiddle, had been sent for to play "Virginia reels" to the young people. It was three in the morning when he took his kit under his arm to return home, and had been snowing for some time, with a high cold wind raging that drifted the snow into heaps wherever he passed the clearings. He had got about half the distance, exceedingly fatigued, and wishing he was at home with his black pickanninies, when, having just left an extensive swamp which ran far into the country, he heard a strong pack of wolves "sing out" as if they had scent of something. The wolf, when in a famished state, has a very keen scent, and can detect a change in the air at great distances;

"Leva il muso, odorando il vento infido."

I promessi Sposi.

And, in this particular instance, it happened that they scented Mr. Marcus Luffett, (Marquis La Fayette)—for such was the name he was known by —who had rather a strong hide. He had very soon reason to believe that was the case; the wolves were to leeward of him, and were evidently coming in his direction: so, feeling assured of this, and despairing of reaching his home in time, he employed all his powers to reach a small abandoned cabin in a clearing by the road-side, which was about a quarter of a mile off; the roof of which was partly destroyed, but the door of which was yet hung. On came the

ferocious animals, barking and shrieking; they were upon his track, and great were his apprehensions of falling into their power: but, on gaining the clearing, he fortunately found the snow was drifted away there, and did not impede him, so that he was just able to rush in season into the cabin and clamber up the logs inside to a rafter that ran across. The door he did not attempt to shut, for the wolves were within ten yards of him when he entered, and he was afraid he could not keep it shut against the pressure of a large body of desperate animals. Great was the rage of the wolves when they entered at being balked of their prey, and, as Mr. Marcus Luffett observed, "Dey carried on jist as if de old debbel himself was inside of ebery one of dere cossed troats." The cabin was at one time quite filled with them, and he said that they went in and out and round the cabin, to see if there was any place by which they could get at so savoury a joint as that which was hanging up, but rather too high in the larder. Finding that he was safe, he began to acquire confidence, and watching his opportunity he scrambled along until he got over the door; and there, with a little management, he contrived with his legs to shut a great number of them in the cabin. Those outside appearing to have gone away to look for other game, and those inside remaining silent with their glaring eyes fixed intently upon him, the Marquis, who had no small idea of his skill, now thought he would treat them

to a "Virginia reel," and forthwith commenced with his kit to astonish the lupine auditory with such a solo as they had never heard before. At first they howled, the performer not appearing to give universal satisfaction, but day beginning to dawn and finding they could not get out, they crouched down on the floor of the cabin all together, and remained silent. As soon as he thought the morning was sufficiently advanced to remove all apprehension from those outside, he got through a hole in the roof, and hastened to his family. Immediately collecting a number of men armed with rifles and axes he returned with them to the cabin, which they all entered by the hole from whence he had escaped. The wolves were crouched together as he had left them, and showed now as sneaking a disposition as it had before been furious. They shot no less than thirty-seven; all the skins were given to Mr. Marcus Luffett, and the neighbours subscribed twenty-five dollars in cash, as some return for the important service he had rendered them by the destruction of so many depredators upon their calves and pigs.

Pursuing our journey very early in the morning, we re-crossed the Washita, and leaving the road on the left by which we had come from the Hot Springs, we reached Trammel's and stopped awhile to feed our horse. Here I saw a number of fine young turkeys that had been hatched by a tame one, from eggs which had been taken from a wild bird. Some domestic turkeys were running with them, but

those of the wild breed were easily distinguishable; they were more dark and glossy in their plumage, and had a very quick and bright eye: their movements too were much more lively than those of the tame ones. One of the women in the house told me that they were not tender and difficult to raise like the chicks of the domestic breed, but were as hardy as young chickens. All the wild turkeys that I have yet seen are of a dark glossy plumage, nor do I hear of any person having seen a wild one which was white or yellow.

We were now upon our old road again, and the petro-siliceous hills and ferruginous conglomerates. Towards evening we crossed the Saline, and whilst my son took our vehicle to our old "Little Pickey" quarters, I examined the beach of the Saline, which had fallen very much, and found some fine valves of fossil oysters in the rocky bed of the channel. It appears that all the streams from Little Rock to Red River, which run to the south, have tertiary deposits in them, as well as those which run to the east and empty into the Arkansas. These deposites containing great quantities of marine shells, afford conclusive proof that the ocean at one of the most recent geological periods has flowed up to the base of the highlands from Canada to Red River, tertiary deposites existing on the line of the St. Lawrence, at Martha's Vineyard, and at innumerable localities from thence southward to Red River.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Reach Little Rock again—A pleasant Christmas Eve—Embark in a Steamer for New Orleans—A painful Moment—Structure of the Banks of the Arkansas—Snags and Sawyers explained—Frequent Change of the Channel of the River—Cotton Plantations—Cause of the Variegated Structure of the Banks explained.

EARLY in the morning, with a bright moonlight, we pursued our journey by the old road to Little Rock, and ere we had proceeded three miles the largest and the finest flock of wild turkeys we had yet seen crossed the road, issuing from the woods one after the other, all full grown and fat, in their richest black and brown plumage. Their extreme beauty and the happiness they seemed to enjoy were their protection; and after admiring them we drove on and reached Little Rock about 4 P.M., after exactly a month's absence. Here we found the same people and the same unvarying occurrences; we had seen everything in the neighbourhood, and there was nothing now to tempt us to prolong our stay. We therefore devoted our remaining time to packing up our collections, bringing up journals, and preparing for our departure; but we were still desirous

of seeing other portions of the southern country, and it was a matter which engaged our earnest attention how we could best accomplish this. The rainy season was about to set in, the roads would be extremely bad, and as the streams would be swollen so as to be impassable in many places for our vehicle, we determined to leave it behind. As to our horse, both my son and myself had become attached to him; he was a beautiful animal, was docile, had served us faithfully, and we were unwilling to part with him. After much deliberation, therefore, it was determined that my son should make Missouri the partner of his fortunes, and should follow an entirely new line of country until we met again in the Atlantic states. As to myself, I determined to carry out the plan I had formed of examining the Arkansas river to its mouth, and proceeding thence down the Mississippi to New Orleans, return by the way of Mobile in Alabama, the territory of the Creek Indians, the states of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. By taking these two distinct lines of country we should have an opportunity of examining 4000 miles more of the surface and the strata south of the Potomac, an amount of observation which, added to the 2000 miles at least which we had already made, would furnish a great many data for forming an approximate view of the geology of the southern portions of the United States.

The river Arkansas was at this time so low that

the steamers, now on their way, were unable to reach Little Rock, but the barometer had given decided indications of a change in the weather, and I was sure that rain would fall soon. We therefore held ourselves ready to start as soon as this should take place, for the steamers, especially if they are bound down the river, sometimes only touch at Little Rock for an hour or two, and if a boat is missed at this time of the year a traveller, who has no other means of getting away, may be detained all the winter. As the period of our departure approached I perceived that the Swiss gentleman, Mr. T********, who has been named in this journal, began to despond; we had seen a great deal of him; he was a person of various information and considerable talent, and appeared to feel as if he were shipwrecked for life, and thrown upon a barren coast without any rational hope of ever being restored to society again, or of meeting a brother he had in the United States, but whom he was without the means of joining. I could not bear to see a gentlemanly person of so much merit left in such a painful and hopeless condition: if I had left Little Rock without him, I should have felt as much remorse as if I had abandoned one whom I was bound to protect; and having got into that sort of kind feeling, I thought it right to let in a ray of sunshine upon his existence, and proposed to him to accompany me. I imagine Mr. T******** packed up his portmanteau with as much pleasure as I had done my own,

and from that moment he became my companion for the rest of my journey.

Whilst we were waiting for the river to rise great preparations were making to celebrate Christmas Eve by a ball at one of the taverns, and although I am not a great frequenter of balls I was very anxious to be present at this. Christmas Eve, even in the older parts of the United States, is not, I believe, distinguished by any kind of festivity amongst Protestants, with the exception of the few Episcopalian families who still adhere to the festal customs of the mother country; for the Presbyterians and other sectarians rather seem to prefer to desecrate than to celebrate the great Christian festivals, and as they form an overwhelming majority of the population, Christmas or Christmas Eve are seldom mentioned. But a celebration of Christmas Eve at Little Rock, of all the places in the world, could not fail to be something very extraordinary, and worth attending, since it was probable that all the devotional piety of the territory of Arkansas would break out upon the occasion. A faint idea of the nature of the affair and of the style of the ball had been already given to me by a person who had attended one the preceding year. There were about 100 men and 3 women. The men had their hats on, and danced armed with pistols and bowie knives, whilst the landlord, assisted by two of his people, with his hat cocked on one side, took pitchers of strong whiskey-punch round the room,

and clapping the gentlemen on the back, gave them to drink. As this was the principal business of the evening, and the pitchers unceasingly went round, the whole party soon got amazingly drunk, but were very good-natured, "for there were only a few shots fired in fun."

Unluckily for our chance of seeing the ball, it began to rain heavily in the night of the 22nd, and continued the next morning, when news reached Little Rock that a steamer from the Mississippi had arrived within twenty miles of the town, and would only remain for passengers until one o'clock P.M. As soon as we heard the intelligence and had reason to believe it was correct, we got everything into our vehicle, and mounting a hired horse, I rode on before, to detain the steamer, leaving my son and Mr. T******** to follow in the waggon. Having crossed the Arkansas in the ferry-boat I pursued the military road to Memphis for near three miles, and then turned into an indifferent road running parallel to the river. When I had got about fifteen miles I learned at a cabin where I called for information, that I had still ten miles to go at least, as there was a chain of lagoons to head, which, they said, had been an old bed of the river, but that for some distance before I should get to the place called *Eagle Bend*, where the steamer was, there was no longer a track of any kind for a waggon. This was discouraging; the rain was pouring down all the time, the road was bad, and it was becoming problematical

whether we could effect our object at all, for the steamer, not knowing we were on the road, would have no motive for waiting beyond the appointed hour. However, as everything might depend on my pushing on, I took the best directions I could get, and hastening forward, soon came to a deep and bad bayou, which I got across with some difficulty, quite despairing of their being able to get through it with the waggon. I now came upon alternate beds of sand and mud, which had been deposited when the river overflowed its banks in June, 1833, a period when many plantations were destroyed by deep deposits of sand. To these succeeded thick corn-brakes and a total termination to the track: it seemed as if everything had combined to prevent the possibility of a four-wheeled carriage reaching the steamer. The afternoon was now wearing away, so, dismounting and fastening my horse to a tree, I walked through the brake to the bank of the Arkansas, thinking there might be a chance, as the land was not very low, of my seeing the steamer if she had not yet got under way. Never was man more startled or more pleased than I was at hearing the steam blowing off from the boat, which was lying moored to the bank, almost immediately below me. This, in fact, was Eagle-bend, on the left bank of the Arkansas, which jutted out into the river, and was about twenty feet high. Hastening down the bank I hailed the steamer, which was that instant getting under way, and giving the necessary inform-

ation to the captain, he agreed to leave his yawl with one of his men, to take us off, while he dropped down to a wood-yard on the other side of the river, to take in fuel. Having come to a good understanding with the man in the yawl, I now remounted, and hastening back came up with the waggon about five miles back, which was much sooner than I expected, notwithstanding my knowledge of the resolution of my son in cases of difficulty. In crossing the bayou they had found it necessary to unload the carriage, take the body and wheels off, and carry the pieces up to the opposite bank, as they found it to be quite impossible to draw it up with the horse. We now all proceeded towards the yawl, when, in crossing another bad place, the shafts of the waggon got broken, and here they were obliged to stop whilst I rode on and called the man in the yawl to our assistance. Tying the horses up in the cane-brake we gave the man one of the trunks—my son and myself carried the other, and Mr. T******** managed to take the portfolio and some instruments I had. Night was just setting in when we reached the yawl, excessively fatigued, and succeeded in getting our luggage into it. All this time the steamer had been making signals for us to come off, but we were too busy to mind them. The man was in my interest now, and, as he sensibly observed, "If the captain wanted him particular, he could jist as well cross the river and lend us a hand."

The most painful part of the business was yet to

be gone through. My son, who had been so long my faithful companion in much difficulty and danger, was now to part from me, and to be left behind in a wilderness, without any one to assist him. I desired him to ride his horse to a cabin a few miles back, and send the people for the broken carriage the next morning. I knew his address and ability, and felt assured that he would do very well. But the moment of parting was painful to both of us, and as we rowed down the river and beheld him standing on the desolate bank of the Arkansas, watching our boat in the imperfect twilight, I was very much affected, and thought it would have been better to have spared us both such a moment. Night had set in when we reached the steamer, which seemed clean and nice. I got a very good berth for myself, and should have been perfectly comfortable if my mind had been at ease.

Our steamer got under weigh at break of day, Dec. 24th, and we proceeded down the river, which in this low state of the water is about 300 yards wide. Nothing can be more monotonous than the country through which this muddy stream holds its course, the whole area being a fertile alluvial deposit of nearly the same level, in which the water has worn a channel, leaving banks from 20 to 30 feet high, composed of fluviatile deposits of clay and sand of different colours, of which a dull red preponderates. Sometimes the banks rise to forty feet, in which situations the land is free from inunda-

tion. When we had made about 25 miles, we passed some high banks called the *Red Pine Bluffs*, from 100 to 130 feet high, which the river is rapidly wearing down, undermining them beneath, and causing huge masses to fall incessantly from the top. This process is more interesting to the geologist than to the cotton planter, for the fresh fracture enables him to trace for great distances the party-coloured deposits which alternate with each other, some being red, some white, some gray, and oftentimes all of them intermixed together. The comparative height of these Red Pine Bluffs enables them to assume an important appearance in a country where the surrounding land is at a level of about 25 feet above the water. Farther down about 20 miles, we came to similar bluffs of a lighter colour, called the *White Bluffs;* and about 30 miles still lower down we reached the *Red Pine Bluffs*, which are higher than any of the others. As we had to stop occasionally to take in wood, I availed myself always of the detention to examine the banks where they were accessible. At the Red Pine Bluffs there is a bed of limestone formed of broken-down oyster-shells like those in the Saline, which was the first calcareous deposit I met with in the banks.

The whole course of this river is extremely serpentine, the general direction to the Mississippi being S.E.; but the channel every five or six miles describes curves, sometimes going N.E., sometimes

S.W. Upon such occasions the main channel is alternately on the right and left bank of the river; when on the right bank an extensive sandy beach projects itself from the opposite shore, and sometimes encroaches so far into the channel as to render it difficult to get the steamer through. We often got aground in less than three feet water, but the captain was a man of experience and resolution, and always succeeded in backing the steamer or forcing it through the mud, although it sometimes caused a delay of several hours to get the boat off again. These beaches sometimes contain more than fifty acres, and are thrown up by the stream as it abrades the banks at the foot of which it runs. In the course of this voyage I received the most complete practical lesson as to the manner in which these streams get into a serpentine course, that had ever been presented to me on so large a scale. Masses covered with trees and canes were constantly falling from the banks, and being carried to the bottom of the channel with immense quantities of clay about their roots, in some places almost filled the river with what are called *snags* and *sawyers*. The first are trees or stout branches firmly fixed in the mud, sometimes appearing above, sometimes being under the water, and these frequently impale the steamers if a good look-out is not kept: the sawyers are flexible and elastic branches, over a part of which the current passes, and presses them into the water, from which they rise by their elasticity, producing a saw-

ing motion up and down. These not only embarrass the navigation excessively, but when they extend densely from the bank they once grew upon, offer a point of resistance to the current, which then inclines to the other side, and finally wearing its way to the opposite side of the river, begins to abrade the bank there, and throw up another sand-beach.

In consequence of this frequent deviation from a straight course, many long but narrow *reaches* of land, as they are called, are formed, sometimes not more than fifty feet wide at their base; and through these the stream frequently breaks with great impetuosity, when the river is much swollen and the floods come down from the upper country, forcing a new channel through the reach, and leaving a considerable area of land isolated on the side of the bed it has abandoned and left dry. During some of these irresistible freshets, the maddened river has sometimes even got under those extensive sand beaches, and after lifting them up as high as 30 feet above the general level of the land, has borne them along, and finally deposited them at a distance from the channel of the river. I have seen several of these arenaceous deposits four or five hundred yards from the edge of the bank, covering the soil many feet deep, and utterly ruining various plantations. In some instances the flood has ploughed up the whole of the soil with the cotton and maize growing upon it to the extent of forty acres, and deposited it in a

mass on a beach lower down. At a Monsieur Barraqué's, an ancient French settler, who lives about 140 miles from Little Rock, on the left bank of the Arkansa, I saw a curious instance of this kind.

The few settlers on the bank of this river are all cotton planters, and experience has taught them now to get upon the highest banks beyond the reach of inundation. Whenever we saw a number of bales rolled down the bank we always stopped to take them in as part of the steamer's freight to New Orleans. Upon one occasion the number of bales was so great that we were detained seven hours, and hearing that there was an old bed in the vicinity which the river had formerly abandoned I went to examine it. It was an immense chasm in the land, on the left bank, about 300 yards broad and about 90 feet deep, extended several miles, bearing the appearance of a reddish sandy valley, containing many accumulations of old sand-bars and snags, and was divided from the present bed of the river by a high ridge, where the young wood was beginning to grow very thickly, on a surface from whence all the timber had evidently been swept away by the flood when the change in the channel took place. In this chasm I saw no symptoms of animal existence, except the track of a solitary deer, nor could any thing be imagined more savage or lonely. But what exceedingly interested me when I got into it, were the curious party-coloured deposits of clay and sand, which had been left by the

various inundations of the river that had taken place since this channel was abandoned. These inundations could almost be enumerated by the thin strata they had produced. There would be a layer of red clay, then one of white sand, then again a mixture of both, and occasionally large blotches or masses of whitish clay enclosed in a regular deposit of red argillaceous earth. The last deposit consisted of about an inch of dull red argillaceous matter, most probably, for reasons which will be adduced, brought from the country through which the river *Canadian* flows. Appearances of this kind are often met with in the indurated rocks, where they can only be accounted for conjecturally. On this extensive continent, containing rivers whose courses, and the incidents produced in them, can be traced for near three thousand miles, there is some encouragement to look for the causes of similar phenomena; for every one on inspecting them must feel desirous of satisfying himself why the same river at one time deposits red clayey matter, at another time white sand, and at another period mixed earthy matter, repeating the order of these deposits with something almost amounting to regularity.

This is undoubtedly owing to the extraordinary character of the River Arkansas, a mighty flood, which, deriving its most remote sources from the melted snows of peaks of the Rocky Mountains from 10,000 to 15,000 feet high, and holding its course

amongst the mountain chains for at least 200 miles, pursues its way near 2000 miles before it joins the Mississippi. But the sources of this immense stream are numerous, and some of them are six or seven hundred miles apart from west to east. Its southern-most branch, the south fork of the Canadian, receives streams which rise near the 34th degree of N. lat.; parallel to this are its other branches, the river Canadian, the north fork of the Canadian, and the Nesuketonga or Grand Saline. Its most northerly source is from the Rocky Mountains between 39° and 40° N. lat., whilst its most easterly sources, comprehending the Verdegris, the Neosho, and the Illinois, rise in the parallels of from 37° to 38° N. lat., at least six hundred miles to the east of the central and principal sources in the Rocky Mountains. The waters, therefore, that take their rise at points separated by so many degrees of longitude, have to pass through all the zones of mineral matter which they intersect through such a great extent of surface on their way to the Mississippi. Nor do these branches make slight impressions upon the surface, the southern and western ones being all of them fine rivers, that may fairly be classed with the most important European streams, and the eastern ones are only a degree less important. I have been informed by some persons who have passed across the heads of the southern and western sources of this noble river, that in some places it has varied its channel so much as to have abraded the whole surface for

several miles in width, and that in one or two situations the floods have torn up and desolated the whole country for a space equal to ten miles wide. The southernmost sources flow through an ancient deposit of red argillaceous matter for several hundred miles, which gives the red muddy character to the Canadian and its branches. The western and northern sources bring down mineral matter of various kinds and colours; but to the east some of the branches take their rise in the petro-siliceous country through which I had lately passed, and the white arenaceous deposits are sufficiently indicative of their eastern origin.

The branches which have been referred to being of unequal length, and separated by great geographical distances, and the melting of the snow and the rainy seasons being governed by differences in latitude and elevation, they are consequently subject to increase their volume at distinct periods; so that the main channel of the Arkansas is not only sometimes flooded from one set of branches, sometimes from another, but is occasionally swollen from a combination of them all; the evidence of the particular state of the river at any one period being to be found in the sedimentary deposits left by the inundations, which are to be considered as representing the mineral character of the districts through which the waters have passed. A close observation of the eccentric movements of floods of this class throws a great deal of light upon the circumstances which, whether

arising from partial eddies produced by a change of level effected in periods of inundation, or from ordinary mechanical causes, have occasioned both the regularity and irregularity of deposits; and tends to explain how blotches of mineral matter, both large and small, are found enclosed in masses of a different character, as in the instances where the whiter matter of the eastern branches is found enclosed in the extensive layers deposited by the waters of the Canadian.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Approximative Method suggested of calculating the Age of Fluviatile Deposits—Brutal Conduct of the Passengers—The Quapaw Indians a Tribe of the Osages—Monsieur Barraqué, his Adventures—A Young Vagabond—Post of Arkansas—Monsieur Notrébe—The River encroaching upon the Country.

THE manner in which fluviatile deposits are here effected upon so immense a scale, may perhaps suggest the origin of various mineral phenomena observed in the older indurated rocks, especially of those intermixtures of marine and fresh-water strata which took place in remote periods, when parts of the surface of the earth seem to have been exposed to repeated subsidences and elevations. Although we have no geographical data to form an opinion of the causes which have deposited such fresh-water strata, yet we see how in modern times they are brought into place, and perhaps can avail ourselves of what is passing before our eyes to form an approximate estimate of the period of time required for a deposit of a particular thickness. The inundation of June, 1833, alone deposited a layer of one inch of red clay in the chasm alluded to, which can be

traced of the same uniform character for several miles, and every year brings at least one inundation; and although a great portion of this extensive alluvial country has been deposited under the sea, as we see by the calcareous beds containing marine fossils, yet the whole mineral matter appears to have been brought down from the plains above, so that the process has been going on for an immense period before the historic period. The surface of the country, too, in this vicinity is such as it has been for a long time since it was left by the ocean; for upon some of the edges of the ancient banks of the river are Indian mounds, with trees growing on them, perhaps five hundred years old, so that the mounds are at least as ancient as the existing vegetable bodies. Quantities of Indian arrow-heads, too, are strewed around them, made of the siliceous mineral of the Washita hills, and some have been found by the settlers buried several feet beneath the surface, facts which show that this alluvial country, which was possessed by some bands of the *Quapaws* when the whites first began to occupy it, has been inhabited by the aborigines at a very distant period.

When the settlement of the country shall hereafter bring other data forward connected with these considerations, perhaps it will not be found impossible to assign reasonable limits to the period required for the structure of this part of the southern country. It is true the deposits made by the

annual inundations are naturally too irregular and variable to afford systematic data for a chronological computation of the origin of these fluviatile beds; but whenever a careful inquiry of this kind is made, it will be found important to note them very accurately. Neither would it be impossible to calculate approximatively the amount of sedimentary matter brought down annually by the Arkansas, or any of the turbid tributaries of the Mississippi; for the principal floods of the Arkansas and Missouri, caused by the melting of the snow in the Rocky Mountains, although they are irregularly swollen during the winter and spring months by rain, usually take place in June. At all these times they bear along their greatest quantity of solid matter towards the Mississippi, the finest particles of which they consign to the ocean, where, being met and stopped, they are deposited and distributed into levels which are continually extending themselves seaward, to be laid dry perhaps at some future day, as the alluvial plains which now form the surface of the country have formerly been.

The lowest state of the Arkansas occurs from July to November, inclusive; during a portion of this time it is often too shallow to be navigable from the Mississippi to Little Rock. In this state of the River, the current being sluggish, the water *quasi* stagnant, and the solid matter held in suspension very trifling, although the water is always tinged a little with it, a set of experiments might

be conducted, showing the mean quantity of sedimentary matter brought annually down during the rises of the river, and during the low-water periods. Furnished with the cubic quantity of solid matter thus obtained in a given period, and applying it as a divisor to the probable whole quantity of fluviatile deposit in the entire alluvial area, a chronological period might be approximatively assigned to the origin of these rivers, the commencement of these deposits, and the withdrawal of the ocean from this part of the country. Perhaps also the period of its fitness to receive terrestrial animals might thus be found to accord with other indications of the existence of an aboriginal race.

On reaching the steamer we found it very clean, and but few passengers on board; I therefore flattered myself with the enjoyment of many tranquil moments, in which I could daily bring up my journal, finish my sketches, and contrive a few comforts for a voyage which would probably last ten days; but I never was more egregiously disappointed at any period of my life. The passengers were some low persons on their way from Red River to New Orleans on business, just recovering from the effects of malaria and calomel, and who gave themselves unrestrainedly up to such beastly vulgar habits, even when at table, that it became impossible to remain a spectator of their stercorarious proceedings. Although the weather was often cold and rainy, Mr. T******** and myself were

often driven on deck to eat our food, to avoid the disgusting scenes that were going on around the fireside in the cabin. The captain was a resolute, vigilant man, but he cared nothing about what was done there, leaving the passengers to regulate those matters amongst themselves. The arrival of night was a blessing to us; if we could not sleep, at least our eyes and ears were not so much offended; for the brutes, our fellow-passengers, gorged with the coarse things they had eaten, could always sleep, like hogs, the moment they laid themselves down. We made various attempts to put matters upon a better footing, but could not succeed, these animals not having the slightest idea of there being such a thing as indecency. In the morning I was careful to be always up first, get a corner to myself on deck to perform my ablutions in, and when it was very cold I used to go to the engineer's room to warm myself, who was a clever sort of man in his way.

The first day we made about seventy-five miles, and the next morning proceeded twenty miles to a Mrs. Embree's, a widow, who cultivated a cotton plantation; she appeared to be an active respectable person, and lived with some order and comfort in her double cabin. We took in her crop of cotton for the New Orleans market, as well as that of her son-in-law, Judge Roane, an intelligent person who embarked with us to go a short distance down the

river. Nearly opposite to the widow's is an old village of the Quapaw Indians, which had been the residence of a Mons. Vaugin, a Frenchman who died lately. The name Quapaw, as it is commonly called, is pronounced, as a half-breed informed me, in a strong guttural manner, as if it were *Gkwháw-paw*. From a vocabulary which I obtained from this person, the language they spoke appears to be a dialect of the *Whashash*, or Osages, from whom they have probably separated, as these last have their hunting-grounds only about 250 miles to the north-west. From hence we proceeded about 20 miles, to the plantation of a Mons. Barraqué, which is very well chosen, being somewhat higher than the line of inundation, and perfectly level for a great distance. This is one of the best cotton plantations on the river, to judge from the size and luxuriance of the plants, which however were not equal to those I had seen on the Mexican side of Red River. If the company in the steamer had been even tolerable, this little voyage would have passed off agreeably, for these stoppages gave me frequent opportunities of looking at the country, and calling to see the different families, all of whom, by their affability, showed how happy they were to offer civilities to a stranger who visited their country for the first time. The French families were delighted, too, that I could converse with them in their native language, and were in raptures

when they heard that I had even been in Paris. This fact of itself procured me the most decided attentions.

Mons. Barraqué's family were all French, and occupied a house containing two large and very comfortable rooms, neatly and sufficiently furnished. On entering I found Madame Barraqué, four young ladies, and some of their friends, all of whom received me with a charming politeness peculiar to the French, and engaged me in an interesting chat with them for an hour. It was evident that they had ideas and opinions a little above the ordinary run of the old Creole French; and upon my remarking this, Mons. Barraqué informed me that he had only emigrated from France upon the fall of his master, Napoleon; after which event, being uncertain of his advancement in the army upon the restoration of the Bourbon family, he had embarked for New Orleans, had wandered up the Arkansas, and commenced a trade with some of the western Indians: it was his bad fortune, however, to be robbed and plundered of everything he possessed, and in this state he made his way back to the French settlements on the Arkansas, where "tout le monde étoit enchanté de le revoir." Frenchmen make a point of never being unhappy long, so he married the daughter of one of the old settlers at whose house he staid; and after a while, with the assistance of his father-in-law, built a house, and gradually cleared a plantation. He is now a suc-

cessful cotton planter, and being himself a native of the lower Pyrenees, has given the name of "New Gascony" to the district he resides in. To judge from appearances, Madame has no small portion of the Quapaw blood in her, which is not an uncommon thing, as most of the Creole French who lived out of New Orleans connected themselves with Indian women: her mother no doubt was of that stock, but she is a very good-looking woman notwithstanding her Indian blood, has *French* manners, and has produced a fine young family.

As soon as the signal was made for the departure of the steamer, I went to the house to make my bow, and to my surprise found Mons. Barraqué also ready in his travelling dress, intending to go down the river as far as the post of Arkansas. The affectionate manner in which he seemed to live with his family was very engaging; at the words "Embrassez-moi, mes enfants," all ran to him, and they took a gentle and tender leave of each other, including Madame. On our way to the boat I said to him, "Après tous vos malheurs, Monsieur, au moins vous avez trouvé un endroit où vous êtes heureux," when to my extreme surprise he answered me in the very words of my old merry travelling companion Mons. Nidelet, when I was passing through Tennessee, "Monsieur, quand il n'y a pas de choix, tout est bon!" a most comfortable maxim, if it can be cordially acted up to, and in the practice of which we fastidious English-

men are not a tenth part as wise as our lively neighbours.

M. Barraqué was a great acquisition to Mr. T******** and myself on board; he was full of conversation, his adventures and opinions were amusing, and we found him a very intelligent and agreeable fellow-passenger. This was more than could be said of the others, and especially of a young reprobate of the name of Powers, apparently not more than twenty-one years old. This youth was decently dressed, and from his language was evidently from New England, where the young men are generally well brought up. But he was a scape-grace of the worst kind, was in a constant state of intoxication with some ardent spirits he had found on board of the boat, and behaved in the most ungovernable and ruffian-like manner. I had observed him upon several occasions, and had cautiously abstained from having anything to do with him. Knowing that the steward of the boat had some claret on board which he had purchased in New Orleans, I desired him to bring me a bottle of it, that I might offer some wine to M. Barraqué. This drunken puppy, finding that I did not offer it to him, broke out in the most insolent manner to me, and jumping up with a knife in his hand, told me, before all the passengers, that he "had a good mind to cut my —— throat." I never was more tempted to knock a fellow's brains out, but considering his extreme youth, I dissembled my feelings, and merely told

him that if he made one step towards me I would, after that speech, put him to death on the spot. We had a set of excellent printed rules on board, amongst which was one declaring that if any passenger's conduct was offensive to the captain or to the other passengers, he should be immediately put on shore, and I determined to require of the captain to enforce that rule in this case. The other passengers made no remark upon his conduct, except M. Barraqué, who went on deck and spoke to the captain, and told him what he thought it was his duty to do. Mr. T******** and myself were of opinion that he would be more influenced by the interference of a planter upon whom he occasionally depended for freight, than by my representations, and I therefore said nothing, relying upon the captain's good sense, of whose vigilance in matters that related to his duty we had had many proofs. In the evening this young brute became so beastly drunk, that he lay down in a berth belonging to one of the other passengers and vomited upon his clothes. The captain, on hearing of this, came down into the cabin to speak to him, but he was too drunk to understand what was said to him, and the affair was left until morning. When morning arrived I required of the captain an immediate compliance with the rule, and this he frankly admitted he was bound to do, but said there were particular circumstances, known only to himself, which prevented his doing it; he concluded by

saying that he would take such precautions as would prevent my being exposed to his insolence again. Thus situated, I had no alternative but to remain on board and see if the captain would restrain him by his authority, or go on shore myself and remain in the wilderness perhaps two or three weeks before another steamer should offer. This being the most inconvenient of the two, I determined to wait awhile; and in fact the fellow, in consequence of the captain's orders to give him nothing to drink, was quieter after this. It appeared from what the engineer told me, that this youth was a relative of one of the owners of the boat, and was going to the gallows so fast, that he had put him under the captain's care as a last effort to keep him from immediate destruction, with injunctions not to let him go ashore at all.

During this day we made about 30 miles, stopping at two or three plantations to take in cotton, and mooring the steamer as soon as night set in; for the precarious nature of the navigation renders it exceedingly dangerous and almost impossible to descend the Arkansas when the river is as low as at this time, except by day-light. Notwithstanding the greatest attention on the part of the captain we frequently grounded, and we often had to stop the engine to permit the boat to glide gently over the trees that lay beneath the water. On the 28th we grounded in a place from which we were unable to extricate the steamer until towards evening, and

only made twenty miles during the day. In the morning, the steamer having to take in some cotton, and finding we were only about three miles from the ancient French settlement of "Poste d'Arkansas," Mr. T******** and myself landed and walked to it through woods filled with lofty cotton-wood (*Populus monilifera*) trees, with an undergrowth in many places of white dog-wood (*Cornus alba*) and red bud (*Cercis Canadensis*). This place, which is on the left bank of the Arkansas, is situated on the edge of an extensive prairie, and consists of a few straggling houses, principally occupied by some descendants of the ancient French settlers, who live in the comfortless way that the same class does at Carondelet. The great man of the place is a Monsieur Notrébe, a French emigrant, who is said to have accumulated a considerable fortune here. His house appears to be a comfortable one, and has a store attached to it, where the principal business of this part of the country is transacted. Notrébe preceded M. Barraqué in Arkansas, and also married a Creole with Indian blood in her veins. Cultivating cotton himself, advancing money to other planters to carry on their business with, upon condition of taking their crops when gathered at a given price, and taking skins and peltry of every kind in payment of goods obtained at his store—of which whiskey forms no small item—he has contrived to secure a monopoly of almost all the business of the country, and after a vigorous struggle has compelled all his competitors

to withdraw from the trade. In addition to the tenements inhabited by Frenchmen, there are two miserable taverns kept by Americans, where everything is upon the most sordid scale.

Nature assumes a somewhat different appearance at this place, and we were pleased with it on our arrival, being somewhat relieved from that sense of weariness with which an unceasing contemplation of endless forests and cane-brakes oppresses the mind. The banks of the river, which are about eighty feet high here, are crumbling down with a rapidity that must, more or less, attract the attention of the settlers and somewhat alarm them; the descending floods undermining them on one hand, whilst the banks, saturated with the land-springs and superficial waters tending to the river, become at length too heavy, lose their adhesion, and are precipitated in immense masses to the bottom. The Arkansas forms a beautiful sweep for two or three miles, where the settlement is, and exposes a deep section of the party-coloured banks, in which I observed a seam of calcareous matter towards the bottom of the left bank, composed of broken-down shells, but it was only about three inches thick. I examined the neighbourhood for several miles, and found the country a dead flat, with a few stunted trees growing here and there, and the land so cut up by broad channels or gullies made by the rain, that even within 300 yards of the settlement they had been obliged to construct bridges over some of them.

There is a track on the bank of the river which I followed some distance, until it stopped at a precipice of near 100 feet high, with a wide chasm, on my left, the solid contents of the whole having, as I was informed, fallen into the water within the last twelve months. All this might have been avoided if they had, in the first instance, constructed proper passages for the atmospheric waters to pass off.

We remained at this place the whole day, taking in M. Notrébe's bales of cotton, many of which we were obliged to leave behind, having no room for them: indeed the bales were so piled up on the decks and paddle-boxes of the steamer, that she looked from the shore like an immense collection of bales of cotton, amongst which some pieces of machinery had been stuck; but although, to my inexperienced eye, she was too deeply laden, I afterwards found that she was in good trim, and in the open stream made her eight and ten knots an hour. We were detained until ten o'clock the next morning (Dec. 30th), when we started for Montgomery's, the noted gambler's, at the mouth of White River, distant from here about 45 miles.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Steamer boarded by Swindlers—Pandemonium afloat—Day and Night Orgies—A Mysterious Lady—Printed Rules to decoy Passengers—White River—Reach the Mississippi—Arrive at Vicksburg—Mr. Vick and his brother *Gentlemen*—Worse and worse—Compliments to the Captain of a Steamer by the Gentry of Vicksburg—A View of the Grand Gulf—Reach Natchez—A happy Deliverance of the Swindlers—Judge Lynch in the State of Mississippi—Arrive at New Orleans.

UPON embarking on board of this steamer I was certainly pleased with the prospect that presented itself of enjoying some repose and comfort after the privations and fatigues I had endured; but never was traveller more mistaken in his anticipations! The vexatious conduct of the drunken youth had made a serious innovation upon the slight degree of personal comfort to be obtained in such a place, but I had not the slightest conception that that incident would be entirely thrown into the shade by others a thousand times more offensive, and that, from the moment of our departure from the post of Arkansas until our arrival at New Orleans, I was destined to a series of brutal annoyances that extinguished every hope of repose, or a chance of preserving even the decencies of existence.

I had been told at the post of Arkansas that ten passengers were waiting to come on board, and that several of them were notorious swindlers and gamblers, who, whilst in Arkansas, lived by the most desperate cheating and bullying, and who skulked about alternately betwixt Little Rock, Natchez, and New Orleans, in search of any plunder that violent and base means could bring into their hands. Some of their names were familiar to me, having heard them frequently spoken of at Little Rock as scoundrels of the worst class. From the moment I heard they were coming on board as passengers I predicted to Mr. T******** that every hope of comfort was at an end. But I had also been told that two American officers, a Captain D***** and a Lieut. C******—the latter a gentleman entrusted with the construction of the military road in Arkansas—were also coming on board; and I counted upon them as persons who would be, by the force of education and a consciousness of what was due to their rank as officers, on the side of decency at least, if not of correct manners; and if those persons had passed through the national military academy at West Point, or had served under the respectable chief* of the Topographical Bureau at Washington, I should not have been as grievously disappointed as it was my fate to be. It was true I had heard that these officers had been passing ten days with these scoundrels at a low tavern at this place, in the unrestrained indul-

* Colonel Abert.

gence of every vicious extravagance, night and day, and that they were the familiar intimates of these notorious swindlers. Nevertheless, believing that there must be some exaggeration in this, I continued to look forward with satisfaction to having them for fellow passengers, confident that they would be our allies against any gross encroachments of the others.

Very soon after I had retired to the steamer at sun-set, the whole clique came on board, and the effect produced on us was something like that which would be made upon passengers in a peaceful vessel forcibly boarded by pirates of the most desperate character, whose manners seemed to be what they aspired to imitate. Rushing into the cabin, all but red-hot with whiskey, they crowded round the stove and excluded all the old passengers from it as much as if they had no right whatever to be in the cabin. Putting on a determined bullying air of doing what they pleased because they were the majority, and armed with pistols and knives, expressly made for cutting and stabbing, eight inches long and an inch and a half broad; noise, confusion, spitting, smoking, cursing and swearing, drawn from the most remorseless pages of blasphemy, commenced and prevailed from the moment of this invasion. I was satisfied at once that all resistance would be vain, and that even remonstrance might lead to murder; for a sickly old man in the cabin happening to say to one of them that there was so much smoke he could hardly breathe, the fellow immediately said,

" If any man tells me he don't like my smoking I'll put a knife into him."

As soon as supper was over they all went to gambling, during which, at every turn of the cards, imprecations and blasphemies of the most revolting kind were loudly vociferated. Observing them from a distance where Mr. T******** and myself were seated, I perceived that one of them was the wretched looking fellow I had seen at Hignite's, on my way to Texas, who went by the name of Smith, and that his keeper Mr. Tunstall was with him. The most blasphemous fellows amongst them were two men of the names of Rector and Wilson. This Rector at that time held a commission under the national government as Marshal for the territory of Arkansas, was a man of mean stature, low and sottish in his manners, and as corrupt and reckless as it was possible for a human being to be. The man named Wilson was a suttler from cantonment Gibson, a military post about 250 miles up the Arkansas: he had a remarkable depression at the bottom of his forehead; and from this sinus his nose rising with a sudden spring, gave a fural expression to his face that exactly resembled the portrait of the wicked apprentice in Hogarth. The rubric on his countenance too was a faithful register of the numerous journeys the whiskey bottle had made to his proboscis.

If the Marshal, Mr. Rector, was the most constant blasphemer, the suttler was the most emphatic one.

It was Mr. Rector's invariable custom, when the cards did not turn up to please him, to express a fervent wish that "his soul might be sent to ——," whilst Mr. Wilson never neglected a favourable opportunity of hoping that his own might be kept there to a thousand eternities. This was the language we were compelled to listen to morning, noon, and night, without remission, whenever we were in the cabin. In the morning, as soon as day broke, they began by drinking brandy and gin with sugar in it, without any water, and after breakfast they immediately went to gambling, smoking, spitting, blaspheming, and drinking for the rest of the day. Dinner interrupted their orgies for a while, but only for a short time, and after supper these wretches, maddened with the inflaming and impure liquors they swallowed, filled the cabin with an infernal vociferation of curses, and a perfect pestilence of smoking and spitting in every direction. Lieut. C****** occasionally exchanged a few words with me, and appeared to be restrained by my presence; he never sat down to play, but was upon the most intimate terms with the worst of these blackguards, and drank very freely with them. Capt. D*****, with whom I never exchanged a word, was a gentlemanly-looking youth, and was not vulgar and coarse like the others, but I never saw a young man so infatuated with play, being always the first to go to the gambling table and the last to quit it. Such was his passion for

gambling that it overcame everything like decent respect for the feelings and comfort of the other passengers; and one night, after the others had become too drunk and tired to sit up, I was kept awake by his sitting up with Rector and continuing to play at high, low, jack, and the game, until a very late hour in the morning. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable character amongst them was Smith, the New Englander, with his pale dough face, every feature of which was a proclamation of bully, sneak, and scoundrel. I never before saw in the countenance of any man such incontrovertible evidences of a fallen nature. It was this fellow that had charge of the materials for gambling, and who spread the faro table out the first evening of their coming on board, in hopes to lure some of the passengers; none of whom however approached the table except the drunken youth who had behaved so ill on a previous occasion, and they never asked him to play, probably knowing that he had no money.

Having found no birds to pluck on board, they were compelled to play against each other, always quarrelling in the most violent manner, and using the most atrocious menaces: it was always known when these quarrels were not made up, by the parties appearing the next time at the gambling-table with their Bowie-knives near them. In various travels in almost every part of the world I never saw such a collection of unblushing, low,

degraded scoundrels, and I became at length so unhappy as often to think of being set on shore and taking a chance fate in the wild cane-brakes, rather than have my senses continually polluted with scenes that had every appearance of lasting until the end of the voyage: but for the comfort I derived from the society of Mr. T********, who was as miserable as myself, and who relied altogether upon me to set a good countenance upon the whole matter, I certainly should have executed my intention.

Above the cabin where these scenes were enacted, was a smaller one called the Ladies' Cabin, and when I found what sort of a set we had got, I applied to the steward to give Mr. T******** and myself berths there; but he informed us this could not be done, because Capt. D*****'s sister was there, having come on board with him at the post. She might be his sister for aught I ever learnt to the contrary, but whatever she was she kept very close, for she never appeared either below or upon deck. My remonstrances with the captain produced no effect whatever; when I talked to him about his printed rules, he plainly told me that he did not pretend to execute them; that what I complained of were the customs and manners of the country, and that if he pretended to enforce the rules, he should never get another passenger, adding, that one of the rules left it to a majority of the passengers to form their own by-laws for the government of the cabin.

On recurring to them I found it was so, the terms being that by-laws were to be so made, "provided they were in conformity with the police of the boat." As there was no police in the boat, it was evident the printed rules were nothing but a bait to catch passengers with, and I never spoke to him on the subject again. I had heard many stories of gangs of scoundrels who wandered about from New Orleans to Natchez, Vicksburg, and Little Rock, with no baggage but broad, sharp butcher knives, loaded pistols, and gambling apparatus, and I was now compelled to witness the proceedings of such ruffians. These would have been less intolerable if the two U. S. officers had kept aloof from these fellows and formed a little society with us, as I reasonably expected they would do when I first heard they were coming on board; but Capt. D***** never once offered either Mr. T******** or myself the least civility, or exchanged a word with us; and although that was not the case with Lieut. C******, yet an incident took place very early in the voyage which convinced me we had nothing to expect from him. Wilson, the man with the nose, was standing with his back to the stove before breakfast, unrestrainedly indulging in incoherent curses about some one he had quarrelled with, when Mr. C****** in the most amiable manner put his hand inside of the ruffian's waistcoat, drew forth his stabbing knife, unsheathed it, felt the edge as if with a connoisseur's finger and thumb, and was

lavish in its praise. Such were the unvarying scenes which were re-enacted for the many days we were shut up in the steamer with these villains, and with this statement of them I return to the topographical details of the voyage.

We had a favourable run down the river the day of our departure from the post of Arkansas, and in the afternoon turned into what is called the *Cut-off*, a natural passage or canal which connects the Arkansas with the waters of *White River*. It is more convenient to take this Cut-off to reach the Mississippi, as it is a clear canal-like navigation about 250 feet broad, without any snags or sawyers. To the right lies a considerable island cut off from the main land, upon which we saw two miserable cabins, on each side of which lofty canes about 25 feet high were growing. There was no current in this Cut-off, the Arkansas rushing past it at the south end, and White River at the north end, damming up its waters as if it were a millpond; we therefore soon got into the current of White River itself, which is here a powerful stream, and at night to our great joy we reached the Mississippi River, and brought up for a short time at Montgomery's, a *notorious* place.

We were now at length on a great fluviatile highway where other steamers were occasionally to be met, and Mr. T******** and myself comforted ourselves with the belief that we should have many opportunities of abandoning the wretches we were

compelled to live with and exchange their detested society for any other, since none could be more irksome to us. The Mississippi at this point appeared to be about three-quarters of a mile wide, was a fine open stream without sandbars and snags, along which we could freely proceed all night without danger: disgusted as we were, we rejoiced at our escape from the contracted banks and endless forests of the Arkansas, the very air of which seemed to breathe of corruption. I rose early in the morning and hastened on deck to look at the shores; we had the State of Mississippi on our left, and the territory of Arkansas on our right.

The water of the river was of a grey muddy colour, not red like that of the Arkansas, but the banks, like those of this last stream, were low, and were constantly crumbling and wearing away, carrying along with them trees and masses of canebrake. Everything which depended upon the action of the river was the same as in the one we had just left, although upon a larger scale; there was the same serpentine course, the same reaches, but more extensive, and the same sand-bars. In the course of the day we passed Columbia, the county-town of the county of Chicot in Arkansa, said to be the most fertile part of the whole territory. After passing a most horrible night, kept awake by the tobacco and imprecations of the drunken gamblers, we arrived early in the morning of January 1st at Vicksburg, and greatly disappointed were we not

to find any steamer there bound to New Orleans. Here we remained several hours, and thought of going to a tavern to wait for a steamer, for which purpose we entered the town with the intention of looking out for lodgings.

Vicksburg is a modern settlement situated on the side of a hill very much abraded and cut up into gullies by the rains. The land rises about 200 feet above the Mississippi, but sinks again very soon to the east, forming a sort of ridge which appears at intervals as far as Baton Rouge. On returning to the steamer we were informed that eight or ten *gentlemen*, some of whom were planters of great respectability, and amongst the rest, a Mr. Vick, after whom the place was called, were coming on board with the intention of going to New Orleans. This determined us to continue on with the boat, conceiving that we should be too many for the ruffians in the cabin, and that the captain—who was anxious to keep up a good understanding with the planters—would now interfere to keep some order there. But supper being over, and the faro-table spread as usual, what was my horror and astonishment at seeing these Mississippi *gentlemen*, with the *respectable* Mr. Vick, sitting down to faro with these swindlers, and in the course of a very short time gambling, drinking, smoking, and blaspheming, just as desperately as the worst of them! The cabin became so full of tobacco smoke that it was impossible for me to remain in it, so wrapping

myself up as warm as I could, I retreated to the deck to pass the night, Mr. T******** soon following me: there we met the captain, and told him we could not endure this any longer, and were desirous of being put on shore at the very first settlement we should reach by daylight. He said it would be best for us to go on shore at Natchez, and that he really pitied us, but that he could not disoblige these planters, for that if he was to interfere with their amusements, they would never ship any freight with him; adding that the competition amongst the steamers was so great, that every man was obliged to look out for his own interests: as a proof that it was necessary for him to act with some policy, he told us that a captain of his acquaintance having once put a disorderly fellow belonging to Vicksburg on shore, had, when he stopped there on his return, been boarded by fifteen persons, armed with knives and pistols, who proceeded to spit in his face, kick him, and treat him in the most savage manner. Some of these fifteen persons, he said, he thought were now on board. This I could readily believe, for nothing could be more reckless or brutal than their conduct and conversation. They had escaped the restraints which society imposed in the place they inhabited—if any such existed—and seemed determined to exhaust all the extravagances that brutality and profanity are capable of. I shall never forget these specimens of *gentlemen* belonging to the State of Mississippi.

During the day, we passed Rockport or the Grand Gulf, where the Mississippi pursues a broad straight channel for several miles, the river having lost its serpentine character, and the shore assuming an unusual height, with picturesque hills here and there. Generally speaking there is an oppressive monotony in the appearance of the shores of this fine river to the south, but the view here was sufficiently pleasing to induce me to sketch it. The sand has indurated and formed a rock, which in this universal alluvial country furnishes an excuse for the name of the pretty little settlement of Rockport. *Rodney*, farther to the south, is built on a similar ridge, but the inhabitants have abandoned the upland for the low ground, finding this last less unhealthy.

It was after midnight when we reached Natchez, where we had determined to land, and where we did not remain a long time, for we had but a short time to make up our minds. The principal or upper town, where the planters reside, is some distance from the shore, and we could not reach it that night without leaving our luggage at the low town by the water's edge: but the engineer of the steamer, in whom I placed some confidence, had assured me that this low town was a notorious rendezvous for the very worst desperadoes in the country, more infamous—if possible—even than the party we had on board, and that if we left anything there we should never see it again; whilst if we staid there all night

we should expose ourselves both to robbery and murder, many persons having been traced to that place, without ever having been further heard of. Whilst I was pondering upon this obvious difficulty I saw all the fellows we took in at the post of Arkansas come upon deck as if they were about to leave the steamer, and being informed by the steward that the whole party, *tutti quanti*, officers, mysterious lady and all, were going no farther, I determined to remain. Here then we had the satisfaction to see these degraded wretches leave the boat, and a short time after to know that we were on the bosom of the Mississippi without them.* The captain, too,

* A few months afterwards the outrageous conduct of this gang of lawless men drew upon some of them a summary and tragical fate; and the incident is so highly characteristic of the manners of the part of the country it concerns, that it deserves to be related.

Encouraged by the acquaintances they had formed on board of the steamer, some of these wretches removed to Vicksburg and established gambling tables at various low taverns, to which they decoyed the young men of the place, and having plundered and debauched them, they at length became as depraved as themselves, and their constant associates. Emboldened by their numbers, and by the impunity which their desperate character appeared to invest them with, they threw off all restraint, and by their constant drunkenness, and their crimes, rendered themselves objects of terror to the rest of the inhabitants; occupying the streets in the day-time, armed with deadly weapons, and insulting every one that was obnoxious to them. This anarchy becoming intolerable, the citizens were driven to combine against them, and a crisis was soon reached upon the occasion of a public dinner, at which one of these men having contrived to get admittance, interrupted the festivity, and struck an inhabitant who endeavoured to keep him in order. Upon this an uproar took

seemed to be glad to be rid of them, and to have an opportunity of being civil to me, for he voluntarily

place, which ended by his being turned into the street. This fellow, whose name was *Cabler*, now hastened to his confederates, and arming himself, returned with some of them to the public square, proclaiming aloud his intention to put to death the individuals who had been most forward in expelling him. At the square, however, he was met by the company he had insulted, and a small corps of volunteers, who had been dining with them—was seized, disarmed, and immediately taken to the woods. Tying him to a tree, they first proceeded to *Lynch* him in a severe manner, then *tarred and feathered* him, and peremptorily ordered him to leave the place.

The citizens being now roused, held a general meeting, and there passed a resolution that all these gamblers should leave the town in twenty-four hours, and had it placarded on the walls. On the morning succeeding to the stipulated time, the inhabitants in great numbers, accompanied by the volunteers, went to the haunts of the gamblers, and deputed a part of their number to seize all the faro and rouge et noir tables; but on reaching a house occupied by a very desperate fellow of the gang, named *North*, they found it garrisoned by several of the most obnoxious of these scoundrels, all of them completely armed. The posse having surrounded the house and broken open a back door, a volley was fired from within, by which a Dr. Hugh S. Bodley, one of the most respected inhabitants of the place, was killed on the spot. The fire was instantly returned, and one of the gang wounded; but the conflict was of short duration, for the assailants, enraged at the death of one whom they valued so much, stormed the place, and captured all who had not escaped: these were five in number, amongst whom was *Smith*, the pale dough-faced New Englander, who has been already alluded to as one of the gamblers on board the steamer.

Shriving time was not allowed to these miserable wretches; a gallows was instantly erected, and the extraordinary spectacle exhibited of the whole population of a town, headed by the leading inhabitants, many of whom were magistrates, conducting

offered to give Mr. T******** and myself berths in the ladies' cabin, now vacant, an offer we joyfully

five men to execution—one of whom was desperately wounded—before any preliminary step whatever had been taken to bring them to a trial by the laws of their country. Such are the excesses to which the people of these climes abandon themselves when their passions are roused—never stopping to consider consequences, but madly sacrificing human life, and incurring the gravest responsibilities, upon the impulse of the moment!

The person from whom I had these particulars—which were to a great extent confirmed by the public journals at the time—told me that the scene which preceded the death of these men baffled all description. A tumultuous mob, showing a savage impatience to hurry on the execution, filled the air with execrations; whilst the captured and crest-fallen gamblers, preceded by a drunken black fiddler, were reluctantly dragged to the fatal tree by the volunteers and citizens. The names of these doomed wretches were North, Hallums, Smith, Dutch Bill, and M'Call; some of whom were dogged and malignant to the last: *Smith*, however, was thoroughly terror-stricken; he wept, he implored, he cried aloud for mercy, and evinced the most abject despair: vain were these appeals, for the instant the gallows was ready, they were all launched into eternity, *including the wounded man.* It was the next morning before their bodies were cut down and buried together in a ditch.

This transaction passed over without any subsequent inquiry by the constituted authorities. The murdered men were known to be scoundrels of the worst kind, and received little or no sympathy: out of the State of Mississippi the act was far from being approved of, although it was hoped it might check the profligate career of a set of individuals whose vicious lives were a perpetual defiance to society. But in the State of Mississippi, public opinion unanimously sustained the conduct of the citizens of Vicksburg, who themselves seem—after the transaction, and when their blood must have been cool—to have been quite unconscious of having done anything that was inconsistent either

embraced, and from that moment never entered the lower cabin but to snatch a hasty meal. The Vicks-

with the dictates of humanity or of justice; for, in an elaborate justification of their ferocious conduct, which was subsequently drawn up in that town and published, there is the following extraordinary passage, which not only invites the other towns of the State to pursue the same barbarous system, but also admits that the most respectable inhabitants of Vicksburg participated in the proceedings of that memorable day, and were far from being dissatisfied with what they had done:—

"Society may be compared to the elements, which, although 'order is their first law,' can sometimes *be purified only by a storm*. Whatever, therefore, *sickly sensibility or mawkish philanthropy* may say against the course pursued by us, we hope that our citizens *will not relax the code of punishment* which they have enacted against this infamous, unprincipled, and baleful class of society; and we invite Natchez, Jackson, Columbus, Warrenton, and all our sister towns throughout the State, in the name of our insulted laws, of offended virtue, and of slaughtered innocence, to aid us in exterminating this deep-rooted vice from our land. The *revolution* has been conducted here *by the most respectable citizens, heads of families, members of all classes, professions, and pursuits*. None have been heard to utter a syllable of censure against either the act *or the manner in which it was performed;* and so far as we know, public opinion, both in town and country, is decidedly in favour of the course pursued. We have never known the public so unanimous on any subject."

It will scarcely be credited that on the morning preceding this wholesale murder, a still more ferocious scene was enacting about forty miles from the same place, of which the particulars appeared in the newspapers of the day. Upon this occasion the charge brought against those whose lives were sacrificed, was a conspiracy to organize an insurrection of the slaves. The following extract is made from one of the newspapers:—

"Twenty miles from this place (Jackson in Madison county), a company of white men and negroes were detected before they

burg *gentlemen*, seeing we avoided their society, behaved as ill as they could when we were present, trying to mock us when we were speaking French or German, merely to provoke us into a quarrel; but we had made up our minds to continue to bear their vulgarity, and not to lose our tempers, unless provoked by personal violence, in which case we had concerted what to do, and told the captain of our intentions. They, either because he spoke to them, or that our coolness had its effect upon them, never dared to go so far. At the best we passed our time miserably, and were much detained by fogs. We passed *Baton Rouge* in the night time, and after daylight soon became fatigued with the monotony of sugar plantations succeeding to each other, the sight of which became as tedious as that of the forests and cane-brakes had been. In fact we were worn out with the horrid scenes we had

did any mischief. On *Sunday* last *they hung two steam doctors*, one named Cotton and the other Saunders; also *seven negroes*, without law or gospel, and from respectable authority we learn that there were *two preachers* and *ten negroes* to be hanged this day."

It was in this same State of Mississippi that the doctrine of "Repudiation" first broke out, and was practised in the United States: a mode of fiscal purification of their exchequer, almost as serious in its effects to the many confiding creditors it has ruined, as the storms with which they are accustomed to purify their moral condition are to the objects of their vengeance. Indeed, with slight alterations, the justificatory passage above quoted would seem to be equally applicable to both kinds of purification, whether applied to creditors or gamblers.

gone through, and were sighing for an end to this painful voyage. At length, on Sunday morning the 4th of January, we reached the long crescent of shipping moored at the wharfs of New Orleans, in one of the deep curvatures of the river; and going ashore amidst a crowd of ill-looking people working as steadily as if they had never heard of Sunday, and cursing and swearing in French and English, we proceeded to a Mons. Marty's, a countryman of Mr. T********, and there took our lodgings.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Delta of the Mississippi—Shiftings of the Channel of the River—Formation of new land at its mouth—Visit the Cemeteries—Mode of contriving dry Graves—Piratical-looking Population—Green Peas out of doors, Jan. 1—Literature and the Sciences—New Orleans Americanised—Sunday Evening Meetings—Faro the principal business transacted in New Orleans—The Legislature in Session—Good Theatres.

It is impossible for an observant traveller, accustomed to trace the effects produced by the action of such powerful streams as the Arkansas and Red River, both in their abrasive power and in the reproduction of the sedimentary matter they bear along, not to be struck with those geological modifications established on the surface of the country by the combined efforts of all the tributaries of the Mississippi, as they are exhibited in the Delta of that mighty river. This immense fluviatile deposit may be described as an irregular triangle, formed by the line of the Atchafalaya River from the point where it leaves Red River to where it intersects the 29th degree of N. lat., continuing thence along that parallel until all the mouths of the Mississippi are passed, and completing the triangle by a line around Chandeleur in St. Bernard, and north of

Lake Pontchartrain to the 31st degree of N. lat. —an area of low alluvial country, comprehending not less than 14,000 square miles, or something more than one quarter of the area of Great Britain. West of the Atchafalaya it is bounded by prairies and high pine lands, lying in Attacapas and Opelousas, two fine districts in the State of Louisiana, which are drained by streams that empty into the Atchafalaya and the Gulf of Mexico. To the east it is bounded by lands similarly elevated, so that the whole area of 14,000 miles is to be considered as an ancient gulf into which the sedimentary matter brought down by the Mississippi and its tributaries has been deposited ever since the ocean abandoned that immense basin in the upper country which is now drained by them, and which comprehends at least one million of square miles. Although the breadth of the river, which is not often more than 1000 to 1500 yards wide, does not appear to correspond in the eyes of some persons with its power, it nevertheless contains an immense volume; for its depth from the junction of the Arkansa is from 60 to 100 feet, until it approaches the isthmus near the Gulf of Mexico, when it decreases very much.

What has been already observed of the shifting character of the channels of the Arkansas and Red River applies equally to the Mississippi, traces of its deviation occurring in many places in the numerous lagoons and ancient beds, a principal one

of which is perhaps on the line of the Amité River, a stream which connects the western end of Lake Pontchartrain with Iberville River and the present channel of the Mississippi. When the Mississippi was limited to the north by this line, perhaps little or none of the area of land south of it appeared above the water, and the manner in which it has been gradually brought to the surface since the river deviated from an east to a south-east course, sufficiently appears from the narrow tongue-like isthmus which terminates in the mouths of the river a little north of the 29th degree; there the stream, constantly carrying the finer silt, deposits it as it meets resistance from the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and extends it annually into the gulf, whilst the breadth is enlarged at every inundation to await the growth of a future vegetation.

This extraordinary exhibition of the constant formation of new land by a river bringing down the ruins of other territories was so vividly impressed upon my mind, that the very first thing I did after securing lodgings was to go to one of the public cemeteries, to see how they managed to inter their dead in a country so low and flat that the ground must be thoroughly saturated with water, and where, even in digging the foundations for houses, I was told it comes in invariably at a depth of from two to three feet. I found several new graves open ready to receive their tenants, all destined to repose in shells of well-masoned dry

brickwork with which the graves were lined. Here, too, I collected some fresh-water shells that had been ejected with the soil. Nothing can be more fanciful than these cemeteries, which abound in bizarre structures of painted brickwork placed over the graves, except the strange sentimental inscriptions upon them. Having gratified my curiosity, I roamed until night through the old French part of the city, a dirty confined town with narrow unpaved streets, often impassable with mud, the principal of which, Rue de Chartres, is only forty feet wide.

The population partook strongly of the character of the latitude it was in, a medley of Spaniards, Brazilians, West Indians, French Creoles, and breeds of all these mixed up with the negro stock. I think I never met one person without a cigar in his mouth, and certainly, taking it altogether, I never saw such a piratical-looking population before. Dark, swarthy, thin, whiskered, smoking, dirty, reckless-looking men; and filthy, ragged, screaming negroes and mulattoes, crowded even Rue de Chartres, where our lodgings were, and made it a very unpleasant quarter to be in. Notwithstanding it was Sunday, the market was open, and there I saw green peas (January 1st), salads, bouquets of roses, bananas from Havanna, and various good things that reminded me I was in the 30th degree of N. lat.

In the American quarter the streets are wider,

the houses better built, and substantial improvements are going on; all this, no doubt, is well warranted by the commercial advantages which the place affords, the position of the city having rendered it the present emporium of this part of the world; but it appeared evident to me that a man who had no business to transact would find no temptation to remain long, and would be entirely out of place here, for the only object men can have in coming to reside in a town so fatal to health and life in the summer, and so uncomfortable in the winter, must be the accumulation of money. That I am sure is every man's object who comes to New Orleans. Having stumbled upon a rather intelligent Frenchman—a "Français de France," as they call them here—who sold watch-keys and pamphlets, and oddities of one kind or another, I asked him if there was a museum in the town, or any place which contained objects of natural history. His answer was, "Monsieur, on n'est pas ici pour la littérature et les sciences, mais pour accrocher quelque chose, et puis filer le camp avant de mourir."

The Levée is a wide sloping space between the town and the river, appropriated to the shipping business; and on approaching the city, certainly the great number of ships and steamers ranged along the crescent which constitutes the harbour, produces a very striking spectacle. Perpendicular from the river there is a wide street called Canal

Street, which separates the quarter where the Americans reside from the old French town of La Nouvelle Orleans, now Anglicised into New Orleans, a transition which is in rapid progress with everything; for in less than fifty years the influence of all persons of the French race will be utterly extinguished in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana. Already the French race is beginning to feel this, and to witness with bitter dissatisfaction the superiority of the Americans in everything that depends upon activity and industry. Within that period everything French here will be absorbed into the other race.

The old city, which once was the centre of every sort of gaiety and business, is already become gloomy and partially deserted. Rue de Chartres is less so because the shops are situated there, but in the other streets you only meet with a few anxious Jewish-looking faces going up and down the narrow streets that run at right angles to the principal one, looking at you inquiringly, as if they would willingly transact some sort of business with you; but the well-dressed, gallant, careless, and cheerful Creole gentleman is no more seen. His day has already passed by. Rue Royale is the next best street running parallel with Rue de Chartres, and is less disagreeable, because there are but few persons to be seen in it. A walk of a few minutes from this brings you to the skirts of the city, where the cypress swamps, though filled with water, were

more attractive to me than anything else, for the graceful palmetto was there in great profusion.

One of the most agreeable things I found at New Orleans was an excellent table d'hôte at Mr. Marty's, at which there was every day the greatest abundance of good things; all the dishes were admirably cooked, and a bottle of pretty fair claret was placed by each guest; but in other respects the house was badly kept, all their cares seeming to be given to the table. There was no fireplace in the bed-rooms, a very bad fire in the public room, and I could obtain no place to write in. I received particular annoyance, too, from the quick eaters, who always began to smoke ere I had half finished my repast. There was a much better American hotel I was told, but as it was filled with commercial persons I thought I should acquire more information from the guests at Marty's, none of whom were of the English race.

On the evening of our arrival Mr. T******** and myself walked to the Exchange to see the newspapers, where we found a large but very dark room, full of people talking French and Spanish as fast as their cigars permitted. It reminded me of some of the large coffee-houses on the Continent at the period when the French first overran Italy, where I then happened to be, and where all seemed anxious by their conduct to show that the Lord's day should receive no tribute of respect from them. On our return to our lodgings we had more abun-

dant proof that this was the order of the day at New Orleans; for passing a house with a small vestibule, a double door, and lights over the entrance, I took it for granted at first—seeing various people slowly entering—that this was a place of sectarian worship, and entered with the rest, taking my hat off at the second door. A great many devout people had already preceded me, but all kept their hats on, the reason for which I perceived as soon as I got in, for on looking around I saw it was a public gambling-room, with tables laid out for faro and other games. A crowd of the commonest class of ill-dressed men, consisting of boat and raftsmen, were at a roulette table playing for quarters of dollars. We entered two others, all within fifty steps of the Exchange, and found the same scenes going on. The men that kept the tables were all Americans, of the same class with those I had been so long on board the steamer with. I was informed afterwards that a company of persons, almost entirely Americans, had collected a considerable fund for the purpose of carrying on gambling, and that they had branches at various places quite as systematically supported as if they were so many branches of banks, especially at such watering-places as the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, where they had an establishment. If we had visited any of the numerous gaming-tables where higher stakes are played for—some of which we were not without invitations to

visit—I dare say I should have recognised Colonel Smith "of the British army;" but satisfied with what I had seen, and imagining the rest, I did not avail myself of the opportunity of witnessing the doings of "respectable people" at such places, which I dare say would have been amusing enough. I was told the houses were kept open day and night, the "gentlemen" who manage the tables being divided into "watches," those who are on duty all night lying abed all day, and *vice versâ*. The houses here alluded to are frequented principally by Americans, but besides these there is an immense number kept by Frenchmen, by Creoles, and Spaniards. A gentleman who had been long resident here told me that the gambling-houses had increased in number with the commerce of the place; and that although the commercial transactions of New Orleans since the increased cultivation of cotton had risen to a great amount, yet he believed that gambling was the principal branch of business carried on, for that the greater part of the persons who came here from the West Indies, from South America, and from Mexico, came to indulge in this their favourite propensity.

I was so fortunate on my arrival as to find the legislature of Louisiana in session. The legislative rooms were small, but sufficiently commodious for the limited number of members who are convened. Business is transacted in both the French and English tongues. Monsieur Pitot, a clerk in one

of the houses, is said to be a person who has acquired an extraordinary facility of translating the speeches of members from one language to the other, being able to furnish immediately, for the use of those who do not understand English, a version of an American speech with such accuracy as to give perfect satisfaction. I did not learn whether he is obliged to do this upon every occasion, but I imagine there must be a great many speeches delivered hardly worth listening to a second time by those who understand both languages. The members appeared to be a very respectable class of men in both houses, and were principally planters and lawyers.

There are two theatres in the place, an American and a French house, both of them exceedingly neat; and I was very much struck with the unexpected decorum prevailing in them. Each has its parquet, so that you have a very comfortable stall during the performance. The French theatre is in fact an opera-house, and appeared to be very well conducted: few ladies were there the evening I visited it, and those I saw were not remarkable for their *ton* or personal beauty, of which I had heard a great deal, the Quadroon Creoles having been somewhat extravagantly described to me as females beautiful beyond all others, and very conspicuous for "une belle taille, et une gorge magnifique." I had occasion to see a good many of them during my stay, at a ball or two I had access to; and certainly it must

be allowed that they are "bien mises," and carry their persons very well; but in the lips and mouth, and in an unpleasing coarse texture of the skin, the negro blood shows itself very distinctly.

CHAPTER XL.

Quadroon young Ladies, their hard fate—Liaisons of a *Bal de Société*—An amiable Father of several Families—Good Prospect for the Anglo-Episcopal Church—Spanish Cathedral—Depart from New Orleans—A Railroad—Embark in a Steamer for Mobile—A Storm—A Bishop on board—Come to an anchor—The Bay and River of Mobile—Tokens of Commercial Activity—Beauty and Cleanliness of the town of Mobile—Spanish Creoles—The Bolero.

THE position of this unfortunate race of women is a very anomalous one; for Quadroons, who are the daughters of white men by half-blooded mothers, whatever be their private worth or personal charms, are forbidden by the laws to contract marriage with white men. A woman may be as fair as any European, and have no symptom of negro blood about her; she may have received a virtuous education, have been brought up with the greatest tenderness, may possess various accomplishments, and may be eminently calculated to act the part of a faithful wife and tender mother; but if it can be proved that she has one drop of negro blood in her veins, the laws do not permit her to contract a marriage with a white man; and as her children would be illegitimate, the men do not contract marriages

with them. Such a woman being over-educated for the males of her own caste, is therefore destined from her birth to be a mistress, and great pains are lavished upon her education, not to enable her to aspire to be a wife, but to give her those attractions which a keeper requires.

The Quadroon balls are places to which these young creatures are taken as soon as they have reached womanhood, and there they show their accomplishments in dancing and conversation to the white men, who alone frequent these places. When one of them attracts the attention of an admirer, and he is desirous of forming a liaison with her, he makes a bargain with the mother, agrees to pay her a sum of money, perhaps 2000 dollars, or some sum in proportion to her merits, as a fund upon which she may retire when the liaison terminates. She is now called "une placée;" those of her caste who are her intimate friends give her fêtes, and the lover prepares "un joli appartement meublé." With the sole exception of "going to church," matters are conducted very much as if a marriage had been celebrated; the lady is removed to her establishment, has her little coteries of female friends, frequents their "Bals de Société," and brings up sons to be rejected by the society where the father finds his equals, with daughters to be educated for the Quadroon balls, and destined to pursue the same career which the mother has done. Of course it frequently happens that the men get tired

of them and form new liaisons; when this happens they return to their mother or fall back upon the fund provided for them in that case; and in some instances I was informed that various families of daughters by the same father appear at the Quadroon ball on the very evenings when their *legitimate* brother is present for the purpose of following the example of his worthy Papa.

A very amusing anecdote, illustrative of this state of society, was related to me by a person who had been a resident here a great many years. On his first arrival in New Orleans, before it had become such a bustling place as it is now, and when the French population had rather the *dessus*, he presented a letter of introduction to a "habitant" of great respectability, by whom he was politely received, and invited to dine *en famille* the same day. Nobody was present at the dinner but the wife of Monsieur C——, an agreeable and well educated Creole lady, a native of the place, and three of their children. He found Monsieur C—— a lively agreeable Frenchman, full of *bonhommie*, and received a great deal of pleasant and useful information from him. Happening amongst other questions to ask him how many children he had, Monsieur C—— gave him the following account of his domestic relations:—

"Combien d'enfants, Monsieur? Ah! voyons un peu, si on pourrait vous dire cela! Nous avons d'abord, oui, nous avons quatre nés à la Rue

Royale, puis trois en haut là de la Rue de Chartres; il y a encore les deux Montbrillons, mon fils qui est au sucrier, et puis les trois petits que vous voyez. Voilà le bout du compte, à ce que je pense; n'est ce pas, ma chère?" patting the head of one of the children, and addressing himself in the most confiding, affectionate way to Madame.

It is evident that the future population of New Orleans is likely to afford a rare specimen of the forms society can be made to take in a semi-tropical climate, where the passions act unrestrainedly, and where money is the established religion of the country.

I was gratified however to find that the Anglo-episcopal church was raising its head here; at present there is but one episcopal congregation, but I should imagine its members to be zealous and spirited, for I was shown a very handsome design of a church which they are about building; and a Protestant clergyman informed me that a project is on foot to put the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama under one Protestant episcopal diocese. Men of liberal education and correct lives in the United States seem naturally to fall into the bosom of the episcopal church, for there they find that attractive order of worship and steadiness of purpose which so powerfully encourage them to persevere in that purity of life which generally distinguishes individuals of their class.

The only curious specimen of architecture here,

with the exception of the old-fashioned French one-story houses with windows reaching to the ground, is the old Spanish cathedral, in one of the public squares in the old town, built somewhat in the Morisco style.

Having gratified my curiosity until I had not the slightest desire left to remain an hour longer, I took leave of New Orleans—a city where all agree in the worship of mammon, and where the undertaker looks with as much periodical anxiety to the season of his harvest as the speculator in cotton does to his. Starting for Lake Pontchartrain the 7th January, 1835, by a well-constructed railroad of five miles which they have laid in the swamp, we made the distance in about fifteen minutes, and embarked on board the steamer *Otto*. Lake Pontchartrain is a fine arm of the sea which communicates with Lake Borgne, a bay of the Gulf of Mexico, by a channel called Rigolet, which is about half a mile wide, and distant twenty-seven miles from New Orleans. We had scarce made five miles when the wind blew a gale a-head, and the weather came on very stormy, with heavy rains: this retarded our voyage, and made us uncomfortable. Our fellow-passengers however were of a much better kind than those on board the *Little Rock* steamer, and sick as I was I felt comparatively happy. From the Rigolets we coasted along the low shores of the States of Mississippi and Alabama, inside of a number of small islands that separate St. Catha-

rine's Sound from the Gulf, the distance to the entrance of the Bay of Mobile being about 115 miles.

The sea was very high in the Gulf of Mexico, and as cross and troublesome as I have ever seen it almost in the Gulf of Lyons: we shipped a great deal of water, and some of the passengers began to entertain apprehensions that the steamer would founder; in fact if she had been as flimsy as many of those that ply upon the Mississippi, we should have stood very little chance of being saved. If we had had my old acquaintances the blaspheming gamblers on board, I should have been disposed to think that their imprecations had been heard, and that the day of reckoning had arrived; but fortunately one of our passengers was the Bishop of Connecticut, on a tour in the Southern States. Although the presence of this gentleman was very favourable to the preservation of decorum on board, the captain did not seem to consider him as a sufficient guarantee against the furious storm we had to contend against, for in the night he bore up under the lee of an island, and came to an anchor until daybreak, to the great satisfaction of the timid and the indisposed. As we approached the entrance of Mobile Bay the wind lulled, the rain ceased, and a fine sunny sky appeared, so that the steamer becoming quiet we were all enabled to put our persons in some order, and take a look at each other as well as the boat. What I saw of this last convinced me

that the captain had acted very prudently in coming to an anchor, and that our danger had been greater than I had apprehended. Generally speaking the weather is so sunny and mild in this part of the gulf, that almost any kind of boat is thought sufficient for the voyage, but it requires one of the staunchest vessels to keep out in such a storm as we experienced; and if it had been so dark as to prevent our reaching an anchorage, we should probably have been driven upon some shoal and all perished.

We had a fine run of thirty miles up the bay to Mobile, which is built at the mouth of the river Mobile, a fine stream formed by the confluence of the *Tombeckbee*, that receives the *Black Warrior* from the north-east, and the river *Alabama*, which gives its name to the State. The Tombeckbee, which is the north-west branch of the river Mobile, takes its rise upwards of 300 miles from the city of Mobile, and is navigable for the greater part of that distance, a circumstance which gives a great intrinsic value to the fertile soil through which it passes. The *Alabama*, the north-east branch of the Mobile, takes its rise in the Cherokee country towards the south-western termination of the Alleghany belt, more than 400 miles from the city of Mobile, and is formed by various tributaries, such as the *Cahawba*, the *Coosa*, and the *Tallapoosa*. The serpentine course which these streams

have assumed nearly doubles the length of their navigation.

As we entered the mouth of the Bay of Mobile we saw between thirty and forty vessels riding at anchor below: this they are obliged to do on account of the extreme shallowness of water in the bay, occasioned by the River Mobile constantly depositing great quantities of silt, in the manner that is done by the Mississippi. Many of these vessels were three-masted, and their number betokened great commercial activity at this point of export for the productive cotton-lands of the States of Mississippi and Alabama. On reaching the city we also found the wharves crowded with steamers and vessels of small burden. The lower part of Mobile is built upon the shore on the right bank of the river, and the streets near to the water are dirty and narrow; but the land immediately begins to rise by a gentle acclivity to a plateau about sixty feet from the level of the stream. What I had previously heard of Mobile was not very much in its favour, and what I had seen of the other towns in this climate had not raised my expectations. On reaching this plateau therefore, and observing its extent, I was surprised at the peculiar beauty of the place, for it consisted of streets well laid out at right angles, with excellent side-walks, the streets between them being graduated and macadamised with the sea-shells that are found in the greatest abundance on the shores

of Lake Ponchartrain and other places, and in so perfect a manner as to form the most solid and the cleanest streets I ever have seen in any country. One of these streets, where the market is, is 100 feet broad, and is finished in a very admirable style for a distance of more than two miles from the river. The buildings, too, are appropriate to the beauty and width of the street, some of them being stately structures of brick, denoting opulence in the proprietors; and in the pretty but more contracted streets that go off at right angles are numerous houses built of wood, neatly painted white, with large plots of land attached to them, fenced in with painted palings.

At every step I took I was more and more struck with the universal love of order, and the good taste which seemed to prevail. The excellent example which Mobile has set to the other towns in these latitudes deserves more praise than it appears to have received. I did not even suspect the existence anywhere of so many wise precautions to disarm the Yellow River of its malignity, which, though now much mitigated, has often been so fatal to the citizens of the place. Beyond the houses are extensive sandy plains covered with pine-trees, and a thick underwood of evergreens, consisting of *Ilex cassine* loaded with its bright red berries, juniper, and other plants. Many of the citizens have built little villas in these healthy plains, to which they retire both to avoid the ex-

treme heat of the summer and the yellow fever. The population at this time is said to be upwards of 6000, and from its great advantages as a commercial position, its beauty, and comparative salubrity, it is probable that it will increase rapidly. On the score of health it is, as a residence, infinitely to be preferred to New Orleans, for that city stands in the midst of a swamp, which is a magazine of malaria that explodes every autumn, whilst Mobile has the sea-air in front, and a dry arenaceous back country, where vegetable decomposition is comparatively innoxious. But the good sense of the citizens, which has secured and improved all its natural advantages, must soon acquire for this pretty town the excellent reputation which it deserves.

Whilst rambling about I was attracted by the sound of a guitar coming from a very old-fashioned looking house in one of the smaller streets, accompanied by some very fine voices, which seemed to infuse life and spirits to many cheerful persons, some of whom, I knew by the sound of their steps, and by the time they kept, were dancing a bolero. Mobile was first colonised by the Spaniards, and those individuals of that race who are still here now stand in the same relation to the Americans that the French in Louisiana do. Curious to see some of the Spanish creoles, I opened the door gently and entered. Two Spaniards were dancing with much grace and national feeling, whilst about a dozen men and women

were looking on and singing. I had scarce entered when the master of the house came to me to inform me, I suppose, that it was a private house; but I anticipated him by telling him I was a stranger, and passionately fond of the bolero. He smiled and said I was welcome, so I remained near an hour, highly delighted, for I had not witnessed anything of the kind for a great many years.

On my return at night to the hotel where I had taken my luggage, I learnt that a steamer, called the *Chippewa*, would leave Mobile a little after midnight for Wetumpka, about 350 miles up the Alabama and Coosa. Finding nothing to induce me to prolong my stay at Mobile until a steamer should offer for the *Appalachicola* River, which I was desirous of going up, I determined to go and look at this steamer, and get some information of the character of the passengers. There are no towns of importance on either of those rivers to attract travelling gamblers, but the Appalachicola is perhaps the least frequented by them, which was one of my reasons for preferring it. Finding the steamer, however, a pretty fair one, and receiving a satisfactory account as to the rest, I engaged passages for my companion and myself, and transferring our luggage on board, the steamer now became our hotel, and we took possession of our respective berths, or *state-rooms* as they are called.

CHAPTER XLI.

Embark in a Steamer, and ascend the Mobile and Alabama—Tertiary deposits at Fort Claiborne—Great fertility of the State of Alabama—Aptitude of the Creek Indians for labour—Reach Montgomery, in Alabama—Filthiness of the "principal" Hotel—Engage a carriage to cross the Indian Territory—Country Inundated—Cross the Oakfuskee and enter the Creek Nation.

We got away some time after midnight, and going upon deck at break of day, I found we were in the Mobile River. It resembled the Arkansas in the flatness of surface of the country, but with the material exception that the river being unusually high, we could see no banks whatever to it; the forest-trees and the cane-brakes, which were very abundant and thick, being, as far as we could see, about ten feet under water from their roots upwards.

About forty miles from Mobile we passed the junction of the Tombeckbee and Alabama, the breadth of this last being here about 150 yards. During the whole of this day the country was under water, the vegetation standing in it in the greatest profusion. I was therefore not surprised to learn that the live oaks (*Quercus sempervirens*), and all the other species of oaks found in these latitudes, which

are periodically subject to this kind of inundation, are not considered sound timber. Towards evening the land began to rise, and tired with the monotony of the scene, we were heartily glad to see the ground again. On reaching Fort Claiborne, distant from Mobile near 150 miles of serpentine navigation, I found the bluffs were about 150 feet above the level of the river, and a short detention enabled me to take a look at the beds of tertiary shells in the banks and make a collection of some of them; but as the fossils found in these deposits have been already collected, and probably will soon be accurately described, by that very modest and intelligent naturalist Mr. T. A. Conrad, who is decidedly the first authority amongst the fossil conchologists of the United States, I omit any remarks respecting them for the present. From hence to *Prairie Bluffs*, the country rises to a still higher level, and live oaks and laurels of every kind abound, the trees being occasionally loaded with curtains of forest-moss (*Tillandsia usnoides*) hanging to the ground, and frequently bearing immense bunches of mistletoe in their tops. At Prairie Bluffs, where we arrived the next morning, I found several subcretaceous shells, the same *exogyra* which is in such abundance at Judge Cross's, in Arkansas, and some ammonites which I had not seen before. The bluff here is only about half the height of that at Fort Claiborne, and the tertiary beds have probably been washed away from the subcretaceous

ones. We now proceeded to Canton through a very attractive country, which might be explored with a great deal of satisfaction at a healthy season of the year. I was informed that some wells had been dug in these parts about 500 feet deep, through the subcretaceous limestone beds, into a quartzose slate, which, from the description I received of it, is probably a continuation of that which underlies the great limestone valley of the Alleghanies. Cahawba is a settlement on a high bluff of land at the mouth of the Cahawba River, built upon a rotten limestone which appears formed of broken-down testaceous matter. From hence to Vernon the river averages about eighty yards in breadth, and the high bluffs are continuous, sometimes extending a mile or two without any depression. From Vernon to Montgomery the distance is estimated at fifty miles; the banks, consisting of ferruginous earths and sands with a good deal of gravel, being generally about 100 feet in height.

After a tolerably interesting and peaceful voyage, we reached Montgomery in the afternoon of the 12th of January, and here the steamer was to stop some time. The Coosa was still navigable forty miles to Wetumpka, a place near the falls of the river, but the captain intending to remain some time here before he proceeded up, I determined to leave the boat. It would have been agreeable to me to have visited the falls, because, from the information I received, the rocks there were gneiss, and this was one of the

points of limitation of the sedimentary beds, from which the ocean had last retired: besides, I heard that bituminous coal, which is also found on the Black Warrior and other parts of Alabama, existed on a partial line not far from the Wetumpka falls, which is exactly the manner in which the Chesterfield coal-field in Virginia is situated in relation to the falls on James River at Richmond; and one of the interesting questions suggested by the geology of North America is as to whether there is a line of coal-fields in the United States east of the Alleghany mountains, running in detached basins from Virginia to Alabama. If the foliage had been out, the country would have been beautiful; but considering the softness of the climate here, and the great fertility of the soil in Alabama, it is not surprising that people should flock—as they do—to this favoured part of the United States. Still, with all its advantages, I must say that I would rather be a visitor than a sojourner in the land: the persecuting malaria, which never pardons the country a single season, is of itself a great objection, and the universal and extravagant use of tobacco by the people would be to me another of equal magnitude; so, what with the effluvia of nature and man combined, this fine country, with all its advantages, seems to fall very far short of a terrestrial Paradise.

I was glad to leave the boat, which was a very dirty concern, and nothing could be less tempting than our fare; some of the passengers were kind

and communicative, but others were too fond of gambling, and spitting, and smoking to permit the enjoyment of much comfort. These were not Mobile people, but individuals going to different plantations, roads to which come out upon the river; and at most of these communications we either landed or took in persons on the way, but they were all coarse in their manners, and in many instances very disgusting. In an inordinate love of tobacco they all agreed, and it appeared to me that those whom the mania for this weed had seized in the strongest degree were always the most careless about their manners, as if it were out of character for a tobacco-eater to be decent. A few of the men employed on board the steamer were Muskogee, or Creek Indians; this was the first time I had seen aborigines employed as labourers, and from the activity they showed when we stopped to take in fuel, I could not but think that if a different policy had been observed towards this unfortunate race, good domestic servants and labourers might have been furnished from them in time, more intelligent than the negro, and fitted to the climate; but these considerations come too late—the fate of the Indians is sealed.

From the landing we had to walk a mile to Montgomery, a small straggling town with a population of from two to three thousand inhabitants, built upon a deposit of sand and red bluish clay, which, with occasional patches of rotten limestone

in the local prairies of the neighbourhood, constitute the general soil of this part of the country.

The two principal streets are very broad, in the style common to all the southern towns, and from the great number of stores in them, amounting at least to one hundred, it would seem to be a place of extensive inland business; but of all the horrid filthy places into which I ever entered in any country, I think the *principal* hotel here, which was the one to which we were directed by common consent of all those we made inquiries of, bears the dirty palm. Everything about it seemed to breathe of whiskey and tobacco, and the walls of the bed-room to which I was shown were so incommunicably squirted over with a black-coloured tobacco-juice, and with more disgusting things, that it was evident the visitors to the place were, as to manners, but little raised above the inferior animals. There was an unfinished hotel then building opposite, but what the other hotels were which were not "principal," I had not time to ascertain. I regretted much, however, that I had not gone to one of them, upon the very chance that they could not be worse, and might be better, following the principle that a gentleman of my acquaintance once pursued in writing from the country to his agent in New York: "The servants you have sent me with *good characters* have all turned out so ill, that you will oblige me by sending those I am in want of at present with as little character as possible." And the plan

succeeded, for those with good characters thinking they could always get other places, did just as they pleased, whilst the others being anxious to keep their places, were more circumspect in their conduct.

There was little temptation to remain here, and I turned my attention to leaving the place as soon as I found out how uncomfortable it was likely to be. Upon inquiry I found that the roads through the Indian territory of the Creek nation, through which I had now to pass to get into the State of Georgia, were excessively broken up, especially the Indian bridges which cross the great swamps, and that in consequence thereof the letters were forwarded on horseback, the mail-stage being unable to run; so that I had got into a cleft stick, and must either remain here until the roads became passable for the mail—which was not expected until spring, —or must take a private conveyance and pay any price they might think proper to exact of me. The landlord was the person I had to deal with, and he ended a monstrous account of the difficulties with an equally monstrous price for conducting us in a miserable vehicle and a pair of wretched horses to Columbus, in Georgia, the distance being ninety miles. After a good deal of chaffering, I finally agreed to give him sixty-five dollars, which, with a gratuity to the driver, amounted to about four shillings a mile in English money.

Instead of getting off early the next morning as had been agreed, everything had to be repaired;

but at length, to our great satisfaction, we got out of the filthy house into the pine woods, where a gentle air was mournfully but pleasingly rustling the branches. We found the road as we advanced quite answering to the description they had given us of it, being so frightfully cut up as to render it impossible to sit in the vehicle: wherever it was dry enough, therefore, we walked, expecting every instant to see the carriage overturned; and indeed the manner in which it survived the rolling from one side to the other was quite surprising. The black fellow, however, who drove us seemed to take it as philosophically as if there was nothing uncommon in this sort of motion; he always urged us in a very anxious manner to get in whenever he came up with us, and seemed to think we were not quite right in our senses for preferring to walk when we paid so much for riding. At length we came to a low part of the country completely inundated, where it was impossible to walk, the water being in many places four feet deep. Here we were obliged to get in, and the old vehicle took to rolling in such a dreadful manner that every instant we expected to be soused into the water; and what rendered it really amusing was, that we were constantly obliged to draw up our limbs on the seat, for the water was at least eight inches deep in the bottom of the carriage, and went splashing about in the most extraordinary manner. All this time our trunks, which were lashed on behind, were being quietly dragged under the water.

Mine had got such a satisfactory ducking before I had time to think of it, that I turned my attention exclusively to my portfolio and instruments to prevent them from getting wet, casting a look now and then at my companion, who never having travelled in that style in his native mountains, looked very woe-begone, and was constantly exclaiming, "Mais quel pays! A-t-on jamais vu de pareils chemins?" Fatigued and wet, we reached at night an old settler's of the name of M'Laughlin, a very respectable sort of man, who lived upon some of the land which the Creeks had been compelled to surrender. In the course of the day we had only made fourteen miles, and the whole performance had been of such an anomalous character, that, persuaded it could not have been got up for less than that money in any other part of the world, I became quite reconciled to the landlord and his four shillings a-mile.

Next morning we went five miles to *Oakfuskee* Creek to breakfast, a pretty brawling stream, forming the present boundary betwixt the Creeks and the State of Alabama, which we crossed in a ferry-boat. We were now upon Indian territory, still possessed by the Indians, and where the laws, manners, and customs of the whites did not yet prevail. Captivated in my youth by what I had read and heard of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, I had been led to visit that continent as early as 1806, more for the purpose of seeing the tribes of red men, and studying their languages,

than with any other view, and in the succeeding year had visited most of the tribes in Upper and Lower Canada, with others dwelling within the limits of the United States. The insight I had obtained into the anomalous structure of the Indian dialects, which is to the ear what the synthetic arrangement of Chinese written characters is to the eye, had induced me to seek for information respecting the Cherokee and Muskogee, or Creek tongues; and thus becoming familiar with the history of those people, I could not but feel a deep interest in the present state of the Creeks, to which they had been brought by a series of events that made them deserving of sympathy and admiration.

CHAPTER XLII.

Description of the Muskogee or Creek People—Their Sachem, M'Gillivray—Their Treaties with the American Government —The Chiefs corrupted by the Georgians—Weatherford, the Sachem of the Lower Creeks, attacks and massacres the Garrison of Fort Mimms—General Jackson takes the Field—Fatal Battle of Tohopeka, or the Horse Shoe—Weatherford's Heroic Conduct—M'Intosh betrays his countrymen, and is Shot—The Creeks compelled to cede all their Country—Apology for the Whites.

THE Muskogee, or Creek people, are not to be considered as a dull, imbecile race of aboriginal savages, with not an idea beyond that of supplying their daily wants: they rather resemble the Suliots, or some of those communities of Asiatic people, who, passionately attached to their native country, have contended with the most desperate valour to preserve it from the invaders whom they hated. Inhabiting an ardent climate, and a fertile country which supplied all their wants, war and the chase, at the period when the whites first appeared amongst them, were the pursuits they exclusively gave themselves up to. To powerful frames and forms of great symmetry, they united activity of person and undaunted courage. Their copper-coloured complexions,

long coarse black hair, and dark wild eyes, were the *beau ideal* of Indian beauty; and perhaps no human being could be more remarkable than a young, well-made Creek warrior on horseback, dressed in a gaudy calico hunting-shirt, with a bright-coloured silk handkerchief wound gracefully round his head in the form of a turban.

Previous to the year 1790 the Muskogee population was very great, and claimed dominion over and possessed a territory, bounded on the east by the Savannah river, which comprehended perhaps twenty-five millions of acres of fertile land, being more than three-fourths of the whole area of England. But about that period, the population of the State of Georgia encroaching continually upon them, they found it necessary to enter into negotiations with the general government of the United States, then administered by President Washington.

At this time Alexander M'Gillivray was, as he had long been, the principal chief of the Creek people. He was the son of an Englishman by a Creek woman, had been well educated at Charleston in South Carolina, and was fifty years old. At the death of his mother, who was herself a half-breed, he became first sachem by the usages of the nation; but leaving it to the people whether that dignity should be continued in his hands, they not only insisted upon his retaining that rank, but afterwards called him, as if by general consent, "king of kings;" and, from all the accounts we have of him, he was

universally beloved by the people, and deserved their attachment. During the civil war between Great Britain and her colonies, he adhered to the mother country, and fought against the Americans; but, after the peace, circumstances occurring which made it doubtful whether a collision might not take place between the Georgians and his people, he was invited by the federal authorities to New York, where the seat of government then was; and going there with other chiefs in 1790, was well received by President Washington, with whose government he concluded a treaty in the month of August of that year. This treaty was the first of *twelve* that have been made by the United States with the Muskogee nation, and each of them has been *a treaty of cession* except the last. In all the others the Creeks have gradually been made to cede a portion of their country adjoining to their neighbours the Georgians, and to fall back upon the remainder; in each case that remainder being *solemnly guaranteed to them* by the United States. The tenth treaty left them a very limited portion of their ancient country; but by the eleventh they ceded every foot of land contained in that limited portion. By the twelfth and last treaty, the United States government stipulate to give them certain lands west of the Mississippi for their nation to inhabit for ever; that is to say, until the white population shall reach them, when the same game will have necessarily to be played over again.

In the first treaty, made in the year 1790, are the two following articles:

"Art. 5. The United States *solemnly guarantee* to the Creek nation all their lands within the limits of the United States, to the westward and southward of the boundary described by the preceding article.

"Art. 6. If any citizen of the United States, or other person, not being an Indian, shall attempt to settle on any of the Creek lands, such person shall forfeit the protection of the United States; *and the Creeks may punish him or not, as they please.*"

The manner in which the guarantee in the fifth article has been observed, is sufficiently explained by the fact that by the succeeding treaties the Creeks have ceded every foot of land they possessed; and as to the sixth article, which provides that the Creeks may punish intruders upon their lands, it was expressly because they endeavoured to enforce this article, and prevent new intruders settling upon their lands, that new quarrels arose betwixt them and the Georgians, which always ended in a new treaty and an important cession of the land intruded upon, under the pretence, generally, that it was within the "chartered rights of Georgia."

If the Creeks, however, had remained a united people in their resistance to these encroachments, the spoliation of their territory would not have proceeded so rapidly. Unfortunately they became divided amongst themselves by the arts of the

white men, and, as has often occurred in similar cases, the party that maintained the independence of the nation was opposed by a minority, jealous of the ascendancy of some of the chiefs, and which rashly sought to strengthen itself by the counsels and aid of the white men, whose sole object was to eject them all from the country.

As early as 1790 this became a source of weakness to the nation. M'Gillivray, in his treaty of that period, had made an important cession of territory to the United States, upon the ostensible consideration of an annuity of 1500 dollars, and a present of "certain valuable Indian goods." This was represented as an act of treason to his nation; it was said that he had been corrupted, had become a pensioner of the United States, and had ceded a part of their territory without the consent of a general council of the people. The Sachem was so much hurt by the opposition he met with on his return, that he left his nation for awhile, and went to the Spanish settlements, from whence, however, he returned, and appeared for a time to have recovered his popularity; probably this was only in appearance, for he again went to Florida, and died at Pensacola in 1793.

By the treaty of November 14, 1805, another very important cession of territory was made to the United States, together with a right to a *horse path* throughout the whole Creek territory, "in such direction as shall, by the President of the United

States, be considered most convenient," with a right to all Americans to pass peaceably thereon, the Creek chiefs stipulating to keep ferry-boats at the rivers for "the conveyance of men and horses." In this treaty, which threw the whole Creek territory open to the whites, nothing is said about the right of the Creeks to punish intruders on their lands; but the United States agreed to give to the nation 12,000 dollars, in money or goods, for the term of eight years, and 11,000 dollars, in money or goods, for the term of the ten succeeding years, without interest.

The work of plunder and corruption was now rising to a great height; the increasing population of Georgia was pressing upon the Indians, and the legislature of that State—in which the speculators upon Indian lands had a predominating influence—carried its political weight to the Congress to effect these treaties that were to aggrandize their own State and satisfy the rapacity of their own citizens, who were the speculators and politicians for whose benefit these treaties were to be made. At all times there have been honourable and just men in the Congress, who saw into these machinations, and opposed them, but always in vain; and the executive government, who perceived how irresistibly events were tending to accomplish the absorption of all the lands which had been so solemnly guaranteed to the Indians, could do no more, even if it were otherwise disposed, than to modify the injustice

which was perpetrating, by executing the treaties as impartially as circumstances admitted of. Everything seemed to concur to nourish the increasing passion of the Americans to appropriate all territories that were contiguous to them, and to create an extravagant opinion in the minds of the rising generations, that there was no moral impropriety in any claim made by the United States, as they could not by any possibility be in the wrong. The chiefs of the Upper Creek nation, who immediately adjoined the Americans—the Judases who had betrayed their country—and through whose hands these annuities passed, became now, many of them, as eager to earn these pensions by the destruction of their nation, as the Georgians were to encourage them; they had their own friends to reward, and the fruits of their treachery being soon dissipated in whiskey and personal indulgences, their partisans became clamorous for the means of gratifying their propensities.

On the other hand the *Lower Creeks,* who had not tasted so abundantly the sweets of these treaties of peace and friendship, were becoming more and more estranged from the upper nation; and when the United States declared war against Great Britain in 1812, they took up arms against the Americans, and led by *Weatherford*—one of those half-breeds that are sometimes gifted with such a surprising degree of eloquence, courage, and resources, as raises them at once to be the leaders of their nation

—performed acts as conspicuous for their daring as they were for savage ferocity. Amongst these was the surprisal of Fort Mimms, a fort built by the United States in the Creek territory. At the head of 1500 warriors Weatherford boldly attacked the fort at noonday. Major Beasley, the Commandant, had a garrison in it of 275 persons, some of whom were women and children. He had been already apprised of the approach of Weatherford; and if he had taken proper precautions, could, with about 200 men that he had under his command, have effectually resisted the attack. Despising his enemy, he appears to have strangely neglected the safety of the fort, which gave Weatherford an opportunity of surprising it before they had time to close the gates, at which point a most sanguinary contest took place hand to hand. The Americans fought bravely, and disputed the entrance with desperate valour: they were however unable to close the gates, and a furious contest of swords, bayonets, knives, and tomahawks, at length terminated in favour of the Indians, the brave Major Beasley and his gallant brother officers being every one slain on the spot. Having massacred the garrison, the Indians set fire to the block-houses where the women and children had taken refuge, and, with the exception of a few, burnt them all up. Of the whole number of 275, only 17 survived, some of whom were severely wounded.

The news of this disastrous affair caused a great

excitement in the States that were conterminous with the Indian territory. Amongst these was the State of Tennessee, which bordered upon the Cherokee and Creek lands; and as this success was considered to be of a very dangerous character, since it might lead to a combination of all the Indian tribes, most of whom would willingly have entered into a general war, it was determined to oppose to *Weatherford* a man whose reputation for courage and determination was at that time well established in his own State. This man was the now celebrated General Jackson, who, being highly popular in Tennessee, soon succeeded in raising 2000 fighting men, equipped for Indian warfare, and burning to retaliate upon the Indians the destruction of the garrison of Fort Mimms. General Jackson took the field before a regular commissariat could be established, crossed the Tennessee River, and trusting often to casual supplies, plunged into the wild country drained by the Black Warrior and Coosa rivers. On his left were a party of the upper Creeks, friendly to the United States, under the command of another famous half-breed named William M'Intosh, who, being bitterly opposed to Weatherford and the lower Creeks, sought every opportunity to damage them. Such was the fury of this man against his own countrymen, that at the battle of Autossee—a place on the south bank of the Tallapoosa, about twenty miles north of east from Montgomery—he assisted most ferociously in

the massacre of 200 wretched Creeks, who were surprised in their wigwams.

After a great many fights in which the Creeks were uniformly defeated and sustained severe losses, they were induced by their prophets to fortify themselves upon a neck of land formed by a great curve in the Tallapoosa River, which the Creeks call *Tohopeka*, or Horse-Shoe. In this desperate state of their affairs the poor Indians clung with more than their accustomed confidence to the conjurers of their nation who pretended to divine the future, and who had assumed the title of prophets. They were assured that this was the place where they were to conquer, and at any rate it was evident, from what was observed after the battle, that the last struggle was intended to be made here. They had fortified themselves with great ingenuity, the points of resistance afforded by the locality were very favourable to them, and having about 1000 tried men, they were not afraid of being taken by storm.

Here Jackson followed them. His army had repeatedly mutinied for want of provisions, and he only kept it together by sharing in an unostentatious manner all the privations of his men; making no regular repasts, but sustaining himself by the grains of corn which he carried in his pocket, and which he sometimes offered to his men when they were sinking from weakness and fatigue. With such an example in the chief, soldiers with any

generous feelings will follow wherever he leads them. As soon as he reached the place where the wretched Creeks — themselves undergoing every sort of privation—were about to play their last stake, he attacked the place with a settled purpose to finish the war at this point. In his official letter he says, "*Determined to exterminate them,* I detached General Coffee with the mounted and nearly the whole of the Indian force early in the morning of yesterday (March 27th, 1814), to cross the river about two miles below their encampment, and to surround the bend in such a manner *as that none of them should escape* by attempting to cross the river." The place, after a severe contest of five hours, was stormed, and the Americans entered it. Five hundred and fifty-seven Indians were slain on the bend, and many others who attempted to cross the Tallapoosa were sabred by the horsemen: but to pursue the official letter—"The fighting continued with some severity about five hours, but we continued to destroy many of them who had concealed themselves under the banks of the river until we were prevented by night. *This morning we killed sixteen who had been concealed.* We took about 250 prisoners, all women and children, except two or three. Our loss is 106 wounded and 25 killed. Major M'Intosh, the Cowetau, who joined my army with a part of his tribe, greatly distinguished himself."

If it had been a den of rattlesnakes their destruc-

tion could not have been accomplished or related in a more energetic manner.

Some of the Creeks now fled to Florida, and others into the Cherokee country, whilst Weatherford and the few Indians who adhered to him were hunted into the swamps, and hemmed in in such a manner as to be reduced to the last extremity, feeding upon the roots and the barks of trees until famine and disease rapidly diminished their numbers. In the meantime Jackson had required of the Indians who adhered to the Americans to cause that chief to be delivered bound to him to undergo his fate. Weatherford soon received information of this, and unable any longer to endure the misery of his followers, and determined not to submit to the indignity of being bound, he resolved upon a step that marks the elevation of his character, and that produced consequences which reflect great honour even upon the successful American general.

It happened to me many years ago to hear the relation of what took place from an eye-witness of the first interview which Weatherford had with his conqueror.

Jackson was one day in his tent with some of his officers, when an Indian was seen on horseback galloping into the encampment, and who did not stop until he reached the General's tent. Throwing himself from his horse, he entered the tent boldly, and in a moment stood before the commander-in-

chief. The Indian was tall and well-proportioned, his countenance indicated great intelligence, and was distinguished by that particular beauty which is sometimes given by a thin aquiline nose. His person was squalid and emaciated, his dress dirty and ragged, but his brilliant and still fierce black eyes showed at once that he was no common man. Addressing himself to Jackson, he instantly began to this effect:—

"I am Weatherford; I fought you as long as I could; I can fight no longer; my people are dying in the swamp. Do with *me* as you please; I give myself up. I know you are a brave man; have pity on my people. Let them have something to eat; send a good talk to them; they will do what you wish. Here I am."

The inexorable temper of Jackson was softened by the abject condition of the fallen chief, and his generosity awakened by this heroic conduct: he spoke kindly to Weatherford, and bade him be comforted, declaring with warmth that no man should hurt a hair of his head, and that if the Indians would submit, he would take care of them and give them peace. Thus did this generous step, which could only have been suggested by a lofty mind, produce the happiest effects.

The Creeks had now received a fatal blow both to their power and their pride. They were at the mercy of their conquerors, and on the 9th of Au-

gust, 1814, signed articles of "Agreement and Capitulation" with the successful General at Fort Jackson. These articles began as follows:—

"Whereas an *unprovoked*, inhuman, and sanguinary war, waged by the hostile Creeks against the United States, hath been repelled, prosecuted, and determined successfully on the part of the said States, *in conformity with principles of national justice* and honourable warfare," &c.

By this treaty the Creeks ceded every part of the territory that was required of them. All the upper part of the Coosa country was surrendered, and that river as far as Wetumpka became their boundary. Within the space of twenty-four years the Creeks had now surrendered—with a few local exceptions—all that portion of their native country extending from the Coosa eastward to the Savannah; comprehending about 250 miles in breadth of the finest land in the United States. But a fine territory was still left to them, and if there was any virtue in words, the United States were bound by the following article in the treaty to protect them in its possession:—

"Art. 2. The United States *will guarantee* to the Creek nation the integrity of all their territory eastwardly and northwardly of the said line, to be run and described as mentioned in the first article."

Further concessions, however, were made by the treaty of January 22, 1818, in consideration of the United States paying the sum of 120,000 dollars,

in certain instalments; and on the 8th of January, 1821, a subsequent treaty of cession took place for other valuable considerations.

William M'Intosh, the half breed, who had contributed so effectually to the destruction of his countrymen, the lower Creeks, was now the leading Sachem, and was the chief under whose management these treaties of cession were made. Emboldened by his success, and urged on by the speculators who were still watching for opportunities to despoil the nation of everything, he now ventured upon a proceeding which roused the lower Creeks from their apathy, and signed a convention, February 12, 1825, with certain American commissioners who were Georgians, in which it was provided that a further important cession should be made to the United States, for which the parties interested were to be compensated in the following manner. They were to receive acre for acre upon the Arkansas River, west of the Mississippi, upon condition of their emigrating to that country, and were besides to be paid a sum amounting to *four hundred thousand dollars* in money, to compensate them for their losses in removing from their native country and to enable them "to obtain supplies in their new settlement."

The Creeks had submitted with impatient reluctance to the previous cessions made by M'Intosh, but this, which expatriated a great portion of them into the bargain, was intolerable. In vain had the

chiefs told the American commissioners, at a council to which they were summoned, "We have no land to sell. M'Intosh knows that no part of the land can be sold without a full council, and with the consent of all the nation; and if a part of the nation choose to leave the country, they cannot sell the land they have, but it belongs to the nation." A deaf ear was turned to this, and M'Intosh, tempted by the personal advantages that were to be secured to him, and believing that the United States government would carry out the execution of the treaty, signed the document, with a few of the chiefs connected with him, whilst thirty-six of them, present at the council, refused to put their marks to it. Many of the chiefs now openly denounced him; and letters which he had written to some of the half-breeds, offering to bribe them with part of the money he was to receive from the American commissioners, being produced at a subsequent council, his treachery to the nation was apparent to every one. Perceiving that a great majority of the Creeks were inclined against him, M'Intosh repaired to the State of Georgia, where his abettors were, and claimed the protection of the governor. Having been assured that he should receive it, he returned to his house, on the Chatahoochie, where two of his wives lived, and where some Americans and sub-chiefs of his own party soon joined him. While here, relying upon the powerful protection of Governor Troup of Georgia, Menaw-way, a chief

of the lower country, accompanied by a very large party of armed Oakfuskee warriors, suddenly surrounded the house on Sunday morning the 1st of May, about two hours before daylight. As soon as day broke he sent an interpreter to inform the white people in the house that they and the women and children must instantly leave it; that it was not his intention to hurt them, but that General M'Intosh having broken the law of the nation, they intended to execute him immediately. All now left the house but M'Intosh and one Tustenugge, who was his principal confederate in executing the obnoxious treaties. Menaw-way, who seemed determined to hold no conversation with the delinquent chiefs, now directed his warriors to set fire to the house; and the inmates, making a desperate sally from the door to escape being burnt alive, were both shot dead.

The governor of Georgia, incensed at this execution of his protégés, breathed nothing but vengeance against their enemies, who, probably, but for the wise and humane view which the federal government (then administered by President Adams) took of the causes which had led to this characteristic and summary proceeding, would have had to undergo new persecutions from their white neighbours. The President not only used his authority upon this occasion to protect the Indians from further injury, but entered into a treaty with them on the 24th of January, 1826, whereby the last convention signed

by M'Intosh was declared null and void. This treaty contained also a cession of some land, to make it acceptable to the Georgians, for which the sum of 217,600 dollars was to be paid to the chiefs and warriors, as well as an additional perpetual annuity of 20,000 dollars. The interests also of the friends of M'Intosh were provided for; they were to emigrate to the west side of the Mississippi—an arrangement which met their approbation—and were to be liberally provided for, and to be under the protection of the United States. This treaty, which was no doubt made in a spirit of fairness to the Indians, also contained the usual *guarantee* to all the lands "not herein ceded, to which they have a just claim." A further treaty of cession, however, was entered into on the 25th of November, 1827, for the purpose of quieting some titles in the "chartered limits of Georgia," the sum of 42,000 dollars being the consideration paid by the United States.

The last treaty of cession was made the 24th of March, 1832, when the government of the United States was administered by President Jackson, the person who had given the Creeks such a fatal blow in 1814. The treaty commenced in the following significant words:

"Art. 1. The Creek tribe of Indians cede to the United States *all their land east of the Mississippi river.*"

Thus was extinguished the title of the Muskogee people to every foot of land comprehended in their

ancient territory, consisting of about twenty-five millions of acres of fertile land, all of which had been now ceded in a little more than forty years to the white population of the adjacent States.

The speculators had now effected their great object of despoiling the Creeks of their native country. Ostensibly, the treaty provided for the interests of the Indians, but, substantially, it was a provision for their plunderers. Ninety of the principal chiefs were to have one section* of land each, as soon as the survey of the land had been effected by the United States; and every head of a Creek family was also to have a half section. Those who consented to emigrate and join their countrymen west of the Mississippi were to be removed at the expense of the American government, and to be subsisted by it one year after their arrival there. To the speculators the most interesting portion of the treaty was contained in the following words:

"Art. 3. These tracts [those provided for the chiefs and heads of families] may be conveyed by the persons selecting the same *to any other persons, for a fair consideration,* in such manner as the President may direct."

Now these chiefs and heads of families, thus to be provided for, were illiterate, wretched beings, broken down in spirit by the ruin of their nation, and most of them addicted to excessive drunkenness. There was not a part of the territory where white

* 640 acres.

men were not to be found vending whiskey to the poor Indians on credit; so that at the time this treaty was made they were all deeply indebted; or if any of them had had but slight dealings with these men, being entirely illiterate, they neither knew how to keep an account of their transactions, nor what the nature of the paper was which they had been induced to sign before witnesses on coming to a settlement. So degraded and miserable was their condition, that almost any of them could be brought to sign any thing when sufficiently excited by whiskey; and although the third article provided that the conveyance of their lands to others should be made under the direction of the President, yet he could do no more than delegate agents to inquire into the transactions of the Indians and their white creditors, which agents were always presumed to be favourable to these last, and to be easily satisfied of the "fair consideration" that had been given Substantially, therefore, this treaty was a liquidation of accounts betwixt them and their creditors, and transferred to these last the lands which it ostensibly assigned to the Indians: indeed if any of them had even succeeded in retaining possession of their sections, it was evident, that under such a state of things it was impossible for isolated individuals to live amongst the white men that were now about to pour in amongst them: they could follow the chase no longer, all their occupations were at an end, and nothing would soon be left for them but acts

of violence and drunkenness, until disease should destroy them, or until they should be forcibly removed from the country. Such was the situation, and such the future prospects, of the remains of the great Muskogee people at the ratification of this treaty.

It is due, however, to truth to say that there had never been wanting virtuous and excellent persons in other parts of the United States to inveigh loudly against the whole system of proceedings by which such an atrocious spoliation was consummated. Nearer to the scene of action a more moderate degree of disapprobation was sometimes expressed, and it was not unusual to hear a qualified apology for these transactions from sensible and respectable persons, who would shrink from committing acts of injustice and inhumanity themselves; and who observed that, however criminal such proceedings might appear, the removal of Indians from their lands did not attach as a crime to the nation that removed them; for where the white population increased so rapidly, the necessity of their removal became unavoidable; and the act, therefore, being involuntary, could not be a crime.

If a contrast were to be drawn between the intrinsic importance to the world, of a nation of aboriginal savages and a community of civilised and religious white people, all men would probably be found to agree which of the two should be preserved, even if it involved the destruction of the other. In

the eyes of the educated white man, the life of the Indian is divested of every rational comfort, that could encourage him to hope he could ever be reconciled to it. It is a mere animal life, without religion, and without any law except the law of revenge. Restrained neither by education nor example, passion alone rules, and war and the chase become his sole occupations. His children pursue the savage customs of their forefathers; and as they increase in numbers, only extend the deadly spectacle of whole nations living and dying without the desire of knowledge.

With the well-trained white man, every thing is in a state of religious and moral progression. Education engrafts the desire of knowledge in his young mind, and renders its acquisition certain. His labour, successfully applied in one direction, opens other avenues to him still more profitable, and leads to the development of every resource of human talent and ingenuity. He abounds in the substantial comforts of life, and is the friend of peace and law, knowing that they alone furnish a secure protection to the future enjoyment by his generations of the property he has acquired by his own honourable labours. We may believe, therefore, that men who thus, by their sobriety, industry, fidelity, and integrity in social life, exemplify a consciousness of their responsibility to their Creator, are, whilst extending their generations, worthily pursuing the true purposes of their existence, and are qualifying

themselves for a more perfect state of enjoyment hereafter, such, perhaps, as we can hardly conceive the mere animal Indian to be capable of aspiring to. This contrast, however, if it is not altogether theoretical, is not by any means applicable to the people of Georgia. They, at any rate, were not under the necessity of expelling the Creeks to make room for an increasing virtuous population: their proceedings had been at all times marked by fraud and violence, against which their victims had in vain looked up for protection to the federal government,—a protection it was bound upon every consideration, divine and human, to have given them, and which, perhaps, it was alone restrained from doing by sordid political management. If the federal government could not have done every thing the Creeks could fairly claim under its repeated solemn guarantees, there was still something left in its power. Having repeatedly treated with them as an independent people under their protection, it was bound to give them a domestic government, to have provided for their conversion to Christianity, and to have afforded them every facility of becoming cultivators, and forming themselves into contented communities, as some of the Choctaws and Cherokees are at this day.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Ruins of a Nation—Kateebee Swamp—A Turkey implumis—Emigrants with their Slaves—Phlebotomy—Diamond Rattle Snakes—Reach Columbus, in Georgia—Falls of the Chatahoochie—Leave Columbus—Observations upon the Family of Naiades—Arrive at Augusta—Railroad to Charleston, in South Carolina—Reach Columbia, in South Carolina.

WITH these events, as they are just sketched, uppermost in my mind, I now entered the Creek territory. The lands had been surveyed, the chiefs who had deluded the nation into the treaty had been well provided for, and the rest, with very few exceptions, had transferred their rights to white men. I was now to be a witness, not of the ruins of a Palmyra or a Babylon, but of a nation of famous warriors degraded to the lowest pitch of drunkenness and despair, and surrounded in every direction by the least industrious and most dissolute white men on the continent of America.

Everything as we advanced was Indian, the road was crooked, bad, and made without any system, and by its side occasional ragged-looking pieces of ground badly cleared up, on which were built miserable-looking cabins without any fences near them. We had not been half an hour in the terri-

tory before we came to a filthy cabin where a villanous-looking white man sold tobacco and whiskey. A stream was running close by, and at the door of the cabin three other brutal-looking whites were standing with this man, all engaged in making game of a fine tall Indian, about forty-five years old, who was remarkably well made. He was excessively drunk, and was staggering about stark naked and vociferating in an unintelligible manner, whilst the foam from his mouth was falling on his prominent breast. These fellows were promising him another drink if he would jump into the stream, but although they had persuaded him to strip, the morning was so cold and the water—on account of the late rains—so high, that he seemed to have sense enough left not to go any farther. We left the place thoroughly disgusted, but I have no doubt they prevailed upon him at length, for the Indian, when tipsy, is outrageous for more liquor until he becomes dead drunk; and the men told us that he had often done it before. Our road was indescribably bad, going over beds of black waxy plastic clay, of the consistency of that on the small prairies in Arkansas, and entirely cut up by the immense number of waggons containing families that were emigrating from South Carolina to Alabama. Being on foot, and always a-head of the carriage, I used to enter the Indian cabins I came up with, and enter into conversation with those of the people who could speak a little English. Nothing could exceed

the dirt and stench in these places. In one of them I stopped half an hour, and saw breakfast cooked for some Indian women by a negress who was their slave; it consisted of some rotten-looking meat, and her manner of cooking it, in a dirty pan which seemed never to have been cleaned, was something quite shocking.

On reaching the Kateebee swamp we found the bridge of logs, which extended about a mile, quite dislocated with the incessant passage of waggons and the rise of the waters. A file of them had just passed it with great difficulty, and on taking a look at the numerous holes made in it, some of which were four feet deep, I despaired of getting our vehicle over. A person on horseback, who was accompanying one of the waggons, and with whom I had entered into conversation, very kindly lent me his horse to cross the swamp with, and gave me directions how to proceed; by observing these I succeeded, after a hard struggle; and on reaching the other end, where were some more waggons, I sent the horse back to him by a negro slave belonging to one of them.

Almost the whole of the bridge was under water, and in one part of it the structure had been quite broken up for a distance of at least 200 yards, the horse treading fearfully amongst the logs, some of which were floating and some sticking in the mud, not a little puzzled how to get out of these chasms after I had forced him into them.

From hence I proceeded on foot to Walton's, a house of entertainment, where the carriage finally overtook me, to the great satisfaction of Mr. T*********, who considered the log-bridge, when he got upon it, as the *ne plus ultra* of his travels in this direction; but the driver was accustomed to scenes of this kind, and telling him to sit still, at length extricated him. At this house I met two ladies, both of them very genteel persons, on their way from Charlestown, in South Carolina, to Mobile: one of them was a Mrs. H*****, and the other was a Mrs. B****, her niece, an extremely beautiful and interesting young person, who had lately been left a widow. Having heard unpromising accounts of the Kateebee Swamp; they had stopped here to get information from some one who had crossed it. We took a late repast together, and I do not know that I ever felt more sympathy for any individuals than for these amiable women, who were travelling through such an inhospitable country at this unpropitious season, with no attendants but a boy and a negro who drove their carriage. On parting I gave him instructions how to proceed, and was glad to find he was an intelligent and careful man. As to his fair charge, they were both resolutely bent upon making the best of everything, and were prepared to meet events in that admirable spirit which frequently characterises the sex upon perilous occasions.

Everything as we advanced into the Creek country announced the total dissolution of order.

Indians of all ages were wandering about listlessly, the poorest of them having taken to begging, and when we came in sight would come and importune us for money. Some of them, imitating the whites, were doing their best to prey upon each other, for we frequently saw squaws belonging to some of the chiefs seated by the roadside at a log or rude table with a bottle of whiskey and a glass to supply their unfortunate countrymen who had anything to give in return, if it was only the skin of an animal. These women seemed to laugh at the distresses of the others, and gave us a great deal of their eloquence when we passed them, but fortunately we did not understand what they said, though by their lifting up the whiskey bottle it was evident they wanted to make something out of us also. In other places we met young men in the flower of their age, dressed in ragged hunting-shirts and turbans, staggering along, and often falling to the ground, with empty bottles in their hands: in this wretched state of things, with the game almost entirely destroyed, it is evident that nothing will soon be left to those who have beggared themselves but to die of want, or to emigrate, a step they are so very averse to take, that in their desperation they have already committed some murders.

The jurisdiction of this part of the territory had now passed over from the United States to the State of Alabama, which not having yet commenced its exercise, the Indians did just as they pleased. One

of them lately shot a sort of itinerant preacher, named Davis, with whom he had had some dealings, and afterwards came to Walton's and said he was very sorry, but he thought it was a wild turkey he had fired at. This no doubt was a piece of Indian wit, and meant not that he was sorry for what he had done, but that he was sorry it was not a wild turkey he had shot. The few white families who have established themselves on the road were beginning, and with reason, to be alarmed at their situation, for it would require very little combination on the part of the Indians to massacre them all in one night.

At the Persimmon Creek and Swamp we met with another broken-down log-bridge that was dangerous in some places; but several Indians who were here behaved very well, giving us most effectual assistance in getting the carriage across, for which we paid them liberally. From hence we proceeded to one Macgirt's, a white man, living in a filthy Indian-looking place, who pretended to give us some breakfast, but it was so disgustingly bad that we were unable to touch it. This man said he expected to have his throat cut every night, which induced me to tell him, that if it would be any consolation, he might be quite sure they would not touch his victuals. We now got upon an excessively bad road, so cut up that the horses could hardly drag the carriage through the deep ruts, and the soil being of the red waxy kind, we found it

almost as difficult to walk upon it. In the course of the day we met a great many families of planters emigrating to Alabama and Mississippi to take up cotton plantations, their slaves tramping through the waxy ground on foot, and the heavy waggons containing the black women and children slowly dragging on, and frequently breaking down. All that were able were obliged to walk, and being wet with fording the streams were shivering with cold. The negroes suffer very much in these expeditions conducted in the winter season, and upon this occasion must have been constantly wet, for I am sure we forded from forty to fifty streams this day, which, although insignificant in dry weather, were at this time very much swollen with rain. We passed at least 1000 negro slaves, all trudging on foot, and worn down with fatigue.

The Indian cabins, as we advanced, were somewhat different from those we observed on entering the territory, being merely circular spaces covered with bark, and apparently exposed to all the rains: on examining them, however, I found that a small trench was dug round them which prevented the superficial water getting in, and that the bark was lapped over so well that it kept all the rain out. But no language can describe the filth inside of them, and the disgusting appearance of their tenants, especially the old crones. The women seemed to be fond of being bled, for in one of the largest cabins a young man had been bleeding several of them

with a rude lancet. Amongst the rest was an old creature turned sixty, the most thoroughly hideous, wrinkled, dark, and dirty hag I had ever seen amongst them: she had the features and hair of an Alecto, and was completely stark naked.

We made only twenty-five miles this day, and arrived after dark excessively fatigued at one Cook's, a cheerful, dissipated sort of fellow; whose wife, however, being a very respectable woman, gave us a tolerable clean supper and separate beds. In the morning I found that Mr. Cook was a collector of natural curiosities, the stuffed skins of three extraordinarily thick *Diamond rattlesnakes* being hung up in the porch of his little tavern, one of which was seven feet ten inches long, and thirteen inches and a quarter in circumference. He said that great numbers of these enormous snakes, which I believe have not yet been described, were found in the pine lands in this part of the Creek nation. There is also some limestone near his house, in which I observed imperfect specimens of Gryphæa vesiculosa. From hence we got into a very pretty sandy district, and found a tolerable good road on the sand ridges. Streams, whose banks were covered with laurels, live oaks, and other evergreens, were running pleasingly at the base of graceful pine hills, which overlaid a rotten limestone, and wild grass was growing every where in great profusion. This day we met an almost uninterrupted line of emigrants, with innumerable heavy

and light waggons. Some of them had got stuck fast in the deep bottoms, and the men around them were pulling, hauling, whipping, and cursing and swearing to get them out; there were also some lighter carriages, indicating a better class of emigrants. Amongst the rest was an old-fashioned gig, with a lame horse guided by an aged grandmother, with several white and black children stuck in it around her. The whole scene would have reminded me of the emigrations in patriarchal times, but for the very decided style of the cursing and swearing. As we advanced they all inquired if the road was not better a-head; and our answer generally was, "Keep up your spirits and you 'll get through." At one time of the day we certainly passed 1200 people, black and white, on foot. We found very few Indians in this part of the territory—a circumstance I was glad of, as the spectacle they furnished was always a distressing one; and occasionally some of the young men, who were rather drunk, had been very insolent to us.

About eight miles before we reached the Chatahoochie we met boulders of gneiss and quartz, always an indication, in this part of North America, of the limits of the subcretaceous and tertiary beds. In the afternoon we reached the Chatahoochie, it having taken us four days to travel a distance of ninety miles. This fine stream is crossed by an excellent bridge, and divides the State of Georgia from the Creek territory now forming part of Ala-

bama. On the opposite bank is the pretty town of Columbus, in Georgia, where we stopped for the night at a noisy tavern, which seemed to be a general boarding-house for the town. My first care was to secure places for the mail-stage in the morning; the next, to hasten to the Falls of the Chatahoochie, about a mile from Columbus, where I had the pleasure of meeting the gneiss rocks again in place, and of seeing this fine river tumble over them just as it does at Fredericsburgh and Richmond, in Virginia: indeed, there is a strong scenic resemblance betwixt the falls of all the rivers on the east side of the chain which fronts the Atlantic. After gratifying my curiosity, I recrossed the bridge to the Indian side of the Chatahoochie, where I saw a great many huts, and some dwellings apparently belonging to white persons. Here I found the lowest stage of drunkenness and debauchery, prevailing to such an extent that the settlement had acquired the nickname of Sodom; and on my return into Columbus the street was swarming with drunken Indians, and young prostitutes, both Indian and white, a sufficient indication of the manners of the place.

Having reached the tavern again, we endeavoured to get something to eat, and were told to wait until the supper-bell rang; which having done with great patience, we moved, as soon as the tumultuous rush common upon such occasions was effected, to the supper-table; but it was so full that it was quite impossible to get a seat there,

neither was there another chair or bench in the room; so, knowing it would serve no purpose to show any impatience, we remained standing and looking on. The art of bolting was practised here with as much success as I had seen it done at any other place, and in less than ten minutes every man without exception had gone back again to the bar-room; a circumstance that would have given us unalloyed pleasure, if they had not taken every scrap that had been set on the table along with them. We now made our wants known; and the mistress of the house, learning that we were the two "*men*" that had come from the "*nation*" in a carriage, very obligingly ordered some food to be produced for us, which, after a little more patience, we had the satisfaction of eating alone.

We left Columbus, January 17, at 5½ A.M., keeping on the edge of the gneiss, which is covered with sand, gravel, and clay, bearing oak, hickory (*Juglans*), and pine-trees. During the day we got upon the red lands, formed apparently by the decomposition of primary ferruginous slates, and proceeded on over what is called a rolling and broken country. At the end of fifteen miles we stopped at Ellerslie to breakfast, and were heartily glad we should not have to encounter any more of the distressing scenes we had left behind, for we had now got into a white community, if a population can properly be called so where nine out of ten are black. From thence we proceeded seventeen miles to Talbotton, the soil

being generally red and strewed with quartz boulders. On our road from this place to Flint River—a tributary of the Appalachicola, and a very fine stream—the driver incautiously overturned the mail-stage, without, however, doing us any great harm. Having crossed the Flint, we proceeded through a sandy country, with pine timber, seven miles to Knoxville; and thence to Macon, a very pretty town, with a population of from 3000 to 4000 inhabitants, and which, like all the towns in this part of the United States, has a cheerful appearance, not being cramped up as they are in the Northern States. The principal street in Macon is so wide, that I took the trouble to measure it, and found it 150 feet broad.

The *Ocmulgee* River, upon which Macon is situated, is a branch of the *Alatamaha*, the first river which empties into the Atlantic Ocean north of the peninsula of Florida, and the *Flint*, which we have just left behind, being a branch of the *Appalachicola* River, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico, I determined to stay a short time here, for the purpose of collecting some of the fresh-water shells called Unios from the Ocmulgee, and comparing them with those I had taken from the various waters which flow into the Gulf of Mexico. The fact had been for some time ascertained that, farther to the north, the Unios, which are one of the divisions of the family Naiades of Lamarck, consisted, as to numbers, of comparatively few species, and

these generally homely in their appearance, thin, and unornamented, when contrasted with those so unrivalled for their beauty, which inhabit the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico; the Atlantic shells being without that resplendent nacre, that rare pearly and delicately-coloured interior, that rich velvety tuberculated and plicated exterior, and those curious alated forms, which distinguish the Unios of the western waters.

An opportunity now occurred of observing whether so extraordinary a difference in the exterior and interior structure of shells belonging to the same genus was geographically true at this point, where rivers emptying into the Atlantic and into the Gulf of Mexico were flowing through the same region, and only distant thirty miles from each other.

Owing to the state of the waters, I was not fortunate in procuring many shells. The *Unio purpureus*, however, which I had not found in any of the Gulf waters, and which is the characteristic shell of the Atlantic rivers, I did find in the Ocmulgee, without being accompanied by a single specimen of any of the beautiful western species, with most of which I had now become very conversant: nor could I find out from any of the people at Macon, to whom I showed specimens of the western shells, that such were found in the Ocmulgee at any stage of its waters. This examination, therefore, tended to confirm the opinion that

an extraordinary diversity of character prevails in the Unios inhabiting these two classes of rivers, a diversity which appears to amount to a total separation of kinds.

Nor does the fact militate against this opinion of their general separation, that at various points lying farther to the north, the inhabitants of these two classes of rivers are, for a limited distance, found partially intermixed in the sources of streams which interlock each other, as well as in some of the upper lakes, such as Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan; for the western Unios found at those points do not appear to travel to great distances from their native waters, and never to descend the Atlantic rivers to where the tide flows; so that even the exception proves the fact of a real geographical separation of these mollusca, leaving the intermixture to be explained by the occasional inundations that frequently connect the eastern and western waters at points where the difference of level is never more than twenty feet.

Mr. Conrad, the only American naturalist who appears to have travelled for the purpose of studying this interesting naiad family, has communicated to me the specific names of more than one hundred species (?) of the Unio inhabiting the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, of which not one of the preponderating species has been found in the Atlantic streams; and, as I have before observed, the *Unio purpureus*, that is the characteristic shell

of about twenty species inhabiting the Atlantic streams, is not found to the west of Flint River.

The causes which have produced so striking a difference in the shells of these mollusca, or have led to this curious geographical distribution of their different species well deserve the attention of philosophic naturalists. If what have hitherto been called species are, in most instances, only varieties produced by expediency, then the mineral character of the strata through which the rivers flow, the degree of dynamic action of the streams, and the peculiarity of food and climate, may be amongst the efficient causes of geographical distribution and general variety.

On the other hand, as there was undoubtedly a time preceding the existence of all the rivers, viz. when the whole continent of North America was covered by the ocean, the origin of all fresh-water mollusca must necessarily be assigned to a period subsequent to the upraising of the dry land from the bosom of the ocean, and the establishment of rivers; a state of things which admits a conclusion capable perhaps of reconciling the anomaly of the case, since it would bring all these widely separated mollusca into the general category of organised beings, created with inherent faculties capable of securing all the advantages of the varying regions in which they were produced, and in which they were fitted to live, without a chance of any material deviation in their constitutional structure. The

power of accommodating themselves to a partial change of country has no doubt been accorded to all beings, and, in the case of these mollusca, we see how they are subject to admixture, and to a casual separation from their original *habitats*.

The differences in the exterior of their shells, even when they are so slight as to escape the notice of other observers, have made them objects of the most intense anxiety to many of those ardent conchologists who indulge in extensive generalization over the fireside, and who rush into immortality upon the strength of any difference, often unreal, which appears to separate one shell from another, and to justify them in adding to the list of species, already cumbrous and perplexing, by the multiplication of conflicting synonymes. The grand object of some of these sedentary naturalists appears to be to coin a new Latin name, and add the magical word "nobis" to it. Accidental characters are just as valuable to them as natural ones. If a shell in a particular stream is soft and friable and easily decorticated at the beaks, where it is most exposed to disintegration, it is forthwith raised into a species and becomes *Unio cariosus*, although practical naturalists know that the *same* shell in other streams is never decorticated in the slightest degree. Other shells, which have been named *circulus*, *orbiculatus*, *subrotundus*, *triangularis*, and the like, according to their approximation to a round or angular shape, are often found with characters

totally opposite to those specifically assigned to them; so that it is not uncommon to find Unios without the specific characters upon which their rank depends in the books, whilst they have got those of almost every other shell. *Unio cornutus*, which in some streams has peculiar protuberances on the exterior of the shell, is found in others without even the budding of horns; so that there are horned shells without horns, and carious shells perfectly sound. What would be said of the want of sense of cattle-breeders, if they were to talk of long-horned cattle that had got no horns, and Durham short-horns with long horns? These races, which externally differ from all other animals of the same family, are artificial varieties produced by a departure from their natural habits, and would, if they were no longer influenced by art, go back to another and very different state. It is not, therefore, very surprising that the same Unio should differ occasionally so much in the shape of its shell, or that it should be carious in one stream and sound in another, since the modification in the first case may be produced by the circumstances it is exposed to, aided by an inherent power of adaptation to them, and in the second, perhaps, by the absence or presence of parasites. As to the nature of that inherent power, we know that the shells of these mollusca are repaired again when they are injured; and may, without assuming either intelligence or volition for the animal in that act, infer that the

same provident care which knits the broken limb of the unconscious child, has not only been extended to the mollusca, but modifies, when necessary, the primary form of their shells. When, therefore, we find them thus modified, it is but evidence of what nature is ever vigilant to do for conservative purposes. We cannot, therefore, but regard the labours of those neologists who found their classification of the mollusca upon the shells of the animals, as idle and insecure. It is to be regretted, both for the sake of zoology and conchology, that so many specie-makers are pursuing the shadow and not the substance. When conchologists make the knowledge of malacology the serious object of their labours, when they study the animal more and the shells less, every accession to our knowledge of this branch of natural history can be profitably carried to the general account of science, and will redound to the permanent honour of the discoverer; whilst those who encumber the path of science by their contests for priority in inventing names for shells will acquire no lasting reputation, even when they succeed in establishing their claims.

From Macon to Milledgeville we had thirty miles of bad road over a red clay exceedingly cut up. This town is situated on a hill near the Oconnee River, the east branch of the Alatamaha, and is, like the rest, an open airy place, with fine broad streets. We were now in a part of the old colony of Georgia before it was enlarged by acqui-

sitions from the Creeks. Timber was comparatively scarce, the soil a deep red earth, still good for cotton, and the fields large and under good fence. On descending a hill about ten miles from this place, I found gneiss near a small stream, with veins of porphyritic granite resembling that upon which the Chesterfield coal-field, in Virginia, reposes, which is of the same character as the granite of Shapfell, in England. The weather was singularly hot for January, Fahrenheit showing 74° upon the scale at noon. From hence we made twenty-three miles to Sparta, a pleasing rural-looking place, built upon a hill and containing some neat houses, with a very good sort of tavern. The roads were very bad the next twenty-three miles to Warrenton; we crossed the Ogeechee River at about half the distance, and proceeding all night through wretched roads for forty-two miles, reached *Augusta*, on the Savannah River, a muddy stream about 200 yards wide, which is the boundary betwixt the States of South Carolina and Georgia. This is a long straggling town, containing perhaps 4000 inhabitants; with a main street at least a mile long, and full of small stores and low taverns. All these southern towns are very much alike: there is always one endless street filled with small linen-drapers' shops or stores, the owners of which call themselves merchants. In some of these stores ready-made clothes are sold, in others boots and shoes; a few of them contain the wares of ironmongers, and

perhaps one or two of them are small book-stores. These, with at least one hundred dram-shops and dirty taverns, are what is to be seen in one of these long streets, crowded with men all upon a level in greediness and vulgarity; in short, there is nothing to detain a traveller who is in search of anything that is rare and interesting, but everything conspires to make him anxious to take to the roads again, be they ever so bad.

We crossed the Savannah over a bridge to a dirty suburb called Hamburgh, the termination of a rail-road 140 miles long, from Charleston, on the Atlantic. A great part of this railway, which is a single line, is raised, not on an embankment, but on piles—from six to twenty feet high from the ground, standing upon stilts, as it were, and must be singularly dangerous. At the end of the first stage we passed a well-constructed inclined plane about half a mile long. Almost the whole distance of eighty miles from Augusta to *Columbia* is over a pine and sand country of the poorest character, the latter part of it being a dead flat. One mile from Columbia we crossed a long wooden bridge, thrown over the Congaree at the confluence of the Saluda and Broad Rivers, both of which have their sources in the mountains of North Carolina. Not far from the bridge this river falls over gneiss rocks penetrated by granitic veins, and a short railway is laid from the bridge up a gentle acclivity to the town, which contains about 4000 inhabitants. The

streets, like those of the other towns, are broad, and planted with that gaudy tree, *the Pride of China* (*Melia Azaderach*). Having travelled several nights in that exposed and most comfortless and lumbrous contrivance, an American stage-coach, I determined to rest a day or two here and see a few acquaintances I had in the neighbourhood; so being fortunate enough to get a private room at the tavern, I proceeded to spruce myself up a little, a thing I had not done since I left New Orleans.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Gentlemen of America—The Tariff and Nullification—Wise conduct of Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun—Warlike Propensities of an Octogenarian Philosopher—A black Animal chained on the roof of a Stage-coach—The character of the White Man elevated by the Slavery of the Black one.

COLUMBIA, the capital of South Carolina, is pleasantly situated, and in some of its airy streets there are genteel-looking houses, which at once indicate a respectable state of society; but I was very much surprised to find the capital of the State built on a piece of ground so barren, that even grass will scarcely grow upon it. Having walked through the streets to see what the town looked like, I rambled in the afternoon about two or three miles off to call upon Dr. Cooper, whom I had met before in New York. This gentleman, always conspicuous, had made himself particularly so of late, in the agitation of the *Nullification* question, which the Tariff law had given birth to, and which had so nearly brought the State of South Carolina into hostile collision with the power of the federal government under the administration of President Jackson. Although the excitement—

which at one time threatened such fatal consequences—had been calmed by the judicious conduct of Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun in agreeing to the Compromise Act, yet the same question is of such vital consequence to South Carolina, and so important to the Northern manufacturers, that it is always liable to be agitated again. The leading planters of South Carolina are generally men who, having inherited large estates with numerous slaves born upon them, and received liberal educations, consider themselves, not without some reason, *the gentlemen of America;* looking down upon the trading communities in the Northern States, where slavery does not exist, with that habitual sense of superiority which men born to command—and above all others slaveholders—always cherish when they are placed in competition with men engaged in mercantile pursuits, whom they consider to be, by the nature of their avocations, incapable of rising to their level: to this feeling, the seeds of which are planted in infancy, is added a distrust sometimes amounting to hatred.

The planter, although his crops of cotton and rice often produce him an annual income far exceeding that of the cultivator of the North, and tempt him to live in a style corresponding to the rank he believes himself to hold in society, yet is frequently less independent than the opulent merchant or farmer he undervalues, his annual expenditures being large and certain, whilst his returns are somewhat precarious. He has perhaps to feed

and clothe several hundred slaves, and it is not convenient for him to reduce his style of living; so that not unfrequently the merchant at the north, who is his agent, and to whom he consigns his productions for sale, sends him an account current, where, instead of small charges being deducted from large returns, he finds the advances made to him in money, the bills for feeding and clothing his slaves, his wines and luxuries, and other charges, swelled to an amount far exceeding the sum-total that his crops have sold for; perceiving himself therefore the debtor and quasi slave of the man he despises, his pride, his interest, and his passions, all combine to rouse his indignation: at such moments the agitated planter is easily led to follow in the wake of any politicians who flatter him with a prospect of redress.

When the politicians and manufacturers of the Northern States combined to enact the tariff of 1828, "for the *protection* of home manufactures," alleging that the productions of the Southern States were admitted without competition into the ports of England, a general feeling of resistance arose in the State of South Carolina: the duties now to be levied upon those articles of British manufacture which the planter was compelled to purchase for the use of his slaves, must necessarily greatly augment his expenditures, and to this was added the apprehension of another evil of still greater magnitude, viz. that Great Britain might lay retaliatory duties upon his exports, and gradually look to other

countries to be supplied with them. Politics and interests therefore combined in South Carolina to rouse the people into a resistance to that law, and the government of the State taking the lead, finished by declaring that when the United States government manifestly exceeded its powers—of which fact they held that the suffering State must be the best judge—every single State had a natural and constitutional right to "nullify its acts."

Armies now were raised, and everything was prepared for resistance, as much as if a foreign invader was about to enter their territory. Such was the indomitable spirit that appeared to prevail, and the determination not to permit the revenue laws of the United States to be executed in South Carolina, that if President Jackson, as it was believed he was disposed to do, had attempted to execute them by force, there is no doubt that a furious civil war would have raged in the State, of which the consequences—let the questionable result have been either one way or the other—must have been signally fatal; for no one can predict the ultimate consequences of giving military habits to a numerous slave population, which must upon so fatal a contingency have unavoidably taken place. Happily for the country, the wise compromise which took place, the effect of which was to provide for the gradual reduction of those oppressive tariff duties to an amount limited by the wants of the public revenue, and not by the demands for *protection*, averted this great danger. Mr. Clay, whom the

protection-party claimed as their leader, and Mr. Calhoun, the avowed leader of the Nullifying party, patriotically concurred in making sacrifices in favour of peace, by carrying the measure called the Compromise Act through the national legislature.

No man had taken a more energetic and animated part in this dangerous agitation than the veteran Dr. Cooper, now approaching his eightieth year, and one of the most remarkable men that have emigrated from England—his native country—to the United States. Cooper was a philosophical *élève* of the famous Dr. Priestley, and finding that everything in England was too long or too short for him, he passed over to the "asylum of oppressed humanity," with the intention of making it his home for life. He was a man of singular versatility of talent, of unceasing activity, and great natural benevolence. His attainments were various; there was nothing in law, physic, divinity, chemistry, or general science that he had entirely overlooked; and although some of his screws were uncommonly loose, particularly his religious ones, he was capable of being a very useful member of society, and was always—as such a man with so much experience must be—a most agreeable and instructive companion. But that which above all things made the Doctor happy, and which wherever he went seemed to be his study to provide a quantum sufficit of, was persecution, and this he was fortunate enough to find even in America. On his arrival his talents procured him an official ap-

pointment of some distinction in Pennsylvania, but he soon contrived to be driven from it, and to be fined heavily into the bargain. At length he took refuge in South Carolina, was well received by the leading planters there, and placed in the honourable and lucrative situation of President of the College in the town of Columbia.

Here the Doctor might have flourished in renown, and have pursued a career of usefulness, but the current was too gentle for him, and preferring troubled waters, he began to insinuate that it was unworthy of free men to be educated in religious prejudices, and ended by openly denouncing the Christian religion. If there were a few persons in the State to whom this was agreeable, there were a great many to whom it was very offensive. The friends of the college had hoped that in placing an amiable person with such various attainments at its head, he would have possessed sufficient judgment to have looked to the interests of the institution, and would have endeavoured to support that which supported him. The sons of persons entertaining different opinions both in religion and politics were to be educated here, and it was expected by all that though theology was not to be a principal branch of study, yet a reverence for religion would be inculcated; it was soon made evident, however, that anything but this was instilled into the young minds entrusted to his care, and parents immediately began to withdraw their children from an

institution where the Christian religion was openly derided. The Doctor having succeeded in driving away all those who were not disposed to imbibe his irreligious opinions, proceeded to practise the same tactics with those who would not agree with him in defying the government of the country, as established by law, in regard to Nullification; so that his students became at length very few in numbers, and not long before I reached Columbia, the friends of the college, to save it from total ruin, caused the Doctor to be removed from his situation. In doing this they acted with great delicacy and generosity, creating for him a sort of sinecure office, under which, unless he again oscillates out of his orbit, he may enjoy a very competent salary for the rest of his life.

I found Dr. Cooper in a pleasant little villa, which the ladies of his family had furnished with a great many comforts. He received me very cordially, and although about eighty years old, began to talk with wonderful energy and vivacity upon a variety of subjects. The Compromise Act, however, was uppermost in the Doctor's mind, and I soon saw that he did not like it at all, for it had extinguished all the eloquence, patriotism, and achievement which Nullification might have brought forth at a future day. Upon my congratulating him upon that measure, and the happy consequences which would flow from it, he rose from his easy chair, and although almost bent

double like a hook, he seized the hearth-brush, and with his eyes full of fire, and wielding the brush as if it were a broadsword, denounced the Compromise Act as an ignoble measure which he never could approve of; declared that the Nullifiers were quite in the wrong to make peace with the Union men (their opponents in South Carolina), and that it would have been a much better course for them to have taken the field against General Jackson, and have fought all the power he could have brought against them. "We have lost a fine opportunity, sir, of carrying this State to the highest renown," said this little crooked octogenarian; and then giving General Jackson a desperate cut with the hearth-brush, he went back to his easy chair again.

I was perfectly delighted with the vivacity of the old gentleman, and never passed a pleasanter evening. At tea we were joined by some very well-bred neighbours, amongst whom were several ladies, to whom the Doctor, constantly paddling about amongst them, paid his lively compliments, and then returned to his chair to laugh and dispute about chemistry, geology, law, and, above all, religion and politics. Whatever side of the question he took he maintained it with wonderful energy, and always with pertinacity when he could not do it with reason, as if it was too late in life for him to be convinced about such matters.

The next morning I visited the college, which

had the appearance of being very much neglected; there was a collection of minerals, but it was in wretched disorder; indeed everything seemed to be out of place. On my return I learnt that some gentlemen, with whom I had been previously acquainted, had called upon me, and I willingly accepted an invitation to dine with one of them. Our party consisted of some gentlemen of the place, Dr. Cooper, and a few professors belonging to the college. Some of them were very intelligent men, and hearty in their manners. What particularly struck me at this dinner was the total want of caution and reserve in the ultra opinions they expressed about religion and politics; on these topics their conversation was not at all addressed to me, but seemed to be a resumption of the opinions they were accustomed to express whenever they met, and upon all occasions. A stranger dropped in amongst them from the clouds would hardly have supposed himself amongst Americans, the language they used and the opinions they expressed were so diametrically opposed to the self-laudatory strain they too generally indulge in when speaking of their country or themselves. It was quite new to me to hear men of the better class express themselves openly against a republican government, and to listen to discussions of great ability, the object of which was to show that there never can be a good government if it is not administered by gentlemen. Not having shared in the conversation, I ventured

at one time to name Mr. Madison, at whose house I was in the habit of making autumnal visits, as a person that would have ranked as a gentleman in any country; but I was immediately stopped by a declaration that he was a false hypocritical dissembler, that he was one of the favourites of the Sovereign People, and one of the worst men the country had produced. At a period of less excitement such a sentiment would not have been tolerated, and I could not but attribute their present pique against this eminent statesman to the inflexible opposition he had given to Nullification, which went to destroy the efficacy of the constitution he had been one of the principal framers of. A short time after, something very extravagant having been said, I could not help asking, in a good-natured way, if they called themselves Americans yet; the gentleman who had interrupted me before, said, "If you ask *me* if I am an American, my answer is, No, sir, I am a South Carolinian." If the children of these Nullifiers are brought up in the same opinions, which they are very likely to be, here are fine elements for future disunion; for, imbibing from their infancy the notion that they are born to command, it will be intolerable to them to submit to be, in their own estimation, the drudges of the northern manufacturers, whom they despise as an inferior race of men. Even now there is nothing that a southern man resents so much as to be called a *Yankee*, a term which in the Southern States is applied exclusively to the New England people, and in quite as

sarcastic a sense as it is sometimes applied in Europe to all citizens of the United States.

Having secured seats in the mail for the north on the 22nd of January, we were standing near the stage-coach at the door of the tavern waiting the arrival of the mail from Charleston, when it drove up with a negro male slave, about thirty years old, *chained flat on the roof*, the poor devil having been overtaken by his master after an ineffectual attempt to run away.

It happened, oddly enough, that a gentleman whom I had met at dinner, and with whom I had had more than once a good deal of conversation, having called to bid me good bye, was at this very moment talking rather earnestly with me on the subject of slavery. Admiring his intelligence and the liberality of his sentiments on other subjects, I had ventured to observe—what I had cautiously abstained from doing when in society—that it detracted very much from the estimation in which the gentlemen of South Carolina otherwise deserved to be held, that no relaxation was to be found in their opinions about slavery, and that it seemed to me their state could never be as prosperous as the northern states, as long as they held men in bondage, and relied entirely upon slave labour. The line of argument he took up in answer to my observation was really very curious, and deserves to be recorded.

He observed that the working of *the institution of slavery* (so he dignified this bondage) was not

understood out of the slave states; that it elevated the character of the master, by comparison, made him jealous of his own, and the natural friend of public liberty; that the dignity of character which had belonged to southern gentlemen, from Washington down to the present times, was unknown to the men of the northern states, and must always be, since one effect of their laws and customs was to cause a division of the estate of every head of a family, on his decease, equally amongst his children, and so compel every one of them to reconstruct a fortune as well as he could; that every body knew this generated a rapacious spirit, and made the accumulation of wealth the sole object of every man's life. This was not the case in South Carolina, where the planter, whatever might be his transactions, was careful not to encroach upon the character of the gentleman; and he adduced Mr. Calhoun, the leader of the Nullifying party, as an eminent instance of the justice of what he said. This gentleman, he remarked, was a planter and a slaveholder, who in private life never had been known to be guilty of a mean action, and in public life had never omitted an opportunity of vindicating the constitution from the attempts of sordid persons to pervert its intentions. For these reasons, he said, Mr. Calhoun, independent of his great intellectual powers, was universally honoured in his native state, and was justly looked up to by all as the vigilant guardian of its rights. All these great principles of action, he added, were developed and

strengthened by the institution of slavery; that the slaves were not an unhappy race of men; they were well fed, well clothed; and if there had been a necessity for it in the late dispute with the United States government, the slaves would have shown to a man their well-known fidelity to their masters.

I was struck with this justification of slavery, which, notwithstanding its excluding humanity, benevolence, and justice from the list of our duties to others, would seem to qualify white men in a very high degree for the enjoyment of the compulsory labour of men of a different colour. If it means any thing, it must mean that every man should be a slaveholder in order to the successful development of his own inherent dignity.

Just at the moment my friend had finished, the exception to this fidelity before noticed drove up to where we were talking, chained at full length flat upon the top of the stage. I had seen turtles, and venison, and wild turkeys, and things of that sort, fastened to the top of a stage-coach before, but this was the first black man I ever saw arranged in that manner. Catching a glimpse of him as the stage drove up, I thought it was a bear, or some other animal on its way to the larder; but in a few minutes they handed him down from the top, holding him by the end of his chain, exactly as if he had been a baboon, and then proceeded to hoist him to the top of the stage we were to travel in, and fasten him down there just as he had been before.

CHAPTER XLV.

Inside and Outside Passengers in chains—Bob Chatwood and the Game of All Fours—A Social Bottle—An Overturn in the dark—Reach Charlotte, in North Carolina—Description of the Gold Region in North Carolina and Virginia—Richmond, in Virginia—The Chesterfield Coal-Field—Speculations respecting it.

I NOW bade adieu to my friend, and pointing to the poor fellow in bonds, told him that, since I was going to travel with the *institution of slavery*, I hoped I should turn out to be a perfect Hampden before the day was over. He laughed and went away, and Mr. T******** and myself took our seats in the stage-coach, not in the least dreaming of what was now going to occur. We were left alone for a few minutes, and I was ruminating upon the fine theory of the person who had just gone away, and contrasting it with the practical consequences attending the "institution," as exemplified over my head, when a number of persons came out of the kitchen door of the tavern, approached the stage, opened the door with something of a bustle, and handed a young white man into it, about twenty-five years old, with his legs *fettered* and *manacles* on

his hands. This agreeable object took the hind seat exactly opposite to me, and after him entered a deputy sheriff, in whose custody he was, and a number of low vulgar fellows—all seeming very much in want of shackles—until the stage was full. I was so exceedingly struck with the novelty of my situation, travelling in a stage-coach with a black man in chains at the top, and a white man chained in the inside, that I could not help calling the agent of the stage to the window next to my seat, to ask him if he could not get me a yellow man from the mulattos in the street, to chain at the bottom. The man laughed heartily, and gave me the history of my opposite neighbour.

His name was Bob Chatwood, a desperate, gambling, dissolute fellow, from his earliest years. One of Bob's practices was to persuade negroes that he was acquainted with to steal whatever they could from their masters, convert it into money, and then play with them at *all fours*, a game some of them are very fond of. There was a black amateur, a great adept at the game, quite equal to Bob at it; and upon one occasion, when they were playing together in a shed by the light of an old lamp, the negro won every game. Bob lost his temper, and after keeping the black man up almost all night, refused in the end to pay his losses; but producing two silver dollars, told him if he could win them he would pay him. Luck still continued on Sambo's side, who, having won the game, instantly snatched

up the money and ran off. Bob soon overtook him and in the scuffle which ensued, finding the black man too strong, he ran a knife into his throat and mortally wounded the poor fellow, who had just strength to get home, tell his story, and expire.

For this offence Bob was tried, and, being a white man, great sympathy was manifested in his favour. If it had been nothing but an angry scuffle between them, he would probably have been acquitted, but he had committed the unpardonable sin of playing at cards with a *slave* for stolen property: this was proved against him at Chesterville, a town through which we were to pass, and he was found guilty of murder. His friends, however, had influence to procure a new trial before the superior court at Columbia, where he had been removed; but the example was too dangerous, and the first sentence had just been confirmed, and Bob ordered to be hung in April next.

The silence which prevailed in the stage-coach for the first mile or two was broken by the deputy taking a bottle of liquor from his pocket, putting it to his mouth, and passing it round, when each one, taking his quid of tobacco out for an instant, took a swig. Bob took a very hearty one, and then kindly passed the bottle to me; who having declined touching it, the deputy extended his arm, took it out of Bob's manacled paw, corked it, and replaced it in his pocket. They now began to talk politics; all of them were Nullifiers except Bob, and Bob was

for General Jackson, probably thinking that the best chance he stood for his life depended upon a successful invasion of the state, and a general clearing out of the gaols. The bottle continued to circulate from time to time; but Bob, finding me so unsocial, ceased offering it to me, whether from policy or displeasure I could not tell. He looked very thoughtful at times, as if his fate was uppermost in his mind; but he was always ready for the bottle, and, after he had drunk, was sometimes livelier than any of them, getting into long stories about cock-fighting, and horse-racing, and card-playing, that showed he was a perfect character in his line. The deputy and the other fellows laughed and jöked and told their stories, treating Bob *exactly as if they were his equals.* This agreeable illusion seemed to cheer him a little, and to last until the last swig at the bottle had ceased to warm him, and until there was a momentary silence; then I used to observe, especially towards the close of the day, that a dreadful change would come over his features, as if the unfortunate wretch was picturing to himself his last moments, when the gallows and the hemp were standing ready to receive him. They had soon emptied the first bottle, and had replenished it at some place where we had changed horses; but this too became *nullified,* and then the whole party of blackguards seemed disposed to sleep, and left me to such reflections as could not fail to occupy my mind, shut

up as I was in a vehicle conveying such a horrid combination of beings.

We had made fifty-five miles, and were driving on rather rapidly in the dark, having only five miles more to Chesterville, when the stage, having got into a deep rut, was suddenly upset on the side where I was, and my head coming to the hard ground with a violent blow, I received a severe contusion. All had now to get out and assist to replace the stage on its wheels. The black fellow who was chained to the top was exceedingly amused with the incident, and got into one of his negro fits of laughter; he was tired of his recumbent position, and had now, without any trouble or hurt, got into a vertical one. We could scarce see each other, and an opportunity might have occurred of Bob's hiding himself away in the woods; but the deputy and the other fellows immediately convinced him that he was not quite one of themselves, by lashing him to a tree, before they assisted the driver with the stage. As for myself, I had such a violent headache with the blow I had got, that it was impossible for me to assist them or bear the motion of the stage. I determined therefore to walk, dark as it was, slowly on to Chesterville, where I arrived in about two hours and a half, the stage coming up with me as I was entering the place.

Our drive this day was over decomposed ferruginous slates; and occasionally, as we drew northwards, gneiss and greenstone appeared in the ra-

vines, with a decomposing rock, which looked like elvan, frequent veins and beds of which are found in the Gold Region of North Carolina, which we were now approaching.

From Chesterville, where we left the motley crew we had been travelling with, black and white, we continued twenty-one miles to Yorkville, a small village, and pursuing our journey thirty miles to Charlotte, in North Carolina, crossed the *Catawba* River, which lies half way betwixt these two towns, into that state. It was night before we reached Charlotte; and I went immediately to bed, suffering severely from the contusion I had received.

Feeling myself refreshed by my night's rest, and my headache having very much abated, I descended the next morning to a comfortable breakfast; and afterwards sallied out to examine the neighbourhood, which has acquired a little celebrity by the establishment of some mills here, for the purpose of crushing the gold ore which abounds so much in this part of the country.

What is called the *Gold Region* in the United States, may be described as a metalliferous belt extending in a south-west direction from the Potomac River to the heads of the Talapoosa, in the State of Alabama, running in its course through the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The length of this belt is about 600 miles, and it has a mean breadth from its southern

to its northern edge of about eighty. In every part of this extensive line native gold is found in alluvial deposits, and in various streams, whilst the contiguous rocky strata abound in quartzose veins more or less auriferous. From the nature and position of the alluvial deposits, the manner in which they are situated in relation to the stream, and the general modification which the surface has received from one end of the line to the other, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there has been, at some remote period, a great degradation of the ancient surface, and that the metallic and stony contents of the alluvial deposits are composed of the ruins of the old rocks. Nothing is more common in these deposits than to find masses of quartz with small lumps of native gold imbedded in them, resembling in every particular others which are taken from veins now in place, the heaviest masses being always found nearest to the auriferous strata, and the particles of gold-dust at the greatest distance from them.

The auriferous quartzose veins in the gold region are singularly abundant, and are either found in a formation of which talcose slate is the characteristic rock—as in Virginia—or are sheathed with talcose slate, and hold an almost vertical position in elvan beds and beds of ferruginous slates, as in North Carolina; so that talcose rocks characterize the entire Gold Region from one extreme to the other. These talcose rocks are continued north from

the Potomac, running in the same north-east direction through the northern portion of the United States to the River St. Lawrence, south of Quebec. I have traced them through the whole of this extended line, and although gold is not found in every part of it as on the south side of the Potomac, yet it is eminently metalliferous in copper and lead, and native gold has been found upon it in various localities even as far as the extreme point to which it has been traced. As a metalliferous deposit it is, therefore, one of the most remarkable geological features of the continent of North America, running parallel to, and in some parts forming a portion of, the great elevated Alleghany belt.

The gold region in Virginia is a singularly beautiful country, especially in a western direction from the town of Fredericsburg, on the Rapahannock River. When the discovery of this metal there began to be first talked of some years ago, I passed a great deal of my time in those lovely woodland districts, where the whole country is thrown into hills gracefully rounded by the action of water, and where the clear streams in the valleys run through the alluvial deposits, consisting of the ruins of the rocks which had once united the hills by a more elevated surface. With a clean room to retire to at a settler's residing far in the woods, and abundance of milk and bread, and bacon, and tea and sugar to comfort myself with when I returned at night fatigued with my day's excursion, the time stole away

most agreeably and rapidly. Many a time, when wandering by one of those murmuring brooks, and listening to the rich and varied melody of the mocking-bird, whose favourite breeding-place is in these groves, have I dipped out the auriferous gravel, washed it in a pan that I carried about with me, and thus collected in the course of the day native gold of the value of from five to ten shillings. In a few of the streams the grains were very abundant, and I have known some of those persons who then began to follow gold-finding as an occupation, collect as much as the value of a guinea or two in the course of a day.

Upon one occasion I visited an extensive alluvial deposit in the county of Louisa, where great success had attended the operations, some persons having unexpectedly come upon an extraordinary rich bed of auriferous gravel, from which in six days they extracted native gold, in grains, of the value of ten thousand dollars. This treasure, when I saw it, had a very odd appearance, for the proprietors had put it into glass bottles; it was a large sum, and people at a distance were not disposed to believe so much gold had been found there; but there it was, I saw it weighed, and could entertain no doubt upon the subject. Soon after this discovery, the vein from whence it was derived was also found, consisting of a pale porous quartz, thickly studded with knobs and lamina of native gold, and upon comparing specimens of it—which I was permitted to

do—with the contents of the bottles, I found that many of the *pepitas*, or knobs of gold, corresponded in form, although the alluvial gold was rounded and worn by the action of water.

I also visited another very interesting place. Some children playing on the side of a hill, on pulling up some bunches of grass, found numerous particles of gold mixed up with the earth, which inducing their father to dig into it, he came to a very extensive pocket or cavity, at the bottom of which was an immense quantity of yellow earthy matter (decomposed felspar) with pepitas in it, some of the finest specimens of which I purchased for my cabinet. He now got two or three hired negroes to assist him, and this stuff was wheeled to the brook which ran at the foot of the hill and washed. Although the operation was conducted in a very wasteful manner, he nevertheless sometimes obtained gold to the amount of one thousand dollars in the course of the day. The last time I visited his mine I was sorry to find him under very changed circumstances, for having extracted all the loose earth from the pocket, he had made his assistants dig various adits at random into the hill without propping the roofs up, in consequence of which a ponderous mass of earth gave way and killed one of his hired negroes, whose full value he was obliged to pay to the proprietor. This untoward event had created a prejudice against his mine, and, as he told me, "had turned all the luck against him." I found, however, that the true

cause of the reverses which overtook him was more deeply seated than this, for in his confidence in the resources of the mine, he had, a short time before, purchased the fee-simple of the place of the owner, had paid him on account almost all the cash he had obtained for his gold, and had mortgaged the place for the remainder. Having no ready money left, and the mine requiring both skill and capital—neither of which he possessed—to carry it on, the mortgagee took advantage of his necessity and proceeded to foreclose the mortgage; so that he was in a likely way to lay down his character of gold-miner and go back to his first occupation of gold-finder by washing gravel at the brooks.

The general direction of the auriferous veins of quartz in this part of Virginia is north-east and south-west—a fact which appears to identify their origin with that of the great belt of the Alleghanies: they are very numerous, and occur in some places every two or three hundred yards, often branching out into narrow ramifications, and uniting again into one vein from four to six feet broad. The veins go down almost vertically, and upon being broken up are generally found loaded with ferruginous matter, or crystals of sulphuret of iron containing thin lamina of gold. Near the surface these crystals are very much decomposed, and often present particles of gold lying free amongst a quantity of oxide of iron. In some instances the crystalline structure of the pyrites is beautifully exhibited,

the incipient decomposition of the crystal showing the complex laminated structure of the interior, where bright lamina of native gold are seen leaning against the parietes, with transparent crystals of sulphur formed from the decomposition of the sulphuret. In some instances the veins of quartz contain no sulphuret of iron, but present, on being fractured, knobs and particles of native gold, which form a brilliant contrast to the pure whiteness of the quartz. In almost every case, however, where shafts have been sunk upon a vein, the quartzose matter decreases in quantity as the vein descends, and at a mine in Orange County which I visited, the contents of the vein became more and more pyritical as it descended, until, at a depth of 120 feet, no more quartzose matter appeared, and the entire vein was composed of a finely granulated sulphuret of iron. Although there are a few known localities in Virginia where the native gold is alloyed with silver, and many where tellurium abounds in the veins, yet the native gold is generally very little alloyed, rising as high as twenty-three to twenty-three and a half carats, which is gold nearly in its pure state.

Through the kindness of Mr. Bissel, an intelligent and experienced gold-miner, who has superintended the operation of the gold-mills in the vicinity of Charlotte, I had an opportunity of examining the ores of this part of the State of North Carolina. Those which are now broken at the Charlotte Mills

are brought from a mine at some distance called Capp's, which in company with Mr. Bissel I visited, and went down the shaft that has been sunk to a depth of 160 feet. The quartz vein here was sheathed with a case of talcose slate, and the elvan rocks through which it descended, although in some places hard, were very prone to decomposition. The gold was everywhere associated with iron, and seldom visible. Near to this I saw an instance of a flat vein or floor of auriferous quartz, which seemed in its progress from below when in a semiliquid state to have poured itself out right and left, and to have completely covered the elvan to a considerable distance. We visited also another vein which had been opened, in one of which specks of gold appeared, but which was very rich in sulphuret of copper. From various copper ores which were shown to me, I imagine that that metal will hereafter be found more productive in North Carolina than gold. The ores are unusually rich, and I think will repay those who at some future day may cause them to be skilfully treated. At present there seems to be no information of this kind in the State. As to gold-mining, I do not learn that any person has become enriched by it: it is a fascinating pursuit and has attracted many, but the average value of the ore, as far as I can learn, does not exceed two shillings and sixpence the bushel of 100 lbs.; and whether such ore can be extracted from deep mines, brought to the surface, broken, triturated, amalga-

mated, and its precious material finally melted into bars of pure gold, at a profit, is very doubtful. That some localities may yield a fair return for the great capital which gold-mining involves is very probable, and I have seen some ores that would inspire me with confidence; but I should as soon think of purchasing every ticket in a lottery for the sake of securing the great prize, as of expending capital in working some of the mines I have visited.

Having passed my first day here very agreeably and instructively, I sallied out alone on the next, and wandered around the neighbourhood, in many parts of which are feldspathic rocks chequered with a great number of auriferous quartz veins, whilst in particular areas talcose and other slates are found loaded with ferruginous matter. Wherever the ferruginous slates occur the soil is red, and where the elvan rocks prevail it is dry, sandyish, and has a pale arenaceous colour; the colour and constitution of the soil conspicuously announcing the nature of the subjacent rocks. But the most remarkable mineral which I have seen in America, both on account of its great beauty and its rarity, is a singular felspathic dyke of a pale colour, of the variety which the Germans have named Weiss-stein, but spotted with brown and brownish black cylindrical or oblong infiltrations, often several inches in length, and from the size of a pin's head to half an inch in diameter. These, in transversal sections, appear more or less in the form of orbicular spots in pro-

portion as the slabs are cut parallelly to the horizontal rifts in the rock, and somewhat resemble the spots on a leopard's skin. They appear to owe their origin to infiltrations of oxides of manganese and iron in solution, and contain, as well as the mass in which they are enclosed, minute double six-sided pyramids of quartz, and small reddish particles, probably of the garnet kind.* There is also another variety in the same dyke, perhaps not less beautiful, where the infiltrations have uniformly taken the dendritic form. The dyke is very extensive, and is a short half-hour's walk from the village of Charlotte.

At midnight on the 26th, we got again into the stage and drove to a small place called Lexington to breakfast, passing through the town of Salisbury and crossing the Yadkin River on our way. This part of the United States, like many other mineral regions, is not particularly fertile: some pretty situations occur here and there, but the country is often barren and has a homely appearance compared with parts of the Gold Region in Virginia. The settlers in this part of North Carolina seem to be a quiet old-fashioned people, contented with little, and not at all disposed to trouble themselves

* I brought a magnificent specimen of this rock to England in 1839, weighing about 800 lbs; and my friend Dr. Buckland pronouncing it an unique, I presented it to the British Museum, where, under the direction of Mr. Konig, it has been made into two very remarkable tablets.

with the mania of internal improvements, or even to practise any but the most primitive methods of preparing their food. The richest lands in the State lie more towards the Atlantic coast, and upon the margins of some of the rivers; but I have always heard that they are exceedingly unhealthy, and should suppose so from the sallow, languid appearance of the people I have occasionally seen from that quarter.

At Lexington I heard of some bituminous coal that lay to the south on Deep River, and should have visited the locality if I could have procured a conveyance there. I determined, however, to revisit the coal-field of Chesterfield in Virginia, with which it is not improbable it may have a geological connection. From Lexington we went to Greensborough, and thence to Danville upon the River Dan, one of the head branches of the Roanoke River.

Here we crossed into the State of Virginia, but being in the early part of the morning the circumstance was not adverted to, until, about daylight, stopping at a tavern to change horses and breakfast, and coming into the room from the well, I was so exceedingly surprised at seeing on the table a great variety of beautiful-looking bread, made both from fine wheaten flour and Indian corn, that I exclaimed, "Bless me, we must be in Virginia!" The mistress of the house laughed when I explained to her that I had not seen any good bread since I left New

Orleans, and that I knew I must be in Virginia as soon as I saw that upon her table. This is strictly true of Virginia bread, which is made up into so many forms, and is so white, and light, and excellent, that it is impossible, with the aid of the good milk to be found in almost every house, to make a bad repast.

These parts of Virginia, like the corresponding midland countries of North Carolina, are rather barren, and consequently are poorly settled. We passed no village of any consequence until we reached Cartersville, on James River, a poor woe-begone place named after one of the old distinguished families of Virginia. On our way here I observed nothing in all the ravines we passed—for there the strata are usually laid bare—but the usual primary rocks that occupy the area lying between the tide waters of the Atlantic and the mountains. Gneiss, traversed by broad granitic veins, hornblende slates, sienitic rocks, in many beautiful varieties, were constantly alternating with each other.

At Cartersville I succeeded in making an arrangement which enabled me to deviate from the mail-stage route and get to Richmond, the capital of the State of Virginia. The upper part of this town is advantageously situated upon a hill which commands a fine view of James River and the adjacent country, a circumstance which forms some analogy to the situation of Richmond-on-Thames in England,

and has suggested the name it bears. A few pretty situations, and cheerful villa-looking houses built in this quarter, make at first a favourable impression upon travellers; but the lower town, which swarms with negro coal-heavers, is about one of the dirtiest places in America. Being at the head of tide-water navigation—which terminates here at the Falls, where the stream breaks so beautifully over the primary rocks—some fossiliferous deposits of considerable extent are found on the banks of the river. The hill upon which the court-house stands seems to be formed of a congeries of minute fossils and casts of mollusca; but of these, and the extensive tertiary and subcretaceous beds farther down James-River, which were visited by me in 1832-1833, I defer saying anything at present, being desirous of confining my attention exclusively to the coal-deposits that lie between the tide-water districts and the Alleghanies, of which those in the Richmond district have been regularly worked, and which disclose phenomena deserving the notice of geologists.*

I had already, when visiting my friends in the year 1832, in this part of Virginia, traced the out-

* I would refer those who are desirous of seeing many interesting details of this coal-field presented in a faithful and instructive manner, to an able paper on the subject by Mr. Richard C. Taylor, in "Transactions of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania," vol. i. 1835. The great experience and mature judgment of that gentleman, in matters relating to the structure of coal-fields, are highly appreciated both in Europe and America.

croppings of the coal veins in the Richmond district at various points, lying from north-east to south-west, a course which seems to be in harmony with the magnetic direction of the principal mineral phenomena on this continent. The Appomattox River, which empties into James River a few miles below Petersburg, appeared to be its limit to the south; and the outcrops had not been traced farther to the north than the country betwixt the heads of the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey rivers, giving an apparent length to this coal-field of about thirty miles. Of its breadth the indications were more imperfect, and consisted principally in the difference of character betwixt the sedimentary grits and shales lying on the surface of the ground, and the soil derived from the decomposed primary rocks of the surrounding country: it probably, however, has a maximum breadth of fifteen miles. As to the depth of the basin, it of course varies with the conformation of its granitic bottom and sides. In Mr. Heath's Maidenhead mine, the coal is taken from a magnificent seam near thirty feet thick, at a depth of about 400 feet; and in other places the workings are carried on at a depth of even 600 feet. The shafts which have been sunk are at some distance from the outcrop, and are carried down upon calculations proper to intersect the veins and cut them out advantageously.

'I believe I was the first to notice—in a communication to the Geological Society of London in

1828—that there was an apparent deficiency in North America of twenty-one important strata of European rocks, estimated to contain a geological thickness of upwards of 5000 feet, comprehending all the beds from the Exeter red conglomerate, to the Weald clay, both inclusive, and that, consequently, the coal measures came at once to the surface; as in the instances on the banks of the Potomac, above Cumberland, where the broad seams of bituminous coal lie exposed in the sides of the hills far above the level of the river; on the Ohio, in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg; on the Mononghahela; on the Kentucky River; and in many other situations. In all these localities the coal-fields conform to their place in the geological series of rocks belonging to England, having sedimentary strata beneath them. But in the Richmond district, where the country is level, and the coal comes equally to the surface, the mineral being found at great depths, with no sedimentary beds beneath it, is consequently in an extensive basin or chasm of primary rocks. And such is proved to be the case upon an examination of the rocks through which the shafts are sunk, and those upon which the whole contents of the basin repose.

By the kind attentions of Mr. Heath, I received every facility for the examination of his coal-works, and a list of all the beds overlying the coal. Specimens of these were also given me, consisting of sandstones exceedingly micaceous, of sandy grits, of carbonaceous and argillaceous shales of various

colours more or less conglomerated, and of every variety of sedimentary matter derived from the destruction of the older rocks, including fragments of crystals of felspar. The coal itself lies upon a coarse granite of the porphyritic kind, containing great quantities of red crystals of felspar, resembling the Shapfell granite in England. That the bottom of this basin is of a rugged character, is evident from the fact of huge knobs of the granite frequently protruding themselves above the coal, which lies betwixt these knobs in such thick masses as to induce an opinion that at some time or other it has been in a pasty or semi-fluid state, and has been compressed into every cranny of the chasm by the pressure of at least 400 feet of sedimentary matter. All the coal seams in the basin which have hitherto been worked, comprehending a thickness said to be of from fifty to sixty feet, lie beneath this enormous weight.

The extraordinary spectacle which this coal basin presents suggests many reflections, both in regard to the origin of that mineral, the ancient state of the surface of the earth in this part of North America, and the period of time requisite to bring the basin into its present condition. Some eminent geologists have entertained the opinion that the vegetable matter represented in coal seams did not grow where it is found, but that it is a deposit derived from forest trees and plants, deracinated by violent inundations, and drifted into estuaries;

analogous to the case of the great deposit of lignite at Bovey Heathfield, in Devonshire, which was probably removed from the neighbouring uplands of Dartmoor, not earlier than the conclusion of the tertiary period; or to the case of the great rafts on Red River, which have been described in this tour. That many deposits of coal may have had an origin of this kind is probable; but I am now more than ever inclined to the opinion I long ago expressed, that the American coal-fields are to be accounted for in a very different manner, and which, I think, is less obnoxious to the charge of being hypothetical. The considerations upon which this theory is founded may be thus stated.* From the

* My attention having been drawn away of late years from geological pursuits, I may, for aught I know to the contrary, be urging the refutation of the drifting theory, when it is no longer maintained. That was not the case certainly when I first publicly expressed my objections to it in 1829, 1830. In the year 1829, when the science of geology was regarded with very little favour in the United States, I delivered a course of geological lectures in the city of New York, for the benefit of the Lyceum of Natural History, an excellent society, in that city, conducted by American gentlemen of great intelligence, which had struggled with many difficulties in its attempt to support the cause of natural science. The favourable reception they met with induced me to repeat them in the city of Philadelphia in the year 1830. The expensive canal system of Pennsylvania having been undertaken for the purpose of bringing anthracite coal to that city, I devoted one lecture upon this last occasion exclusively to the subject, and took a general view of the coal strata of North America, as far as I was then acquainted with them. These lectures, being the first that ever were delivered in the United States on the science of geology, were exceedingly popular:

State of Alabama to Pictou, in Nova Scotia, the coal-beds, with some interruptions, can be followed,

they were published immediately after their delivery; and to show that I have been consistent in my opinions, I venture to make the following extracts from them :—

"The great carbonaceous deposits in all parts of the world with which we are acquainted appear to be, as well in Europe as in America, in the same part of the geological series (these lectures were illustrated by Sir H. de la Beche's Synopsis of the order of Rocks, which had only appeared the year before, and which was exhibited upon these occasions on a very large scale), and to repose either upon the conglomerate grits and shales, or some limestones of the carboniferous series. From the difference which exists betwixt the quality of the anthracite and bituminous coals, and from the manner in which the first are found embedded in the mountains, some persons in America have been led to suppose that such coal was of mineral origin; but no one practically conversant with the structure of these coal basins, or who has attended to the analysis of coal, has been known to express an opinion different from that universally entertained by men of science, that coal, whether bituminous or non-bituminous, is of vegetable origin. The coal strata are in fact, whether in the state of lignite, anthracite, or bituminous coal, the residua of vegetable bodies in various stages of bituminisation, the non-bituminous state of the anthracitic varieties being probably due to accidental causes.

"The beginning and progress of vegetable creation has been treated with great felicity and beauty of reasoning by some eminent persons in Europe, amongst whom M. Adolphe Brogniart deserves to be conspicuously mentioned: to them we owe the just ideas which now prevail respecting vegetable life, from the first dawnings of plants of the simplest structure, to the solid monarchs of the forests of our own times. According to the natural system of botany, plants are divided into acotyledons with lobeless seeds, monocotyledons with seeds having one lobe, and dicotyledons with seeds of two lobes. The impressions of coal plants found in the rocks up to the coal measures inclusive, afford no evidence that any plants but those of the simplest

in a north-east direction, for about 1500 miles; and from Richmond, in Virginia, to Rock River, in the State of Illinois, they are continually crossed at right angles for a distance of about 800 miles. The vast geographical extent of these carboniferous strata would seem of itself to exclude the drifting theory; the objections to which are increased by the varying nature of the mineral, and the manner in which it

structure existed at that time: all were of the first kind, or acotyledonous; and the inference to be drawn from that fact is that trees having seeds with lobes had not been produced up to that period, and that their appearance was reserved for a time approaching nearer to the present order of nature. We are entitled, therefore, to draw the legitimate inference that the coal beds of North America are derived not from such forest-trees as grow in our own times, but from the tropical vegetation which the high temperature of the globe produced at that period, and from the *Sphagna* or *Mosses* which grew in the immense areas of the low, swampy country which represented America when this country first emerged from the ocean. We have already seen how progressively 'dry land' has been redeemed from the ocean in every part of the world, and how, by causes of a providential character inherent in our planet, it has been gradually raised to a height above the water sufficient for the economical uses of those destined to live upon it. Amongst the instances of upheaval of the surface, may be conspicuously named the elevation of mountain chains, bearing along with them the once horizontal strata with their associate minerals, and especially the system of the Great Belt of the Alleghanies, which has divided the carboniferous area of the continent by coming up in the centre of its axis, and leaving the upraised mineral deprived of its bitumen by the influence of the cause which upheaved the chain itself. That such was the modification of the surface at that peculiar period we can appeal to the highly inclined state of the formations subjacent to the coal strata everywhere, and to the general horizontality of the succeeding deposits."

is brought to the surface, as exhibited upon the transverse line. At Richmond we find the coal bituminous, and proceeding on that line in a direction west-north-west to Rock River, we cross the great Alleghany belt, where the coal is of the anthracite or non-bituminous variety, and conforms to the rock strata in their flexures and tilted state; but having passed this belt, the strata become horizontal, and the coal assumes the same level position. Now these varieties of coal found upon this transverse line appear to belong to the same part of the geological series, for the mineral is always found associated with the same conglomerate grit and shale, except in a few instances where it lies upon other beds of the carboniferous rocks, and excepting the granite basin in the Richmond district. No argument, therefore, can be raised in favour of the drifting theory, from the difference in any of the circumstances which separate the anthracitic and bituminous beds, although a fair inference may be raised that the anthracite coal was lifted out of its horizontal position when the great Alleghany belt was upheaved, and that its non-bituminous quality is owing to the influence of the calorific intensity which accompanied that upheaval.

The next link in this argument is the period at which this great dynamic action took place. We have before seen that the entire oolitic series is wanting in North America, and that, with few exceptions, the coal formations are the latest deposits

there. Considering, therefore, the highly inclined state of the subjacent formations, and the horizontality of the succeeding deposits in every known part of the world, we cannot but admit the accordance of these disturbing operations of nature at the same period in both hemispheres, and come to the conclusion that these coal-fields were formed before the period of the oolitic system, and, consequently, before monocotyledonous plants or forest trees existed. From these data, it would appear more consistent with the progressive simplicity of the providential plan for enlarging and preparing the surface of this planet for the increasing wants of man, to suppose that, immediately preceding the elevation of the Alleghany belt, the American continent had barely emerged from the ocean, and was in a general marecageous state. From the common tropical character of coal plants, wherever found, we infer a high degree of temperature for the globe even in the northern latitudes, and may suppose an extraordinary exuberance of growth in the vegetable bodies of that period. The plants, therefore, whose impressions we find in the coal shales, may have grown on the driest parts of the nascent land; and where great swampy basins or depressions existed, these, as the land gradually rose, would become partially drained, and be subsequently occupied with *sphagna*, or mosses. The causes which were in action at that geological period are far from being understood, but we have abundant evidence, in numerous parts of the

world, that portions of the surface were subject to frequent submersion and re-appearance, becoming submarine and terrestrial by turns, and receiving additional deposits every time they were depressed. In this manner a bed of sphagnum, 100 feet deep, being submerged, would receive a deposit of earthy matter that would press it down; and upon coming to the surface again its growth might be repeated, and the area be again submitted to submersion and receive a new sedimentary deposit. I have seen beds of sphagnum in North America probed for sixty feet without coming to the bottom, all of them connected with lakes or ponds in a partial state of desiccation, and which, if acted upon by similar causes, would end in the production of similar phenomena. This probably was the case with the coal basin in the Richmond district, the seams there being separated by earthy deposits, and the basin itself at length filled up with near 100 different beds of sedimentary matter. Everything concurs to prove that these were not deposited simultaneously, but that their deposition was effected at distinct intervals; for they are not only frequently different in their nature and quality, but in various seams of bituminous shale, some of which are at least 100 feet above the coal, fossil coal plants—of which I made an ample collection—are found, of great beauty. The dynamic periods, then, must have been succeeded by periods of repose sufficiently long to have permitted the growth of equiseta, calamites, and other plants,

whose impressions are found there. These may have grown in the shaly mud where their impressions are now seen; but whether or not, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that *immense* periods of time are involved in the structure of this coal-field.

It is a matter of great utilitarian consideration for the United States to have it ascertained whether this coal-field forms part of a line connecting those carboniferous localities lying farther to the south in North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, which run parallel with the coal strata to the west. Those in Alabama are well known; but of those in Georgia only obscure indications have hitherto existed. As far as I have been able to make myself acquainted with them, all these coal strata trend in the same magnetic direction of N.E. S.W.; and as they are all on the east side of the Alleghany belt, it may be that hereafter they may be found to be upon the same magnetic line, and to be contemporaneous. If this should be the case, the coal-fields of North America will exhibit the singularly instructive geological phenomenon of a carboniferous area, 1500 miles long and 800 miles broad, divided into two bituminous districts by an elevated belt, in which the central part of the coal has lost its bitumen through the agency of the force which lifted it up.

Having finished my observations at this place, I had the happiness of rejoining my family the evening of the day of my departure from Richmond, after accomplishing a tour of at least 3000 miles.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

THE manner in which Mr. Jefferson has been alluded to in the preceding pages, may, perhaps, be deemed unjustifiable by those who, unacquainted with the details of the life and character of that celebrated person, have formed their opinions of him either from those who have eulogised him for the conspicuous part he took in encouraging his fellow-countrymen to throw off their allegiance to Great Britain, or from other writers, who, in their admiration of the talents for which he was distinguished, have ranked him amongst the most conspicuous benefactors of human liberty. But, if proofs can be adduced that no one, in or out of America, has gone further to poison the ears of men with principles utterly subversive of the well-being of society, the claims which have been set up for him to the gratitude of mankind will appear somewhat questionable.

United as the world is in an unqualified admiration of the virtues of Washington, it is totally inconsistent with the respect due to the memory of that great man to attempt to place Jefferson, as has lately been done,* upon a parallel with him; espe-

* Statesmen of the Time of George III. Third Series, p. 237. London, 1843.

cially when evidences have been for some time before it, which sufficiently prove that the evils which have interrupted the prosperity of the United States are owing to a departure from the precepts and the moral examples of the former, and that the principles of Jefferson have been the direct cause of that fatal deviation. Injurious as these principles have been to America, the extent to which they have been enabled to disturb mankind can never be appreciated until they are stated in some detail; and as—perhaps hastily—a passage has been printed from the MS. journal whence this work has been taken, which it is too late now to recall, the best justification for the expression of an opinion so hostile to the reputation of Mr. Jefferson will be afforded by a sketch of his career, the facts of which will be drawn from the pages of his very able biographer.*

To render the subject more clear to those of the present generation who are but imperfectly acquainted with the history of the old British colonies, and the circumstances which led to the establishment of their independence, the author of this work proposes in the first instance to give a slight review of their condition introductory to the period when Mr. Jefferson bore so conspicuous a part in the affairs of his country. A statement of the principal causes which led to a relaxation of the connexion of Great Britain with those colonies, and finally to

* *Vide* Professor Tucker's Life of Jefferson. London, 1837.

their separation, cannot but be instructive to the lovers of our ancient monarchy, especially at this time, when other dependencies of the crown are rapidly growing up into importance, and will soon become so vitally interwoven with her power and the influence she exercises in preserving the peace of the world, that the importance of attaching them to her, as well by their sympathies as by their interest, is one of the gravest questions for her statesmen. The descendants of our common forefathers who colonised North America were at all times, as they are now, proud of their origin; but the strength the mother country derived from that pride, was from the first more than counteracted by the seeds of disaffection that were too rankly sown there, and which, almost unheeded and unchecked, only waited to be strong enough to overcome a feeling of attachment that derived its support as much from that pride as from affection.

The original British colonists of North America may be divided into two classes,—those enterprising and speculative adventurers who went to Virginia in pursuit of wealth, and the Puritans, who left their native country for the sake of enjoying freedom of opinion. The southern, or Virginian colony, became in all material circumstances a copy of the mother country. Religion was established "according to the form and discipline of the Church of England;" each parish had its glebe and parsonage, and primogeniture and entails were the law of the

land. Indeed, the broadest foundations appeared to have been laid for a loyal administration of the province, if the government at home, attending carefully to the development of its prosperity, had given to those individuals, distinguished for their intelligence and the stake they held there, a just share of the honours and advantages of their territorial government.

This, however, was not done, and the distinctions due to the colonial aristocracy being exclusively lavished upon the needy hangers-on of the aristocracy of the mother country, the seeds of disaffection were sown, and appeared in their season. Although dissatisfaction was evinced on this account in Virginia at an early period, yet the first germ of American aversion to monarchical government is to be traced to the Puritans who settled the northern colony of Massachusetts. The sole object for which the leaders of this class expatriated themselves was to be out of the reach of what they deemed an intolerable spiritual tyranny; and as the church and the temporal authority by which its power was enforced were equally odious in their eyes, the love of spiritual and political independence became rooted in them. The consequent attachment to democratic principles formed a permanent feature in their religious and civil government, and continued unabated, but dormant, until 1775, at which period they first assumed an attitude of rebellion to the monarchy of England.

Passing over the colonisation of other parts of North America, of the Carolinas and Georgia, of Pennsylvania and New York, the Atlantic frontier of North America became gradually occupied with an enterprising people, rejoicing in an absolute freedom from all restraint, enjoying all the privileges of the representative form of government, and indulging from time to time in the excitements peculiar to colonial governments, derived from causes both real and imaginary. Although the differences in religious opinion were seldom the subject of open and active dissension amongst them, yet those also were spreading at the same time, sectarianism and democracy going hand in hand and waiting their day.

Thus did these colonies grow in strength and importance until the middle of the eighteenth century, when a danger menaced them which united the planters of the South, to the hardy farmers and merchants of the North, in the defence of their country.

France, at this period, had drawn a military cordon from Quebec, by the way of the lakes and the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, to New Orleans, and had encouraged the tribes of savage nations under her influence, to fall upon the defenceless families that had gradually advanced into the interior from the coast. Her intention was to subdue the British colonies, and her preparations were of the most formidable kind. This peril was imminent, and the colonies must inevitably have succumbed, but for the pro-

tecting arm of the mother country. A bloody and expensive war now began, in which some of the colonists engaged with vigour, but the burden of the contest fell upon the mother country, which had to furnish troops, money, and arms. The defeat of Braddock's army in 1755, a part of which was saved by the firmness and judgment of Col. Washington, then a loyal provincial officer, increased the general dismay.* But as has so frequently occurred in our history, upon those great occasions which have called forth the power of Great Britain, France was attacked when she least expected it, at the very seat of her colonial strength, and the immortal victory of the plains of Abraham, so dearly purchased by the life of Wolfe, was followed by the peace of 1763, and the abandonment by France of all her possessions in North America.

This glorious termination of an arduous struggle, and the removal from the colonies of every apprehension from their powerful and dangerous neighbour, was hailed at the time as an auspicious event that would consolidate for ever their union with

* Nothing contributed more to embolden the colonists when they subsequently considered the chances of being able to resist the authority of the crown, than the circumstances attending this disastrous defeat of a well-appointed army, by an ambush of French and Indians not amounting to 450 men. Dr. Franklin, alluding to it in his autobiography, says: "This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regular troops had not been well founded."—'Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin,' vol. i. p. 220.

the mother country. Hard terms had been imposed upon France at that peace, but the interest and safety of the colonies *appeared* to require them. Few, or none, at the moment of triumph adverted to the fact that in morals, as well as in physics, extremes are ever ready to meet, and that like the pendulum, which, when it is hurrying to one extreme point of its oscillation, is only preparing to return to the other, the actions of men often lead to results diametrically opposed to those towards which they seemed to be advancing. A striking proof of this was now about to be given, and England was to receive an unexpected lesson as to the policy of burdening herself with expensive wars for the protection of colonies, the leading men of which she had not propitiated; and who, being dissatisfied at heart with the neglect they had been treated with, found, in their own resources, and in their distance from the mother country, strong inducements to oppose her authority.

If at the close of the seven years' war, and the subversion of the French dominion in Canada, the King's ministers had turned their attention to a reform in the proprietary governments suited to the period, and had conferred distinctions upon the leading men of the colonies, a strong party would have existed there in favour of securing to England some return for the important service she had rendered them: even public opinion, which, in America, as elsewhere, is generally little more than the influ-

ence of eminent individuals operating upon the masses, would probably have concurred in its propriety. But this was neglected, and the Stamp Act, a measure founded in justice when we consider the immense and costly efforts England had made for her transatlantic subjects, was vainly attempted to be forced upon them.

The historians who have justified the resistance of the colonies to the mother country, have not treated this particular grievance in a very ingenuous manner: they have omitted to explain that the King's government had given to them the option of contributing in any manner they pleased a part of the expenditure incurred on their account, and that to this they had given a most direct refusal: even Dr. Franklin, who has been considered by the world as the highest authority for the facts connected with those negotiations, has not only stated that the colonies were *menaced* with the Stamp Act, and that Mr. Grenville refused to permit any contribution to come from their "good will," but in the letter where he professes to give "the true history of that transaction," has kept out of sight the equitable propositions made by Mr. Grenville before that Act was imposed.* This is an important point in the

* "But this gentleman (Mr. Grenville), instead of a decent demand, *sent them a menace* that they should certainly be taxed, and only left them the choice of the manner."

"But he (Mr. Grenville) chose compulsion rather than persuasion, and would not receive from their good will what he

history of the causes which have been alleged to justify the colonies in taking up arms.

Mr. Burke, who was agent for New York, publicly denied in the House of Commons that an option had been given; but there is a paper, in the 'Historical Collections of Massachusetts,' which fully proves the fact. This paper was written by Mr. Israel Mauduit, one of the agents for Massachusetts, and at that time an intimate friend of Franklin's; the original of it is now in the possession of the Historical Society of that State, and is entitled 'An Account of a Conference between the late Mr. Grenville and the *several Colony Agents*, in the year 1764, previous to the passing the Stamp Act.'*

thought he could obtain without it."—Letter from Dr. Franklin to Wm. Alexander, Esq.; Life of Franklin, vol. i. p. 324. London, 1818.

* This paper appears to have been written in consequence of Mr. Burke's speech, and the following is an extract from it:—

"I shall give a plain narration of facts, which fell within my own knowledge, and which, therefore, I think it a debt, due from me to Mr. Grenville's memory, to relate. In the beginning of March, 1764, a number of resolutions, relative to the plantation trade, were proposed by Mr. Grenville, and passed in the House of Commons.

"The fifteenth of these was, 'That, towards the further defraying the said expenses, it may be proper to charge certain *stamp duties* in the said colonies and plantations.'

"The other resolutions were formed into the Plantation Act; but the fifteenth was put off till the next session, Mr. Grenville declaring that he was willing to give time to consider of it, *and to make their option of raising that, or some other tax.* The agents waited separately on Grenville upon this matter, and wrote to their several colonies. At the end of the session we

There is, therefore, no room left for a doubt that the colonies had every opportunity afforded them

went to him, all of us together, to know if he still intended to bring in such a bill. He answered, he did; and then repeated to us in form, what I had before heard him say in private, and in the House of Commons: 'that the late war had found us seventy millions, and left us more than one hundred and forty millions in debt. He knew that all men wished not to be taxed; but that in these unhappy circumstances, it was his duty, as a steward for the public, to make use of every just means of improving the public revenue: that he never meant, however, to charge the colonies with any part of the interest of the national debt. But, besides that public debt, the nation had incurred a great annual expense in the maintaining of the several new conquests which we had made during the war, *and by which the colonies were so much benefited.* That the American civil and military establishment, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was only 70,000*l.* per annum. It was now increased to 350,000*l.* This was a great additional expense upon an American account; and he thought, therefore, that America ought *to contribute* towards it. *He did not expect that the colonies should raise the whole, but some part of it he thought they ought to raise,* and this stamp duty was intended for that purpose.

"'That he judged this method of raising the money the easiest and most equitable; that it was a tax which would fall only upon property, would be collected by the fewest officers, and would be equally spread over America and the West Indies, so that all would bear their share of the public burthen.' He then went on: 'I am not, however, set upon this tax. If the Americans dislike it, and prefer *any other method of raising the money themselves, I shall be content. Write therefore to your several colonies, and if they choose any other mode, I shall be satisfied, provided the money be but raised.*' Upon reading over this narration with Mr. Montagu, who was then agent for Virginia, and present at this conference with Mr. Grenville, I have his authority to say that he entirely assents to every particular. All these particulars I had before heard from Mr.

of choosing their own manner of discharging a debt, the justice of which could not be denied, and which, if they had consented to its being the subject of a negotiation, would most probably have been reduced to an equitable amount, susceptible of a very easy liquidation.

Grenville, in the House of Commons, and at his own house; and had wrote to the Massachusetts Assembly accordingly.

"The following extracts contain their answer on this head:—

"'SIR, Boston, June 14th, 1764.

"'The House of Representatives has received your several letters.

"'The actual laying the stamp duty, you say, is deferred till next year, Mr. Grenville being willing to give the provinces their option to raise that, or some equivalent tax, desirous, as he was pleased to express himself, to consult the ease and quiet, and the good will of the colonies.

"'If the ease, the quiet, and the good will of the colonies are of any importance to Great Britain, no measures could be hit upon that have a more natural and direct tendency to enervate those principles than the resolutions you enclosed.

"'The kind offer of suspending the stamp duty in the manner, and upon the condition, you mention, amounts to no more than this, that if the colonies will not tax themselves as they may be directed, the Parliament will tax them.

"'You are to remonstrate against these measures, and, if possible, to obtain a repeal of the Sugar Act, and prevent the imposition of any further duties or taxes on the colonies. Measures will be taken that you may be joined by all the other agents.'

"One of these measures was the printing this letter, and sending it to the other colony assemblies.

"After their own express acknowledgment, therefore, no one, I suppose, will doubt but they had the offer of raising the money themselves, *and that they refused it*, which is all that I am concerned to prove."—*Historical Collections of Massachusetts*, vol. ix. p. 268.

The Stamp Act having no friends in America, was the signal for insurrection secretly fomented by those who had been neglected; and the spirit of disaffection was fostered by the vacillatory policy of the King's ministers. Relieved from their apprehensions of French conquest, and conscious of their strength, the colonists now formed plans for turning against the mother country the energies which had been awakened in them by their late dangers; and from the passing of the Stamp Act to the breaking out of the rebellion, the misunderstanding increased. All the kind feelings which the protection given to the colonies had produced were effaced; every measure that appeared to promote British commercial interests was resisted, and the whole energies of America becoming at length directed against the Crown, France, which had so many motives for crippling the power of England, and which had never pardoned her the hard terms she had received at the peace of 1763, united her arms to those of America, and the independence of the colonies was accomplished.

England retired from the scene of her disasters with at least some consolation. She had laid the broad foundation of a nation gifted with her own courage, intelligence, and enterprise; and although it was severed from her dominion, men of experience soon began to see that the future commercial intercourse with the United States would be more advantageous to the mother country than it could

have been if they had remained in a colonial state. But that which gave the greatest satisfaction to all men of reflection subsequent to the establishment of this new government amongst the nations of the earth was, that the young republic was to be organised under the influence of the man whose conduct, during the struggle and after its termination, had raised him to the highest renown wherever civilization existed; for never had there been an instance in history where the private and public virtues of a chief had seemed to give a more certain guarantee to the world for the future character of a people, in the first days of their national existence, than those which had illustrated the career of George Washington.

But whilst so glorious a future was open to the United States under his guidance, and as if a good and evil principle must be always conflicting, it was their misfortune to possess another man eminent for his qualifications, and for the influence they had given him over a great portion of his countrymen; one, however, who had cherished from his youth upwards, what are now called *revolutionary* views for the establishment of liberty. Perhaps the most interesting truth which history reveals to us, is that that degree of national freedom which unites good men in the preservation of life, property, and order, is inherent to the calm and regular progress of society, and cannot be forced onwards by theoretical impulses. Mr. Jefferson thought otherwise; his

maxim was not to assist the natural growth, and train and guide what he had found planted by the wisdom of other times; but whilst he rooted up what already existed, to bring forward new and experimental varieties, suited to the tastes of theoretical reformers and superficial philosophers.

Mr. Jefferson was born in Virginia in 1743, a period at which the colonists there looked exclusively to the mother country as their model. The church of England in that province was not only established by law, each parish having a clergyman with a fixed salary, a glebe, and a parsonage-house, but the eldest sons of the opulent planters were usually sent to England to receive their education. Their tastes were thus formed for English arts, literature, and politics; and as the right of primogeniture existed, they naturally became the patrons of liberal pursuits on their return to their native country. Society in this colony was at that time upon an excellent footing; the upper classes were distinguished from the others as much as they were in any other country, and were respected by the people.

Mr. Jefferson, who did not belong to any of the old Virginian families, commenced the study of the law under one of the most violent opponents of the measures of the crown, and at an early period took an active and zealous part upon every occasion when dissatisfaction was to be expressed with the British government. In the measures of the colonial burgesses and delegates that led to the final

rupture with Lord Dunmore, in 1775, he took a very prominent part; and in 1776 he retired from the Congress to which he had been elected, in order to become a member of the legislature of his native State, where he could have a better opportunity of carrying out his own revolutionary innovations. His talents and influence were now universally recognised, and enabled him to carry his measures against the leading families in the province, who feared the man, but had not the courage to oppose him. Almost as soon as he had taken his seat, he brought in a bill to convert estates in tail into fee simple, avowing as his reason that he wished "to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent."* In the committee to which this matter was referred, he met with some opposition, which he answered by stating,

"That the eldest son could have no claim, in reason, to twice as much as his brothers or sisters, unless *he could eat twice as much*, or do *double* work." †

The next step which he took, and which very naturally followed the abolition of entails, was to procure the destruction of the church establishment, and to place all religious sects on the same footing of voluntary contribution. Various enactments were made for the accomplishment of this measure, the first of which suspended the laws which provided salaries for the clergy: in 1779 these laws were all

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i., p. 97. London, 1837.

† Ibid., vol. i., p. 112.

unconditionally repealed, and the final enactment on church matters authorized the overseers of the poor to sell the glebe lands, as they became vacant.

Having accomplished his favourite object of bringing down to the general level all the established families of his native state, as well as the Episcopal church, Mr. Jefferson's field of action was again transferred to the concerns of the nation, and in 1784 he joined his colleague, Dr. Franklin, at Paris, as joint minister to France. After remaining there some time, he paid a visit in 1786 to Mr. Adams, the American minister in London, and was presented at court, where, he says, he was "ungraciously received." If we are to judge from the bitterness of some of his expressions to his correspondents, it is probable he made no secret of the dislike he cherished to England. Speaking of the country, in one of these letters, he says:

"Her hatred is deep-rooted and cordial, and nothing is wanting with her but the power to wipe us *and the land we live in* out of existence."*

In one of his letters, written in 1786, is the following curious passage, a part of which is remarkable for its prophetic character:

"*American reputation in Europe is not such as to be flattering to its citizens.* Two circumstances are particularly objected to us: *the non-payment of our debts, and the want of energy in our government. They discourage a connexion with us.* I

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i., p. 218. London, 1837.

own it to be my opinion that good will arise from the destruction of our credit." *

Upon another occasion he endeavours to stimulate that national vanity and self-sufficiency which are often so conspicuous in young countries, and to cherish in his fellow-citizens that inflated feeling of superiority over other nations, which many of them were even then beginning to attribute to their own, saying:

"If all the sovereigns in Europe were to set themselves to work to emancipate the minds of their subjects from their present ignorance and prejudices, a thousand years will not place them on that high ground on which our common people are now setting out. Ours could not have been so fairly placed under the control of the common sense of the people, had they not been separated from their parent stock, and kept from contamination, either from them or the other people of the old world, by the intervention of so wide an ocean." †

During his residence in France, Mr. Jefferson was intimately connected with the leaders that were preparing the French revolution; and from the following passage in a letter respecting some disturbances in Massachusetts, which he wrote from Paris in 1787 to a friend, it would seem that all the steps necessary to carry out the views of these men were already familiar to his mind:

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i, p. 231. London, 1837.
† Ibid., vol. i., p. 240.

"What country before ever existed a century and a half without a rebellion? And what country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time that its people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? *The tree of liberty must be refreshed, from time to time, with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.*"*

This sentiment has been lately attributed to another quarter. Immediately on the Convention having voted the death of Louis XVI. in 1792, Barère, now justly esteemed the most infamous of all the terrorists, rose and addressed the Assembly in a speech containing the following passage:—

"The tree of liberty, *as an ancient author remarks*, flourishes when it is watered with the blood of all classes of tyrants."†

The able author of the article entitled 'Barère's Memoirs,' in that number of the 'Edinburgh Review' from which this passage is taken, observes, in quoting it, "We wish that a note had been added to inform us from what ancient author Barère quoted. In the course of our own small (!) reading among the Greek and Latin writers, we have not happened to fall in with trees of liberty and watering-pots full of blood; nor can we, such is our ignorance of

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i., p. 282. London, 1837.

† Edinburgh Review, April, 1844, p. 297.

classical antiquity, even imagine an Attic or Roman orator employing imagery of that sort. In plain words, when Barère talked about an ancient author, he was lying, as he generally was when he asserted any fact, great or small. Why he lied on this occasion we cannot guess, unless, indeed, it was to keep his hand in."

It is, indeed, evident enough that we need not go to antiquity for such a sentiment; jargon of that kind about the tree of liberty could belong to no author more ancient than Mr. Jefferson, who, it is to be remarked, at the time he expressed himself thus, was not a very young enthusiast, having already reached the mature age of forty-four years. Barère, no doubt, veiled his authority, because it was not convenient to quote the American minister.

In 1789, when the Etats-Généraux met, Mr. Jefferson, who still represented the United States, drew up a charter of rights for the French people, but, although Lafayette, and others gave it their sanction, it was not adopted.

What chance the public creditor would have under Mr. Jefferson's first principles of government may be gathered from his opinions, as we find them recorded by his biographer:*

"He (Mr. Jefferson) insists that the use of the earth belongs to the living generation, and that the dead have no more right than they have power over it. In the application of this principle, he maintains

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i., p. 324-5. London, 1837.

that no generation can pledge or encumber the lands of a country beyond the average term of its own existence, which term, by a reference to the annuity tables of Buffon, he estimates first at thirty-four years, and afterwards reduces to nineteen years. By reason of this restriction, founded in nature and the first principles of justice, he maintains that every law, and even constitution, naturally expires at the expiration of this term; and that no public debt can be contracted which would be rightfully binding on the nation after the same lapse of time."

This egregious argument—which was very ably refuted by Mr. Madison, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson—is the germ of that "first principle" called "repudiation," which he bequeathed to his country; a principle which, if admitted into civilized life, would strike at the root of that natural feeling inherent in all rightly disposed communities, viz., to protect the interests and welfare of that posterity of which their own children form a part.

In the year 1794, Mr. Jefferson, at the age of 56, left the Cabinet of President Washington, in which his opinions found but little support, and retired to his seat in the country, ostensibly to enjoy rural pursuits and domestic happiness. Professing to despise distinctions and employments, he declared to a friend that he was so weaned from public pursuits that he should "never take another newspaper of any sort,"* yet at this very time his house was not only the

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i., p. 528. London, 1837.

general rendezvous of the most active opponents of Washington's administration, and the point where all their political measures were concerted, but from thence Mr. Jefferson himself wrote the bitterest attacks for the democratic journals, upon the administration of the man to whom he continued to profess in public the most devoted attachment. Of the philosophic tone of his mind, and of the sincerity of his abandonment to rural pursuits, the following extract of a letter to a Mr. Tench Coxe, written soon after he had reached his country seat, Monticello, furnishes an admirable example :—

"Over the foreign powers, I am convinced they (the French) will triumph completely, and I cannot but hope that that triumph, and the consequent disgrace of the invading tyrants, is destined, in the order of events, to kindle the wrath of the people of Europe against those who have dared to embroil them in such wickedness, *and to bring, at length, kings, nobles, and priests, to the scaffolds, which they have been so long deluging with human blood. I am still warm whenever I think of these scoundrels.*"*

With this example and these precepts before us, we need not be surprised that having succeeded in weaning a majority of the people from their confidence in Washington's principles of government, he should at length have achieved his object of being raised to the supreme power; and that his

* Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. i., p. 532.

opinions so largely sown in the minds of a great portion of his countrymen, should have produced in them a scornful contempt of all the regular governments of Europe, the proscription of the most respectable of their own countrymen, and the accomplishment at length of those fatal acts which are at this day so injurious to the honour and character of Republican America.

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